Robert Walters

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NEWS HUNTING ON THREE CONTINENTS

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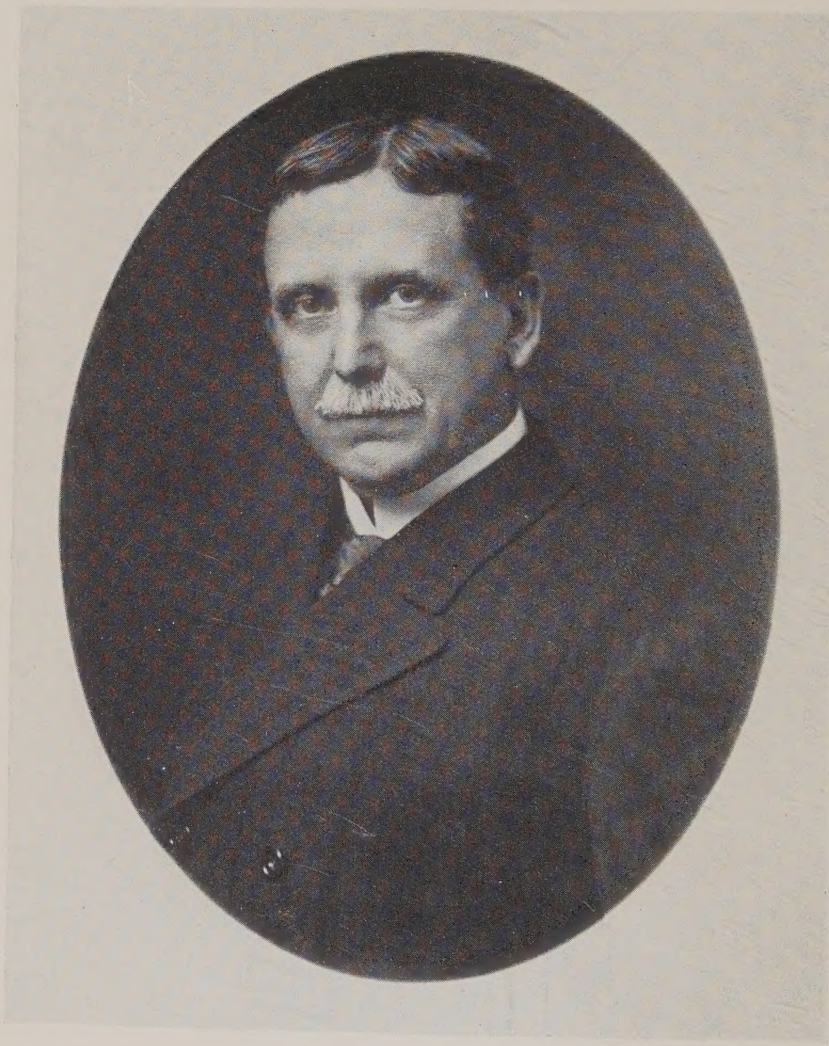

LATEST PHOTOGRAPH OF JULIUS CHAMBERS—TAKEN IN 1918

Julius Chambers

NEWS HUNTING ON THREE CONTINENTS

BY JULIUS CHAMBERS, F.R.G.S.

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TO

MELVILLE E. STONE, LL.D.

MASTER OF THE NEWS HIGHWAY

INTRODUCTORY

An Irish gentleman, possessed of some money and influence at home, voyaged from County Antrim in 1726 to Pennsylvania and located a Crown grant of land in the Cumberland Valley, a wilderness stretching south-west from the Susquehanna to the vast domain of Lord Baltimore. Around this pioneer rallied a sturdy band of colonists, chiefly from the North of Ireland and Scotland, who made clearings in the forest primeval and created farms. For two generations, they endured forays from the native savages. Their homes were burned, their men murdered, their women and children carried off. Thrown entirely on their own resources, harassed and harried by the Indians, they kept steadily to their determination to build up an orderly, civilized community in the wilds.

That colony at Falling Spring was a typical nursery of American freedom.

By common consent, Benjamin Chambers was captain of the pioneers. He administered justice and arbitrated disputes. He was a prayerful man ; but his musket-flints were picked afresh every morning. He preferred peace, but was ever ready for war. He constructed a stone fort, armed it with two four-pounder field-pieces, and made the walls of the enclosure the ramparts of the settlement not only against the savages, but against the royal troops themselves. For there

came a time when the two guns at Falling Spring were declared a menace to the authority of the king, and their delivery at Philadelphia was ordered. The retort of ' Colonel Ben ' was as brief as it is historic : ' Come and take them ! '

The authorities dispatched two companies of troops to quell the insurrection. The frontier chieftain prepared for war. He formed alliances with the Shawnees, Twightwees and Owendots, tribes with which his people were on terms of amity. The avenging detachment advanced to Harris's Ferry, now Harrisburg, but did not cross the Susquehanna. Had it done so, the American Revolution might have begun at Chambersburg instead of at Lexington. ' The shot heard round the world ' would have been fired at the ford of the Canedoguinnet, instead of at Concord Bridge, and the chief of the Falling Spring colony would have led the insurrection. Colonel George Washington, bound by the bloody ties of Braddock's defeat, was at that time on record as a royalist who ' abhorred the idea of independence.'

So very near to immortality was the Pioneer of Falling Spring !

As years passed, the Pennsylvania Assembly appointed delegates to the Continental Congress, especially instructing them that ' in behalf of the colony, they dissent from and reject any proposition, if made by the other Colonies, that may cause or lead to separation from the Mother Country, or to a change in the form of government.' The honour of going to the Continental Congress, so instructed, was tendered to

the leader of the Falling Spring settlement, but was declined with abrupt emphasis. Benjamin Chambers favoured American independence. Had he accepted the honour and violated the instructions, as did other men, he would in all likelihood have been a Signer of the Declaration. Thus, for the second time, he missed the place in American history to which his sturdy beliefs and sturdy conduct entitled him.

Then came the Revolution. Three sons of this stalwart old patriot joined the Continental army. Captain James, the eldest, raised a company and was with Warren at Bunker Hill. He was my direct ancestor. The other sons, Williams and Benjamin, Jr., participated in the battles of Long Island, Monmouth, Princeton, Germantown and Yorktown, and suffered at Valley Forge.

James Chambers rose to the rank of colonel and was, in 1783, elected a member of the Society of the Cincinnati. He afterwards attained a brigadier-generalship in the state militia. Williams and Benjamin, Jr., rose to the rank of captain. All served throughout the Revolution.

After the signing of the Treaty of Paris, ways of peace were resumed in the Cumberland Valley. There, in 1788, within sound of the Falling Spring that had originally decided his choice of environment in a strange land and his destiny, my grandfather's grandfather, Benjamin Chambers, died full of years.

Thus came a craving for adventure into a young man's blood : thus is explained why this volume is in

its own way a study in heredity. When its author left Cornell University in 1870, Indians were not to be fought east of the Missouri River. The law was assumed to be his natural bent; but although he studied its rudiments, fate, in the name of the daily newspaper, called. He enlisted in its service, heart and soul. Through all stages of progress, as reporter, special correspondent in distant parts of the world, and ultimately as editor of what was at that time the most famous journal in America, if not in the world, the excitement nature demanded was found; but not excitement alone. There were friends and friendships; there were big and little opportunities for seeing big and little things. Without the aid of wealth or influence, the author attained his ambition at the age of thirty-five and enjoyed a glorious existence. Herein are a few experiences in various countries among all sorts and conditions of men.

J. C.

Mr. Chambers died while he was revising this book for the press, and the cheery lines which close his introductory note were amongst the last which he wrote.

Such little changes as he was unable to complete have been made by another hand. Otherwise the book is as he intended it to be—a characteristic record of wide activities and unusual experience of men and affairs.

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NEWS HUNTING ON THREE CONTINENTS

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I

BEGINNING WITH THE 'TRIBUNE'

New York is the dream town of the American boy. With its great harbour and great depots, its wharves and argosies, its markets for all products of the earth and the inhabitants thereof, its millions of busy people and billions of glittering wealth, it is the City of a Thousand Opportunities. True, it is also the city of a thousand illusions, securely entrenched in its crowded vastness. But its call to American youth is irresistible. It is the call at once of romance and of strenuous business. The tireless machine ceaselessly demands new material—fresh mental and physical vitality. It claims tribute from the far spaces beyond —a toll of young men and women, of blood and brain, immensely larger than the famous levy for the Cretan Minotaur upon classic Athens. Innocence, ambition, talent, and occasionally genius, come forward to grapple the insatiable monster of modern life—Competition.

Which is all in the just nature of things.

The period in New York's history at which these personal experiences begin is accidentally though aptly chosen. I came to the metropolis direct from college,

a stranger, and with a capital of thirty dollars. I carried no letters of introduction and had not a friend in the city. My father's failure in business at the end of my sophomore year had compelled me to work my way, as a printer on the Ithaca *Journal*, through the junior and senior years of my course at Cornell; but I had obtained, at nineteen, a university degree and admission to one of the desirable fraternities.

The *Tribune* had been a daily visitor in my grandfather's home in Ohio where I was raised, owing to the early death of my mother; and when I saw the drab brick building opposite the City Hall, surmounted by the word TRIBUNE in letters four feet high, I had an impulse to apply there for a job. As I crossed City Hall Park, I saw a weird figure headed for the *Tribune's* front door. There could not be its duplicate on earth. The man was Horace Greeley, for I was familiar with his portrait. Why not apply to him? I knew so little about the organization of a metropolitan newspaper that the proper thing seemed to be to seek a reporter's appointment from the head of the concern.

Entering the counting room, I handed a card containing my name to a clerk, with sublime confidence that Mr. Greeley would see me. Reasons for that assurance will soon appear. A long wait followed, after which I was shown up a single flight of iron stairs to the editor's den. An attendant, afterwards known to me as D. J. Sullivan, pointed to a burly, white-haired man in shirt sleeves, seated at a desk upon which was piled a mass of clippings, letters and 'copy.'

After standing for many minutes unrecognized, I heard a shrill, squeaky voice ask: 'Well, young fellow, what is it?' I looked about the room for another speaker than the idol of my boyhood; but it was the voice of Horace Greeley—so harshly falsetto, so unsympathetic, that when the kindly face, round as the moon on her thirteenth night and with its aura of silken white hair, turned in my direction, I barely managed to stammer:

'Mr. Greeley, I came to ask a place on your newspaper. You are a trustee of Cornell University, and I have been graduated there——'

'I'd a damned sight rather you had graduated at a printer's case!' was the outburst, as the editor swung back to his desk. He gave me no opportunity to say that I had been foreman of a composing room and had taken myself through college as a compositor. The great man forgot me then and there. Although I subsequently met him many times, he never identified me.

I soon comprehended the incompleteness of the best university education; but, at that hour, I had hard-earned respect for a diploma. To me, it represented four years of strenuous work and considerable privation. Whether Sullivan helped me, or pushed me, down the stairs I never knew, but I reached the street somehow.

Young as I was, I felt old, for I had been at work as printer's boy and printer since the age of eleven: but, blessed be youth, I wasn't discouraged. A boy's thoughts are long thoughts.

The stairs of the *Evening Post* building were steep

and dark. At their top I found Charles Nordhoff, with whom I was afterwards associated in Washington, and whose chief I became on the New York *Herald*.

He was cold, very calm, and attempted to be instructive.

'Every time you walk up Broadway, every time you walk down Broadway, something occurs that never occurred before and never will recur. If you have the eye to see and the faculty to describe this phenomenal happening, your success as a reporter is assured.' The visitor was then dismissed with a wave of the hand.

The youngster to whom this profundity was uttered was greatly impressed: he backed out trembling with gratitude. That he did not step on the office cat was fortunate. Surely, he reasoned, only a mirabilary, a wondersmith in words, could succeed in journalism. During the gruelling years that followed under intolerant, almost brutal, city editors, he learned that writing is only a small part of making the daily newspaper. He was taught the value of legs over grey matter, of attrition with his fellow-mortals over mere book knowledge.

An ascent of three of the longest flights of stairs ever known in New York to the *World* editorial rooms —there wasn't an elevator in town—secured nothing more than a dictum from City Editor Israels: 'Don't want any kid reporters.' When I reached the street again not a face on Park Row was that of a friend. Naturally, as I was a stranger in New York.

I don't remember visiting the *Times* office. If I did, I met a 'frost.' I hadn't any letters, or experience,

or, as it seemed to me, knowledge—only hope. I no longer dared confess to a college education, for I was not to be caught a second time by that pretext for a rebuff. I did not apply at the *Herald* or the *Sun*, for I had been assured the editors of those papers 'never employed beginners,' but readily secured such reporters as they wanted from the other offices.

How evident to me was the fact that men and women, young or old, who adventured to New York challenged the keenest rivalry. Places for their exploitation did not await them, but must be won. Return to one's native town is confession of defeat. In my case, surrender was unthinkable. I recalled Jules Sandeau's keen analysis of the narrow village mind that rejoices in the failure of any native of the original environment who dares to seek a wider field: 'If you wish to cast consternation and despair into the human hive in which you were born and grew up, achieve by upright conduct success, honour and fortune; but, *au contraire*, if you would diffuse among your former neighbours a sweet emotion of joy, go astray so that your virtuous fellow-citizens may be able to shed tears over your failure, smiling inwardly while they pretend sympathy.'

The following afternoon I again passed the *Tribune* corner and saw that the stairs to its editorial rooms were on Spruce Street. I had learned in my few days' training in the school of hard knocks that the city editor selected his reporters. Landing in a room on the third floor, I was told that the city editor was at luncheon. As I turned to go away, Sullivan entered with a

bundle of mail. He recognized me. When he reappeared from an inner room, he whispered:

'Mr. Whitelaw Reid is alone in his office. I'll take in your name and he may see you.'

What joy to meet the famous 'Agate' of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, whose battle descriptions during the Civil War had thrilled me as a boy! Sullivan returned and led me into his presence. Here was a very different type of man from any I had met. The grave tolerance with which he heard me say I wanted to learn the newspaper business was without encouragement. He explained that the staff was already too large and that all reporters who could be spared were 'let go' in summer. I remember the phrase 'let go,' for I had never heard it before. Well, this was July. I rose to leave, when 'W. R.' saw upon my waistcoat a 'D.K.E.' fraternity pin. He sprang to his feet—how tall he was!—and extended his right hand. The fellowship 'grip' was given and returned. At that instant Sullivan re-entered to announce the return of E. B. Moore, city editor.

'Come,' said 'Brother' Reid with boyish enthusiasm, still holding my hand: 'I'll ask the city editor to give you a trial.'

Thus, a few minutes later, I was 'on space,' with the prestige of an introduction from 'W. R.,' managing editor of the *Tribune*. This did not mean a great deal; but it was a beginning.

Two years and a half of merciless training under W. F. G. Shanks, who soon succeeded Mr. Moore, and under Whitelaw Reid, resulted in the acquirement of

a form of composition very difficult to overcome in after years—a style accurately described by John Hay, then a paragraph writer on the *Tribune*, as 'The Grocer's Bill.' Facts; facts; nothing but facts. So many peas at so much a peck; so much molasses at so much a quart. The index of forbidden words was very lengthy, and misuse of them, when they escaped the keen eye of a copy-reader and got into print, was punishable by suspension without pay for a week, or immediate discharge. It was a rigid system, rigidly enforced.

To a beginner, opportunity is everything. It came to me quite by accident. On the morning of July 12, 1870, the city editor said: 'Go to Elm Park this afternoon and write a quarter column about the picnic of the Orangemen.' The assignment was given to me, as a novice, only because of its unimportance. Elm Park lay on the high ridge of land between Central Park and the Hudson River, where West Ninety-second Street is to-day. St. Agnes' Church now stands upon its grounds, but at that time neither Columbus Avenue nor any neighbouring cross-street had been cut through. The only means of access was by Eighth Avenue horse-cars, and an hour was required to get there.

I was very young, and when I reached the park the Orangemen, their wives and daughters took me to their hearts—especially as I was the only newspaper reporter on the ground. I danced with the girls and played ball with the boys.

About four o'clock, without warning, the wooden

gate was burst in and a gang of men who had been at work on the big water-pipes of Eighth Avenue came rushing into the picnic grounds. Stones were thrown and clubs freely used. Many people were struck down. One man, of middle age, seated with his wife and children, was hit on the head with a paving-stone and killed in my sight. Half an hour elapsed before a squad of police appeared and drove the intruders off.

The 'Elm Park Riot' is a memorable event in metropolitan history.

The novice knew that he had a highly important and sensational piece of news. Gathering the names of the injured men and women, and securing from the widow her place of residence and all obtainable information concerning the dead man's life, I ran to the Eighth Avenue car line, reaching Printing House Square before news of the riot had come from Police Headquarters. At that time, no telegraphic or telephonic communication existed between the station-houses and headquarters.

When told the facts in my possession, City Editor Moore comprehended that he could 'beat the town' if he could get the best out of the only reporter eye-witness to the riot. He dispatched half a dozen men to various points; but they found the park closed and the picnickers gone, sorrowing, to their homes. Only fragmentary statements were procurable at the station-houses in the Bloomingdale region.

Attentions were showered upon the young reporter that night. I was given a desk in a private room; my dinner was ordered from a restaurant; every

encouragement was given to me to write—write, and keep writing. I was told to go on and not stop. Experienced workmen laid out the story for me, telling me how to 'keep going,' but warning me not to quit. Crudities in my copy were trimmed out; many parts of my work were re-written and expanded. In the final edition of the paper of the next morning I received credit for several columns of matter at $10 per column.

'My fortune is made!' I thought. Including the account of the funeral of the Orangeman, in which I walked beside the hearse from Tompkins Square to a grave in Greenwood, my bill for the week exceeded $100.

Poor innocent! I assumed I was about to become a 'star man'; but, alas, the following week found me back in the ranks again. My bills were rarely allowed to exceed $10 a week. No matter what my 'space' measured, the amount was generally reduced to a minimum figure.

A newspaper office is no place for a swell-headed youngster. In that gruelling profession one doesn't stay on top by accident.

One month later, opportunity came my way again. Commodore Ashbury, of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club, came to these waters as first challenger for the *America* cup, won by Henry Steers off the Isle of Wight in 1851. A race had been arranged for August 8, 1870, and as I had never witnessed a yachting contest I obtained a furlough for the day—which was not difficult. I boarded the *Sylvan Glenn*, an excursion boat, at Peck's Slip. That particular steamboat got

alongside the stern of the Sandy Hook Lightship, the turning stake for the racing craft, and was a menace to them. I took the time of every contestant as she rounded this point.

When I reached the *Tribune* office, long after dark, hoping to be given a night assignment, Henry Chadwick, the sporting editor, was in much anxiety regarding the part of the race from Sandy Hook around the lightship, which he had been prevented from seeing because the press-boat had run aground on the Sou'-West Spit. The *Herald*, he said, had its own steam tugs, which had gone over the complete course, and was sure to 'beat' all the other papers. I reported my experience, and audaciously offered to supply the 'missing link.' First allowing for the difference of several minutes between my watch and Chadwick's, which was set to official time, I ground out two thousand words of stop-gap copy. It assuredly was very poor stuff. Its only merit was comparative accuracy as to the time of passing the lightship; but, braced up as to technique by the sporting editor, it saved the night. I was the 'editor's pet' for several days.

As a reward, I was sent on the annual cruise in New England waters, where I sat at the feet of Captain Roland Coffin, the *World* reporter—an aged, deep-sea sailor, who, taking me with him on many occasions, taught me how to describe a yacht race. Acquaintance was formed with most of the yacht owners in the fleet, for it was easy to see how desirous they were to have a reporter with them when racing, because

of the unavoidable prominence given to their boats in the accounts published in New York the next day.

Most distinguished of all yachtsmen at Newport that season was James Gordon Bennett, Jr., then barely twenty-nine, to whose service I was later to give the best years of my life. When we remember that, as a young man, Mr. Bennett opened Africa to the civilized world, his pre-eminent place among the great Americans of his generation must be conceded.

The first meeting with an epoch-making man generally leaves an indelible impression. I encountered Mr. Bennett one beautiful September morn on board the *Dauntless*, his schooner yacht at anchor in Newport harbour. The waters of that land-locked bay sparkled with the first rays of the morning sun as a small boat carried Captain Coffin and myself from India Wharf toward the *Dauntless*. It was to be a race day, and we had been invited to sail with Mr. Bennett.

Far apart from any anchored craft, we noticed a swimmer, whose head and shoulders were moving at racing speed. His brown hair was cropped short; his shapely head turned now and again, as, using the English stroke, he vigorously 'reached' with his right arm. The skill of the swimmer indicated the athlete. His face we did not see.

We were welcomed aboard the *Dauntless* by Sailing-Master Samuels. A few minutes later, the swimmer, who proved to be Captain Bennett, came on deck over the side—a tall, lithe man, robed only in nature's pink morocco and covered with sparkling drops of brine.

He extended a hand not less hospitable because it bore the ocean's chill.

Mr. Bennett was then one of the prominent figures in American life, owing to universal recognition that on the death of his father and Mr. Greeley he would become the chief of American journalism. He was soon afterwards chosen Commodore of the New York Yacht Club, and was thereafter always described as 'The Commodore' by his employees.

II

THE WOMAN WITH THE OUNCE OF ARSENIC

A DRUG-STORE stood at the Fourth Avenue corner of the street in which I boarded. One evening of that winter of 1870 I entered to buy some soda-mint tablets. The only clerk in the place appeared preoccupied until I mentioned the word 'soda,' when he started from his reverie and ran to a shelf at the back of the shop. Then he wrung his hands and became hysterical. In a piteous voice he stammered that an hour before a woman had bought an ounce of baking-soda.

'I weighed out the proper quantity, and gave it to her,' he continued frantically. 'But, O my God! I took it from the wrong bottle! We've been taking stock and the bottles aren't in their usual places. I'm not myself to-day—had a quarrel with my sweetheart last night—she's refused to see me again! We've been engaged——'

'That doesn't interest me,' I broke in. 'What have you done?'

'Done? Oh, yes. Great heavens! When a man's in love he ought to give up business. Why——'

'True enough,' I shouted at the half-crazed chap, scenting a news story of some kind; 'but what blunder have *you* committed?'

'I've given the woman an ounce of arsenic, instead of soda!'

'Good Lord! Report the accident to the police at once. Shut the shop and come with me to the station-house,' I commanded.

As we ran along the avenue, I scanned the face of every woman we met. As we dashed into the Thirtieth Street station-house, the six o'clock relief was going on post. We told our story to the lieutenant, adding that the woman, if a cook, probably intended to have hot biscuit for dinner and that many deaths were likely to follow the meal. The lieutenant recalled the platoon and gave them special instructions to cover the case.

'Leave no means untried to find that woman before she opens the package,' were his orders. 'Throw a scare into the whole neighbourhood, so that nobody will eat fresh bread to-night. Enter every tenement and knock at every door. Ring the bell of every private house in this precinct and give warning. Insist on seeing a responsible member of each and every family. Be as emphatic as you can. A general alarm will go out from Headquarters.'

I took a cab to Police Headquarters, promising the driver an extra dollar if he did not spare his horse.

As I entered the superintendent's office without ceremony, Chief Jordan, to whom I had become well known while working on the Nathan murder case during the previous summer, was lighting an after-dinner cigar. I told him what had occurred at the Fourth Avenue pharmacy. Within an hour, every

patrolman from Fourteenth Street to Thirty-fourth was conducting a house-to-house canvass for 'The Woman with the Ounce of Arsenic.'

Before midnight, the entire city was in commotion. The disquieting announcement was made in every theatre and many playgoers hastened to their homes. Hundreds of people brought medicines to pharmacies for examination, not understanding the form in which the poison had been sold. Countless packages of baking-powders, soda, borax and other harmless salts were consigned to sewers. Many hysterical women were attacked with imaginary pains and passed the night in sleepless dread: several feeble-minded men were thrown completely off their mental balance. The morning newspapers gave much space to the threatened calamity. The city editor of my journal offered $500 reward for the delivery of the unopened package.

Meanwhile, the efforts of the distressed pharmacist's clerk were unremitting. His employer stood by him nobly. A thousand posters were placed upon fences and bill-boards during the night. 'YOUR LIFE IN DANGER!' in red letters a foot high stared from blank walls, acquainting citizens that death in an unusual form was stalking about town. The New Haven railway station, at Twenty-sixth Street and Fourth Avenue, set apart two prominent spaces for warnings. Many drug-stores displayed alarm circulars in their windows, generally with the added words: 'Such carelessness could not have occurred at *our* pharmacy.' (That is human nature!) The entire community was living in nearness to an impending calamity. At the

end of the third day, city ambulances were kept busy taking to the hospitals men and women who thought themselves poisoned. Physicians were much overworked.

When Sunday arrived, every preacher on Manhattan Island referred to the impending horror. During the second week of anxiety, repetition of the details had increased the quantity of poison to one pound.

Such was the suspense in newspaper offices that one city editor went crazy and shot himself because he and forty reporters could not locate 'The Woman with the Ounce of Arsenic.'

I called at the pharmacy on Fourth Avenue several times daily and the distress of the clerk was pitiful to see. He had wasted to a shadow of his former self, for he neither slept nor ate. He actually forgot Emily until she came to the shop to see him. She was pleased with the notoriety into which her affinity had sprung. Paul was absent when she called a second time; but she spoke of him with sympathetic kindness and left a message of hope. But the young man's nervousness increased. He finally took to his bed in his room back of the pharmacy, where he became delirious. The girl had him moved to her mother's home, where she faithfully nursed him. When reason returned, he would sob and berate himself.

I had called to see him one afternoon during the third week of suspense and was seated at his bedside, doing what I could to comfort him, when the small boy at the pharmacy, breathless and hatless, burst into the room. Between gasps, he shouted:

'I've found 'er!'

'Where?' I exclaimed, clutching him by the arm.

'On de top floor,' the boy managed to say.

'What top floor?' shrieked the sick man.

'Dr. Palmer's—our boss's.'

'Who is she?' I asked, making for the door.

'Wife of de janitor.'

I took a long breath. This woman belonged to a class of toilers never seen upon the streets in daylight—who emerge from their haunts only after dark.

'Over the drug-store?' I asked, half-incredulous.

'Cert!' from the lad.

Paul was out of bed and dressing furiously. I went ahead to the street and was fortunate in catching a cab returning empty to the Harlem railway station. In a few moments, Paul and the boy joined me. We drove to the pharmacy. Forgetting his weakness, Paul shot ahead of me up the stairway in the side hall, two steps at a jump for four flights. He did not wait to knock, but pushing open the door to the janitor's apartments, was confronted by the woman whose vague image he had carried in his mind for twenty-odd days. He was so greatly relieved that he collapsed. He was speechless. He could only take the woman in his arms and cling to her.

When I reached the top of the last flight of stairs, out of breath, I was barely able to ask the mystified creature for the small package of soda the clerk had sold her. With Paul still clinging to her, she stepped to a closet and took it down from a shelf. It was unopened.

'I found a box of bakin' powder,' she explained, 'an' didn't use this.'

When I called to see Paul Dorwin, ten years later, he took me into the poison-room, pointed to a shrouded figure, and said:

'I own this shop and skeleton. It's the only skeleton in our family, I tell Emily.'

III

A FISHER OF MEN

As I stood in Astor Place with an ex-missionary acquaintance, at the entrance to the so-called Bible House, that bee-hive of various activities not wholly religious, a quaint, stoop-shouldered aged man ambled past and disappeared into the sales-room of the building. Noticing the stranger's guileless countenance, I asked my companion if he could identify the old man. He could and did, saying:

'In him you behold a practical philanthropist—one who does good by stealth. He comes here regularly and always buys one hundred New Testaments, which he distributes amongst the lowly thirsting for the words of life eternal. One cannot over-estimate the comfort this earnest toiler in the Vineyard of the Lord brings to hearts a-hunger for righteousness. He is an object-lesson in good deeds. Verily, he is a "fisher of men."'

'I shall study him,' was my reply.

I entered the building and carefully scrutinized the face. It was beatific. The eyes seemed small, but the nose and chin were satisfactory.

Life was still precious to him, for his smile showed serene content. Clothes did not make the man—his was a personality that rose superior to dress. The

long clerical coat had been brushed until it shone like a polished stove: three seams upon its back, white from wear, radiated from the waist like the pod of a poppy. One readily comprehended that the body had shrunk since the coat was new, for it now buttoned far over on one side. In consequence, it puckered at the waist line. The tall silk hat was as characteristic as the coat: not a particle of plush remained upon it —brushing had removed every fibre of the silk.

'Here is a man far past sixty,' thought I, 'who lives frugally and sleeps peacefully: a fellow-mortal whose daily acts are in accord with his conscience.'

I continued to contemplate this model of integrity as he purchased a hundred small, flexible-covered New Testaments for $14.80. They were neat little volumes with red edges, printed in clear type—the kind that retails at the bookshops for twenty-five cents. The bundle was paid for, largely in postage stamps, and taking it in his arms, the exemplar departed.

Without meaning to follow him, I returned to the street; but at the corner of Fourth Avenue my ideal spreader of the Gospel was transferring his precious bundle to a burly chap, clad in a blouse and typical of a thug or decayed prize-fighter, who boarded an uptown car. While my eyes were following the custodian of the books, the good man vanished.

A week passed. The scene shifted to Printing House Square. I was standing in the business office of a daily paper that gave much attention to sports, especially to the turf. The cashier was an acquaintance, and I was chatting with him when my object-

lesson of the Bible House came in and offered an advertisement for insertion.

'Probably a church notice,' was my thought. 'He is announcing the Sunday sermon of his pastor.'

Resisting an impulse to introduce myself, I found my curiosity aroused by the furtive, stealthy manner in which this advertiser took up his change and left the counting-room by a side door. I asked my friend to show me the slip of paper, and here is what I read thereon:

HARKEN SINNERS!! A book every sporting man ought to read. Neatest volume of the kind ever published: 300 pages and no nonsense. Chock full of good things. Sent under sealed cover to any address for one dollar by the Rover Publishing Company, 672 West Fourteenth Street, New York City.

That night, I addressed a letter to the Rover Publishing Company, enclosing money, and in due course of mail received—a Testament! The scheme was as obvious to me as it now is to my readers—a 'confidence game' of a cunning kind.

Sending for my friend, the missionary, I laid the facts before him. He was chagrined, but struggling against conviction, said:

'Let us go and labour with him.'

'Why not respect his cleverness?' I suggested. 'He needs must live.'

'No; he means well, and it is our duty to bring him to a realization of the error of his ways,' argued the ex-missionary.

We rode to the western end of Fourteenth Street, and I was not surprised to see that the numbers ran

out in the five hundreds. Thence, we visited the General Post Office and saw the Postmaster. (The Post Office was then on Nassau Street, where the Mutual Life Insurance Company's building now stands.) When the name of a person or business firm cannot be found in the city directory, the letter is sent to 'General Delivery.' But the 'Rover Publishing Company,' of fictitious address, had rented a box!

A detective was set to watch the lock-box. After two days' waiting, the red-faced, disreputable fellow who had received the Testaments came in on the Liberty Street side, produced a key, abstracted a large bundle of letters and was followed home to Harlem. During the trip, he was seen to open three letters and appropriate money from them.

When the detective reported to me, the missionary and I visited the cunning operator, in his Harlem home. We were received with affected cordiality, as my companion had a speaking acquaintance with the 'philanthropist.' All went smoothly until I asked:

'Where is the office of the Rover Publishing Company?'

Our host's face went pallid, but he didn't make any 'break.' He pretended not to have heard me and answered not a word.

Having a copy of the newspaper containing his advertisement, I drew a blue line around the paragraph and handed the sheet to him, with the inquiry:

'Do you send the books from here?'

The rigid, austere face wrinkled into a repulsive

leer, in which there was nothing but infidelity. Throwing off the mask he bantered :

' I haven't any idea you're better than I am. We all have to live. I don't know your methods of gaining a livelihood,' he added, looking straight at me ; ' but I've known your companion some time. I respected his secret when he drew several thousand dollars for services as missionary in Siam and China while living obscurely in Brooklyn.'

My companion was in much confusion. I had two stories, instead of one!

Meanwhile, our host talked right ahead :

' I was not always a pious man,' he admitted. ' The ways of Satan were well known to me. I beheld a great middle class, between the totally depraved and the conscientiously upright, groping in darkness. I undertook to reach its ranks with the blessed light of the Gospel. I am not rich : my enterprise, to be successful, must be self-supporting. This missionary will tell you,' he added maliciously, ' that ten dollars are required to get one dollar to the heathen of Anam or Korea. Well, I reach non-believers in the United States at less expense. After much prayerful thought, I composed the advertisement to which you have called my attention and inserted it in journals circulating among the classes I desired to reach. It is a " puller " and no mistake. My mail often exceeds fifty letters per day. I am gratified with the efficiency of my good work. Some greedy mortals in the Far West want two, three, or often five copies. I let them have the Books, when they enclose sufficient money.'

'Were the Testaments purchased at the Bible House?'

'Certainly. Where could I find a literary work of which I could truthfully say such words of commendation? Nowhere, you must admit. So, after paying the postage, three cents per copy, and the weekly bill for advertising, I still have a margin of profit.'

'Don't you make sinners pay rather dearly for their conversion?'

'I don't think so. The cost of each copy, including advertising, is twenty cents, which leaves a profit of only $80 on each hundred volumes. My daily sales sometimes exceed sixty, but I am resigned when they are less. I receive a few complaints every week, alleging that money has been sent without return. In all such cases I forward a Testament. It is the proper thing to do, and besides, it avoids controversy. Profitable? So, so.'

I could have explained why he didn't get all the money sent to him, but refrained. Instead, I asked:

'Do your customers bless you?'

'Alas! one of the sad features about my work is lack of appreciation by the very class I am doing my best to benefit. I have received some letters couched in quite abusive language—letters that made my old heart ache for their writers. Abuse? You cannot credit the conduct of some people toward me. Such treatment is discouraging. But I go right on. Last week, a guest at a Fifth Avenue hotel, an Englishman, wrote for five copies of the precious volume, received them,

and—never kicked. A pleasant experience like that offsets many disagreeable incidents.'

'Never personally met a victim, eh?'

'Not exactly; but there is an evil-minded person in Oshkosh who has sent me countless copies of Patent Office Reports, on which the postage is always inadequately prepaid. I pay, to avoid argument. That malicious scoundrel costs me two or three dollars every week. He's a blackmailer, nothing else.'

We said good-day. When we got outside, I asked my crestfallen companion what he thought of the scheme. His spirits revived, as he replied:

'Neatest I ever met!'

'Yes, verily, you were right,' I murmured. 'He *is* a "fisher of men."'

IV

PIRATES AT QUARANTINE

A TRAINED memory is one of the precious possessions of a working newspaper-man. An editor who writes historical platitudes has reference books at his elbow; but the reporter must tenaciously store away, for possible use at some future time, everything he hears, and be able mentally to visualize localities visited, important faces encountered and all noteworthy incidents.

The winter of 1870–71 was a bitter one; but summer brought the usual yacht races off Sandy Hook and the cruise of the New York Yacht Club to Newport and the New England coast. The unsuccessful English contestant for the *America* cup, Ashbury's *Livonia*, sailed in many of the races.

One October afternoon of that year (1871) I was summoned by Whitelaw Reid.

'Pirates at Quarantine are driving commerce away from this port,' he began. 'A large part of the West Indian and Brazilian trade has already gone to Baltimore, owing to intolerable exactions by the Health Officer. E. D. Morgan & Co. assert that $25,000 was extorted from them last year. Prendergast & Co. have also suffered. I want you to break up this piratical gang. Find out who receives the graft—especially

why the Health Officer connives at the extortions. I have had Arthur Pember living at Nautilus Hall, Staten Island, for a month, but he has discovered nothing. I turn the case over to you.'

After leaving the managing editor's presence, I mentally groped for a starting point. In a few minutes I had it.

Returning on the press-boat *Seth Low* one night in the previous August from a yacht race off Sandy Hook, I was writing 'copy' in the pilot-house. Passing Upper Quarantine, I noticed gangs of stevedores, lighted by flaring flambeaux, transferring cargo from several detained vessels to barges moored alongside. The great tongues of flame literally 'burnt a hole in the night.'

'What is the meaning of such haste?' I asked the man at the wheel.

'There isn't any haste; it means compulsory extortion,' answered Captain Bloodgood.

'Ah! How can I get the story?' I exclaimed, my news sense aroused.

'See Harry S. Miller, a South Street commission merchant, and tell him I sent you,' replied the commander of the steamboat.

Urgent daily duties had caused me to lay the matter aside, but not to forget it. Now it recurred clearly. The city directory supplied Miller's address, and in five minutes I was in full cry on a trail that led to the most sensational disclosures of local official corruption made by any American newspaper prior to the New York *Times*' exposé of the Tweed-Tammany ring.

Ship-chandler Miller was heading up a tub of

herrings when I entered his South Street shop. No evidences of wealth were apparent. When asked if he was president of a company that did towing and lightering at Quarantine, he regarded me with evident suspicion and took considerable time to reply.

'No: I was forced to resign last week.'

Presumably, therefore, he was exactly in the frame of mind to tell all he knew. Had I approached him earlier he might have been secretive as an oyster.

'Trouble with the Quarantine people?' I suggested.

'Yes; they wanted a larger share of our receipts—the Health Officer insisted he must have $2000 a week during the Quarantine season of twenty-five weeks, instead of the $1200 we were paying him. I was opposed to his demand, and called a meeting of the New York Harbour Lightering and Stevedoring Company, thinking they'd sustain me; but they turned me down and forced me out.'

'Who has the books of your company?'

'Clark Mills, the secretary.'

'What do they show?'

'Everything.—Coffee ships from Brazil must lighter cargoes, although they bring clean bills of health; goods must go to a certain bonded warehouse at Red Hook; then fumigation, which isn't needed, costing $30 to $50. Finally, with steam up, the vessel's captain must take one of the company's tugs or lie at Quarantine twenty-one days! This will prevent the ship sailing on her regular return voyage. It is the rottenest blackmail. But there are a dozen other extortions.—That company,' he added, 'represents the finest scheme

for making money, without capital, ever originated by man.'

'But how did you enter Quarantine? It is forbidden water.'

'That was the privilege for which we paid the Health Officer, who supplied us with yellow flags that gave us admission.'

'I am sure you are the man Captain Bloodgood advised me to see,' I said.

'Bloodgood, of the *Seth Low*?'

'Yes.'

'If you come from him, you can have my boots.' And Mr. Miller, for a consideration of $200, then agreed to tell everything he knew and to aid me in securing the company's books. I returned to my office, in less than an hour, with an outline of the complete story.

That night, accompanied by George E. Miles, afterwards private secretary to C. P. Huntington, I went to Miller's house. Word by word, the appalling narrative of official chicanery, exceeding 15,000 words, was taken down by Mr. Miles. It was verified in every detail by a legislative committee, and the Health Officer, Dr. Carnochan, was removed by Governor Hoffman.

This disgraceful conspiracy may be briefly outlined as follows:

'The New York Harbour Lightering and Stevedoring Company was created to take advantage of the supreme authority the law gives to the Health Officer of New York. A statute declares that between June 1

and October 1 the Health Officer shall be sole judge as to what vessels enter the port of New York. A few of us agreed that it was a pity to have such good authority go to waste. One of us knew the Quarantine official and made the value of opportunity apparent to him. He was shown how his income could be increased $30,000 a year. Humanity is weak: he accepted our terms. We didn't take the trouble to secure a charter. We organized with a nominal capital, which didn't represent one cent of actual money. Four directors contributed $5000 each to raise a purse of $20,000 for the privilege of carrying a yellow flag at Quarantine. This money was handed to Martin Wiener, an hotel keeper on Staten Island, who acted as agent for the Health Officer. Next day, we received the flags. I subscribed for $10,000 of the stock in our unchartered corporation, and sold it immediately for its face value to a cooperage firm in Coenties Slip, with the agreement that the purchaser was to do all the cooperage and pay our company 25 per cent of its earnings. A similar arrangement was made with a lighterage firm that owned boats enough to handle the business. Stevedoring was farmed out in the same way.

'Our company reserved the towing for itself, and I took charge of this branch because we intended to make it a special source of profit. My first act was to double the rates charged by the regular tow-boat companies. Whether or not a vessel was free from contagion made not the slightest difference. Unless the captain agreed to our extortionate

terms, he could not come to the city. Oh, it was a cinch!

'How did the passengers get off the detained vessels? They didn't, unless they paid to be brought up the bay. Blackmail was levied under threat of sending them to the pest-house on Hoffman Island. I arranged that the vessels should always be held at Lower Quarantine overnight, in order to charge $2 per head for bringing passengers to the city. We also compelled the ship-owners to pay for this service. Many unpleasant incidents occurred in consequence. I recall the case of a little humpbacked boy who begged to be conveyed free, because he had very little money and needed every cent to pay his railroad fare to his destination. His lamentations were pitiful; but no one was spared, so I assume he had to walk home.

'After paying the Health Officer's graft and a heavy bill for towing, the steamer or sailing vessel was taken to Upper Quarantine, off Staten Island, where the stevedores, coopers and lightermen fell upon her. All rates charged by these pirate brothers of ours were utterly arbitrary. Day by day, we discovered new possibilities in our game. At first, we had only insisted on lightering the vessels and were content that the merchandise should be sent to any storehouse the consignee directed; but a shrewd mind among our coterie of pirates conceived the idea of forming a trust agreement with certain warehouse owners at Red Hook, Brooklyn, and forcing our victims to send their goods there, so that we could share in the receipts for storage.

'We cleared $300,000 in each of the two seasons

of our company's existence, after paying Dr. Carnochan $40,000. We have now disbanded because the Health Officer and some of his friends think we are making too much money. They hope to control the whole business themselves.'

This epitomizes the 15,000 word astounding but truthful tale of the 'Pirates of New York Bay,' as they existed in 1871.

I secured the books of the New York Harbour Lightering and Stevedoring Company, and they were placed in the hands of experts. Every statement made by ex-president Miller was verified in forty-odd columns of figures taken from the company's ledgers. Publication continued for nearly three weeks. Then the legislature investigated, and after Governor Hoffman had removed the official whose sins had found him out, I, the young reporter, was permitted to write my first editorial article. It was entitled:

'*Another Coon Brought Down.*'

'The river thieves have been very active lately,' commented City Editor Shanks one noon when I appeared for my daily assignment. 'The police along the wharves are neglecting their duties; robberies are of nightly occurrence. I want you to live for a while among the river pirates in the Catherine Market region. Get close to somebody and give us an account of your experience.'

Those were days of 'scarlet journalism' in New York compared with which the so-called 'yellow' variety of to-day is colourless. The *Tribune*, with the

co-operation of 'The Allen,' a notorious scoundrel, conducted a 'badger-house' for a fortnight, where women lured strangers and robbed them. This was done to prove police inefficiency.

My first step was to take Chief of Police Kelso into confidence, to save me from jail if arrested. A sailor's kit was bought at Brooks Brothers, then at the foot of Catherine Street, and a boarding-house was chosen in Cherry Street.

Within a week, I was a welcome guest at the 'Catamarket Club,' as a score of thieves that gathered nightly over a saloon on South Street called themselves. It was a river-thieves' clearing-house, where plans were made for robbing piers and ships, with the connivance of night-watchmen or sailors aboard the vessels. During this assignment, I went upon the river three nights. On one occasion, we were chased by the harbour police. I did not participate in any robbery, although three were planned in my hearing—one of which was successfully accomplished.

My most important discovery was a tall, sunken-eyed man of forty, upon whose cheeks prison pallor lingered. He had been out of Sing Sing only a few weeks when we met, but was inclined to lead an honest life. A stevedore by trade, when business was poor he was wont to resort to burglary, river-robbery and an occasional garroting. His course was ultimately run and he went 'up the river.'

This man took a distinct liking for me. He hoped to save me from a career of crime, which, he assured me, had only one end.

'Jerry' McAuley, for that was his name, was wholly uneducated, but his descriptions of the fascinations and hardships of a river-thief's life furnished me material for a vivid story weeks later. I grew very much attached to the man, especially after I became convinced of his sincerity and credited his desire to escape from his environment and enter upon an honest life. He retained an outlaw's sense of fidelity to old associates and did not divulge any confidences that would have brought a former 'pal' within the meshes of the law.

Our surroundings were everything that could be described as vile, and one night, under pretext of escaping from them, I took him to Dorlon's, in Fulton Market, where we had a supper that it did my heart good to see the half-starved man eat. He was thoughtful and silent during the repast; but at its end he looked me in the eyes and said:

'You ain't no crook, young fellow. What's your game?'

I owned up that I was a newspaper reporter, after a good 'story.' McAuley did not evince surprise, but gave a sigh of sincere relief. He had feared I was starting on the road to ruin. In his turn, he told me how he loathed the associations in which he found himself and from which he saw no means of escape. From that moment I felt sure of him.

I went to see A. S. Hatch, a banker on Nassau Street, adjoining Jay Cooke & Co.'s (where the Hanover Bank building stands to-day). He was a practical

philanthropist and agreed to meet the reformed river-thief and burglar.

Next day, Jerry was waiting for me at the Pine Street corner of the United States Sub-Treasury, and the introduction took place. Mr. Hatch was impressed with McAuley's sincere reformation, as I had been.

The Dover Street Mission began its career a fortnight later, with Jerry McAuley as its head. During its existence, this real reformer saved many a human wreck from prison and the morgue. When my article was published, I divided with McAuley the amount received in payment. He accepted it with reluctance, but said it was the first honest money he had earned in many years.

The Cremorne Mission, in the heart of the unspeakable Tenderloin, was a thing of later development. It dealt with a very different order of vice, but McAuley's time was equally divided between the two humble stations on the road to salvation. He was faithful unto the end, and when he died, many noble-hearted men and women who had sturdily aided him in his work were mourners at his bier in the Cremorne Mission-house, in the most disreputable street of the Tenderloin district, where it remained for many years thereafter an oasis in a region of despair.

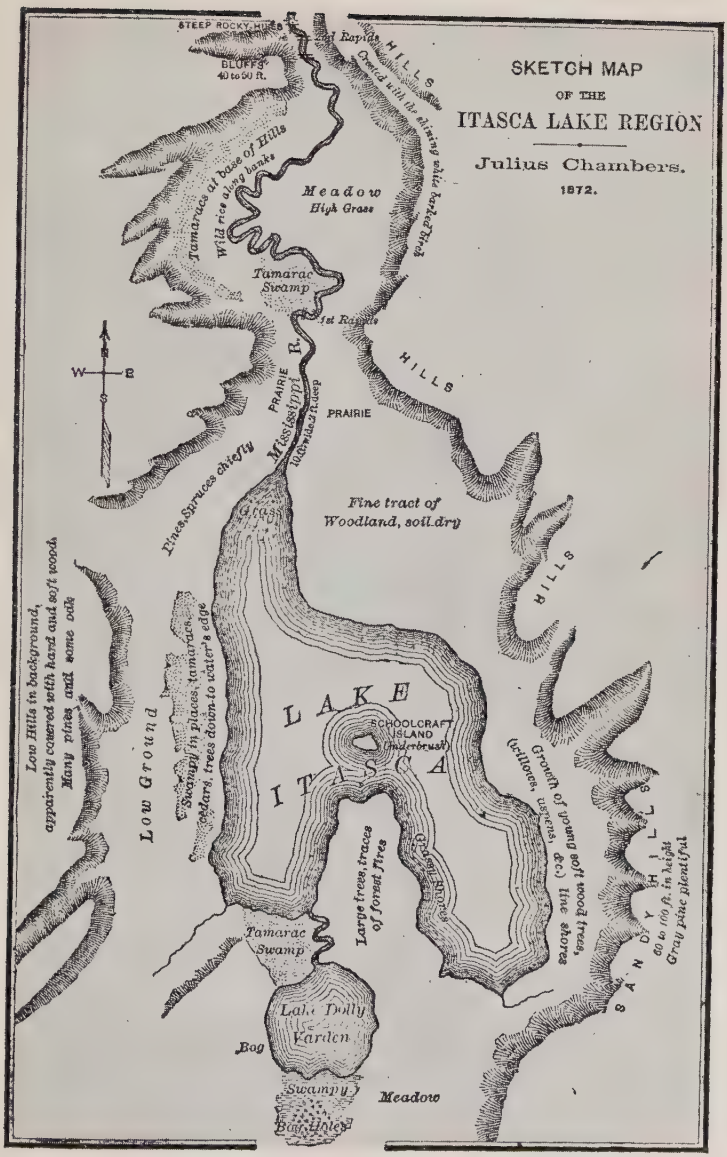
Jerry McAuley owed his redemption to the ' scarlet journalism ' of the period. I confidently expect mitigation of sentence on that Great Day when all mankind are judged, in recognition of the discovery of a hopelessly lost fellow-mortal in a filthy ' club-room ' on South Street.

V

I SEEK AND FIND THE MISSISSIPPI'S REAL SOURCE

The winter of 1871–2 was a severe one for young reporters, and no doubt for various other people. Communication with outlying parts of the city was only by means of unwarmed horse-cars, the floors of which were covered with damp, filthy straw. Snow upon the streets was not removed, as is done to-day. The street railways brushed it from their tracks toward the gutters, where it soon became a reeking mass. Crossings were not cleaned, and tramping about in the rain, sleet and slush was the cause of many deaths. The 'kid' reporters were not spared. To me, and to those like me on the *Tribune*, were handed all unremunerative, heart-breaking assignments. Out in any kind of weather, I laid the foundation for an attack of pneumonia that very nearly proved fatal in the spring. Serious symptoms of pulmonary trouble developed. I finally became alarmed about my condition—and yet this was to be one of the great years of my life.

Often, it is well to know the worst. I had a physician who ought to have been a Commander of the Imperial Guard, or a buccaneer captain in the days of Morgan. He spoke to be obeyed. To argue with him was


SKETCH MAP
OF THE
ITASCA LAKE REGION
Julius Chambers.
1872.
STEEP ROCKY HILLS
BLUFFS 40 to 90 ft.
Rapids
Covered with the shining white Carpet Plant
HILLS
Meadow
High Grass
Tamaracs at base of Hills
Wild rice along banks
Tamarac Swamp
1st Rapids
HILLS
PRAIRIE R.
Mississippi
Wild rice & sedge
PRAIRIE
Pines, Spruces chiefly
Grass
Fine tract of Woodland, soil dry
HILLS
LAKE
ITASCA
SCHOOLCRAFT ISLAND
Underbrush
Growth of young soft wood trees, (willows, cypress, &c.) line shores
Gravel Ridges
Large trees, traces of forest fires
Tamarac Swamp
Lake Dolly Varden
Bog
Swampy
Meadow
Bog Holes
SANDY HILLS
60 to 100 ft. in height
Gray pine plentiful
Low Hills in background, apparently covered with hard and soft woods
Many pines and some oak
Low Ground
Swampy in places, tamaracs, cedars, trees down to water's edge
W
E

sheerest folly. To plead for grace was time wasted. Early in March he uttered this dictum :

' Young fellow, if you want to live, you must spend three months this summer in the woods, roughing it and sleeping under the stars.'

What was I to do ? Where was I to go ?

Curiously, while at Washington for a week, in January, I had given several afternoons to an examination of all records existing in the Congressional Library in relation to explorations at the source of the Mississippi River. The librarian had been especially obliging and had brought to my attention the official reports of Schoolcraft, Nicollet and Long. I had studied them with avidity and made extensive notes. I had discovered that the stay of the first white visitors, the Schoolcraft party, at ' Omoskos '—afterwards christened ' Itasca Lake ' in a fanciful manner that I subsequently learned about from the Rev. Mr. Boutwell, who accompanied Schoolcraft—had lasted exactly four hours and had not been an exploration in any true sense. Nicollet's visit, four years later, had been devoted to following a small stream flowing into Itasca Lake, which he dignified with the title of ' The Cradled Hercules.' The elaboration with which he described the admittedly insignificant creek recalled the lines in *Hudibras :*

> ' An *ignis fatuus*, that bewitches
> And leads men into pools and ditches.'

When my physician's ultimatum was uttered, as my only life-saver, I mentally recurred to the discoveries

at the Congressional Library. 'Thirty-six years since any man of record had visited the sources of the great river of our Republic,' I thought. 'Schoolcraft in 1832; Nicollet in 1836. There's a clear field for my outing. These men may have overlooked something worth finding. If I must sleep under the stars for a while, it shall be in the Itasca wilderness, practically unexplored.'

The *Tribune* could not undertake to buy my letters. I naturally thought of James Gordon Bennett, Jr., of the *Herald*, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, due to my experience as a yachting reporter. He was interested in the project and agreed to pay a liberal price for the letters. Strictly on the imperative orders of my doctor, I obtained from Mr. Reid three months' leave of absence, without pay. This explains why a trip in the service of Mr. Bennett antedates my *Tribune* exploration of 'A Mad World' in the autumn of the same year.

Plans for the expedition, which I entirely financed myself, were set on foot. Going to Troy, I ordered a Waters canoe, Baden-Powell model, to be delivered at St. Paul the 15th of May. The best map of Minnesota that Colton, New York's cartographist, could supply, showed the entire region surrounding the head-waters of the Mississippi as a blank. Arriving at St. Paul, I took the large map to the State Land Office, hoping thereat to add much to the topography of the Itasca country. Not an addition to the map or any information regarding a means of entering the unexplored wilderness could be obtained.

That was Minnesota in May, 1872.

Putting my canoe aboard a night train for Duluth, I arrived in the grey of dawn at what was then a few scattered frame houses, and thence proceeded over the Northern Pacific railroad to Brainerd, a straggling settlement amid a pine forest. A letter I bore from Jay Cooke made me *persona grata* with the railway officials, engaged in extending the line toward the Red River of the North. Fortunately, Dr. Day, Indian Agent, was encountered. He advised me to proceed to a station called Oak Lake—now Detroit Lake—and there hire a wagon to take me twenty miles to the White Earth Indian Reservation, where I could engage a guide and carriers and fit out for the long tramp through a region to him unknown (but which proved to be a succession of swamps, 'windfalls,' and bleak deserts of red sand), until the infant Mississippi was reached, 'somewhere below (meaning north of) Itasca.'

The following night found me at White Earth Mission, a guest of the daughter of 'Hole-in-the-Day,' a chief held responsible for the Minnesota massacres in 1866–67. She was mistress of a log-house, in which travellers were accommodated. It was veritable 'Indian country.' Many dead but uncoffined Chippewas were having their last sleep upon stilts. I was fortunate in securing the services of a French-Canadian guide, Henri Beaulieu, whose family originally hailed from Mackinaw and bore a name honoured throughout the Great Lakes. My provisions were bought at Morrison's trading post; Chippewa packmen were

hired, and on the fourth morning after reaching White Earth we were on *safari*.

A week's paddling and portaging, amid storm and sunshine—crawling or cutting our way through tornado tracks—brought us to a tamarack swamp, five miles in breadth, at the far side of which was a smiling meadow with a sluggish stream, barely twelve feet wide—the Mississippi!

On our first day out from the Mission, a party of five men had been met returning from an unsuccessful search for a missing 'timber-cruiser,' named Kelly, lost in the Itasca wilderness. When seated at supper, in our first camp upon the stream I had determined to follow by canoe and steamer to the Gulf of Mexico, a young man and woman, brother and sister, arrived over the same trail we had followed. They came from White Earth: the girl was the affianced sweetheart of the lost Kelly. Aged twenty, sun-browned but with the tang of Indian blood in her veins, determined and unflagging, she had taken her turn in 'toting' their birch-bark canoe. She was typical mate for a 'timber-cruiser,' for when the sturdy half-breeds of White Earth had abandoned the quest, she had compelled her brother's co-operation and set out. Less encumbered than we, they had travelled more rapidly. They shared our meal of 'slugs'—dough boiled in water with a slice of pork side-meat: an excellent dish, if one is hungry.

When we separated after breakfast next morning, the girl held out a small brown hand and asked:

'You'll look for him, I'm sure?'

'Indeed, we shall,' I promised, little thinking how near I would be to sharing Kelly's fate.

'We shall go downstream and up the East branch, into the Itasca hills,' were her parting words. 'I'll stay until I find him, alive or dead!'

The two paddled off toward the north, downstream, while we turned our heads southward, to make the ascent of the river to my goal.

Rapids were encountered before the first day's end, through which the boat had to be carried. Canoeable water was rare after the first twenty-four hours. At the end of the third day, we entered a range of hills, where the stream dashed over boulders through a defile so narrow that we had to walk in the bed of the creek. Our supplies had to be packed in relays, because all carriers except the guide and one Chippewa had been sent back from the final portage that landed us upon the Mississippi bank. Late that afternoon, my guide blazed a trail along a wide, dry watercourse that appeared to have been an old bed of the stream, carrying our route across a tamarack swamp and through a forest of silvery birch. This 'cut off' saved a long detour in the bed of the rock-and-log-gorged creek.

Beaulieu was a true *coureur de bois*. This trail was as plain to him as Broadway ever was to me; but actually it was nothing more than a lonesome forest path. I have good cause to remember it.

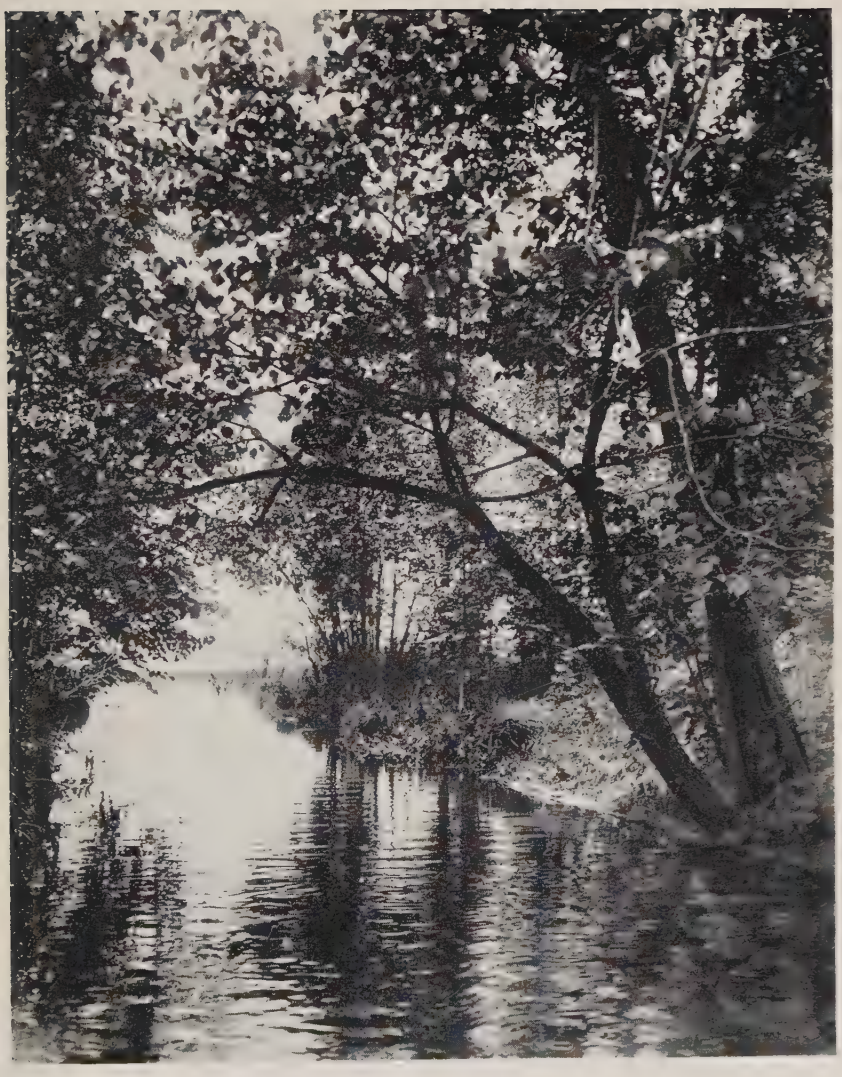
A very tired trio went into camp just before dark.

Soon after noon next day, the trees broke away and evidences of backwater from a large reservoir were apparent. We had arrived. We launched the canoe

at the northern end of Itasca Lake. The prospect was not prepossessing. We camped a short distance south of the outlet.

My curiosity about this body of water was compelling. I did not know at that time how its name had been juggled from two Latin nouns, *ver-***itas ca-***put*, by elimination of the first and last syllables; but I accepted a silly story in Mary H. Eastman's *Aboriginal Portfolio*, about Itasca being 'daughter of Manabazho, Spirit God of the Chippewas.' If coined from good Latin, the name should have been 'Rumca'—(*verum caput*, true head)—a word that might have satisfied philology, and would have had at least a flavour of 'fire-water.'

However, I was there to go thoroughly over every foot of the Schoolcraft lake and we were not in a hurry. The guide and I set out next morning to circumnavigate the three-pronged body of water. We visited the island, but it was a disappointment. It is a long ledge of rock, less than two acres in area, nowhere rising more than six feet above the water. The lake was not surveyed until three years after my visit, when the location of the island was fixed for the first time. I may anticipate to say that Itasca Lake most nearly resembles a three-limbed starfish. Measured upon the ice by J. V. Brower in 1891, nineteen years later, its length was found to be three and one-sixth miles. The same enthusiastic 'Itascan' also fixed its elevation above the Gulf at 1457 feet. This height was suggested by heavy frosts on the June mornings during my stay.



CHAMBERS CREEK, WITH ELK LAKE IN THE DISTANCE

The first day of circumnavigation, confined to the northern and eastern arms, was a dry haul. The eastern coast was examined with care. Its beach is pebbly, everywhere grassy, and tall trees come down the hills to the water. Not a perennial rivulet enters the eastern arm of Itasca.

The following day, June 9, 1872—very memorable to me—was devoted to the western arm. We resumed investigation of the western beach of the promontory that divides the southern end of the lake, encountering the same reed-grown shore previously seen. However, at the southern end of this bluff, the land sloped down to the typical quagmire so often met upon the lake shores between White Earth and the Mississippi; but, through this cove, I saw an unquestionable stream of clear water entering Itasca. It possessed the distinct character of a perennial outlet from a storage reservoir.

The canoe carried no freight except food for the midday meal, and my shotgun; but fallen trees, brushwood and shallow water rendered progress very slow. After half an hour's struggle up this very crooked channel, lifting the canoe or carrying it round obstructions, we emerged upon the shore of a charming lake of sparkling radiance that proved to be more than a mile long and nearly as broad.

I was wonderstricken. So was Beaulieu, who had not heard of it. It was a body of water obviously never seen by Schoolcraft, who did not enter the western arm of this three-pronged lake. Nor is this

reservoir mentioned by Nicollet, making the most liberal interpretation of his language.

The water is very clear and lies in a deep bowl formed by low hills on the east, a ridge at the west and a swamp at the south. In depth, the lake is twice that of Itasca (sixty feet) ; and high land between the two bodies of water conclusively proves that it never formed part of the larger sheet to the northward. A recent survey by Hopewell Clarke, C.E., of the stream connecting this ultimate reservoir of the 'Father of Running Waters' with Itasca Lake shows its length to be 1084 feet, one-fifth of a mile. The Historical Society of Minnesota has given to it the name of 'Chambers Creek.'

When this previously undiscovered body of water was officially surveyed for the first time by E. S. Hall in 1875 (three years after my visit) the Chippewa name originally borne by Itasca, namely, 'O-mos-kos' or Elk, was transferred by the order of Surveyor-General Baker to the pretty body of water discovered by me—indicating it to be the ultimate source. The Minnesota Historical Society rendered an official decision awarding the discovery of Elk Lake to the writer of this narrative.

Descent of the spluttering, rock-strewn stream was easy compared with the ascent. Lighter in equipment, I had only a knapsack to carry. The end of the first afternoon brought us to the guide's newly made trail. At its northern end, we had left a cache of provisions, now much needed. The guide insisted that we push ahead to that point before camping. Greatly fatigued,

I demurred; but, in the woods, a guide speaks with authority. He explained that a young bear, able to climb a sapling, might get our stores. Guide and Chippewa were told to go ahead, and I would overtake them, after resting. I fell asleep instantly, and awoke in deep twilight. I transcribe the account of my experiences written that night in my log book!

'Hurrying along the new trail, I cover half its length before darkness renders invisible the blazes on the trees. Very soon I am wandering among scrubby pines and tamaracks, out of sound of the river. I stumble over entangling roots and sink into bog-holes. Dry wood for a fire is not to be had; I am not woodsman enough to light a strip of birch bark. Not an echo returns my shouts. One cartridge remains in my revolver; but I dare not use it to fire a signal of distress. Climbing the hills, the guide had pointed out trees torn by bears' claws—a trivial incident in his company.

'A shower bursts, accompanied by lightning and thunder. Camp lies north-west from one to three miles—dependent upon my wanderings. The outline of a hill looms up and I follow its base, hoping to reach the river's bank. I ask no greater boon than to hear its waters again. Into the tamaracks, over treacherous sods that hide bog-holes, I double on my tracks. Dangerous to go forward: equally so to remain where I am. My companions may not find me, and that means starvation.

'Exhausted, I stand stock still under dripping boughs and listen. In all my world, the only sound is

rain. In utter loneliness, I shiver with nervousness, or chill. At that moment, I remember the lost "timber-cruiser." . . .

'A new sound! Not rain, although the drip, drip, drip from the water-laden boughs persists. Not the movement of man or animal—assuredly not the rustling of leaves. What I hear is running water: the way to the river is mine.

'A few yards distant is a tiny brooklet. Its voice is low at the brush-formed cascade from which it calls, but its word is "Thoroughfare."

'Into the channel of that little stream I walk, lest it elude me in the dark. A physical contest with tangled briars soon brings me to the Mississippi. Here, also, the six-foot wide river-bed is the easiest route. After a long tramp in the watery path, the glare of the camp fire flashes up, as I round a bend in the stream. I find it deserted: guide and packman, alarmed at my non-arrival, are seeking me in true comradeship of the forest.'

No noticeable increase in the size of the river occurs until its junction with the Eastern branch, 140 miles below Itasca, where the stream doubles in volume. Pemidji Lake is really two bodies of water connected by a narrow channel. The larger is about seven miles long by four in width. We supped and camped at the outlet of the larger lake, where a giant hemlock bears a Greek letter 'Delta'—for 'Delta Kappa Epsilon.'

The Mississippi has become a veritable river. So

clear is the water as it flows from Pemidji that one can see the bottom at a depth of ten feet; but ten dangerous rapids soon follow one another so closely that there isn't breathing space between them. Destruction of one's canoe in the wilderness is almost as serious as loss of ammunition. At the foot of this rocky staircase, the river resumes its placidity and we enter the island-studded sheet of water known as Lake Cass, landing at the mouth of Turtle River at nightfall. Here, we encountered our first natives since leaving White Earth. The village consisted of twenty lodges, occupied only by women, children and old men. The braves were absent on a hunt. This tribe is known as the Pillager Chippewas, and is well named, because its members robbed me of fishing tackle and many other articles.

Turtle River is a large stream and Governor Cass can hardly be blamed for thinking it the continuation of the Mississippi. To save our provisions, we moved our camp out of reach of the over-attentive Pillagers.

The Mississippi is 175 feet wide where it leaves Lake Cass, and almost as far as Lake Winnebagoshish its banks rise in gentle slopes to a plateau 40 feet high, upon which are giant Norway pines and hemlocks. The ictoria Nyanza of our great American river is a thing of terror to the canoe-man in stormy weather. A gale was blowing on the morning after our arrival and we were windbound for two days. On the third morning, we crossed Winnebagoshish, a very unpleasant experience and probably the most dangerous incident in my entire trip to South-West Pass. A

squall occurred near the middle of the lake, creating heavy seas. Constant bailing alone prevented the boat from swamping. With much relief, we ran into a narrow estuary to the south-east—a small replica of Green Bay, on Lake Michigan. We were soon in the Eagle's Nest Savanna, thirty square miles of meadow covered with waving grass ten feet high. It is a dangerous place in which to lose one's way, but we emerged from the vast slough in the afternoon and reached White Oak Point at nightfall, where we found two Indian families.

Next day, we made an early start for Pokegama Falls, a camp of Maine lumbermen. That night I revelled in a feast of salt pork, an exceedingly appetizing dish after a long diet on fresh fish, pigeons and duck. Two days were passed with these genial hosts, the only return I could make being to act as mail-bearer to the nearest post office, at Aikin 300 miles downstream.

As we were about to portage round the falls, the young woman with whom we had parted in the Itasca foot-hills, and her brother, paddled into camp. They were travel-worn, but the girl appeared glad to have overtaken us. Briefly she told how they had ascended the Marquette River, known as the Eastern branch, and crossed from its last lake into Itasca, over the old Schoolcraft trail ; whence they had followed the main stream of the Mississippi. She had seen many trees bearing my ' triangle '—as she described my Greek ' Delta '—and had used our camp site on one occasion. Among the Itasca hills they had found the body of the

'timber-cruiser.' Records of his discoveries were in his rubber tobacco pouch, placed there by this faithful servant of the lumber corporations in face of certain death. These, the sister and brother were on their way to St. Paul to deliver.

'We found him, as I said we would'—and she again held out a small brown hand and sighed—'but dead.'

I had many other adventures upon the great river before reaching New Orleans, but I have said enough about my Mississippi experience. Naturally, it meant a good deal to me. In the words of Hamlin Garland:

> 'O wild woods and rivers and untrod sweeps of sod,
> I exult that I know you.
> I have felt you and worshipped you,
> I cannot be robbed of the memory.'

VI

A DESCENT INTO A MAD WORLD

The New York courts had before them a remarkable case of injustice. One Rose McCabe, a spinster, possessed of a large fortune, appeared in the Supreme Court of New York County, accompanied by her attorney, John D. Townsend, seeking release from Bloomingdale Asylum, wherein she had been detained for two years as an insane woman. As alleged in the writ of *habeas corpus*, upon which the applicant for liberty was produced before Justice Ingraham, 'this young woman was kept immured among lunatics in order that certain persons might administer her estate.'

The case attracted wide attention and its disclosures awakened general sympathy. Testimony indicated that imprisonment of sane people in asylums, in order that lawyers or relatives might 'manage' the property they possessed, was dangerously common.

Miss McCabe, a small, shy gentlewoman of refinement and education, convinced the bench of her sanity at the final hearing and was released.

The *Tribune* had championed her cause with a vigour characteristic of its editors, Horace Greeley and Whitelaw Reid. The existing lunacy laws were denounced and the asylum management was savagely criticized for detaining among maniacs an obviously

sane woman, merely because a liberal monthly sum was paid for keeping her incarcerated; but the asylum directors had defenders on the press and hard blows were given and taken.

When I arrived in New York from New Orleans (August 10, 1872), at the end of the temporary leave of absence from the *Tribune* just described, excitement over the McCabe outrage was at its height. I consented to enter Bloomingdale Asylum for a fortnight, as a patient, to ascertain if commitment of a sane man or woman were possible and to see with my own eyes what abuses, if any, existed.

City Editor Shanks suggested hiring two purchasable physicians—as is generally done when people are to be ' put away '—but I refused to taint the adventure with fraud of this kind. I undertook to deceive two reputable experts. I made myself familiar with Bucknell and Tuke's *Manual of Psychological Medicine ;* read twenty-odd volumes on insanity, and adopting the symptoms of sunstroke dementia, successfully deceived two medical men of excellent attainments—one an alienist of high reputation. I was committed upon their affidavits, sworn to in good faith before Police Magistrate Cox of Jefferson Market Police Court, who signed the warrant sending me to a living death without my ' production before him '—as the law commanded and as he certified in the document.

Here is a facsimile of the letter which was waiting for me on my return to the city, just in time to undertake an adventure that promised to be both exciting and of real public importance.

New-York Tribune.

New York, Aug 9th 1872

Lie

As soon as you arrive and receive this, if you are ready for work, and very important work, I want you to go to the Grand Central Hotel, register, take a room, and keep very quiet until I can see you. I want you to act in a nervous, agitated manner, as if you were a little disposed to be crack brained. My object is to get two physicians in the Hotel, whom I know can be

need for such purposes, to make a certificate that you are a lunatic, so that we can get you into the Bloomingdale Asylum.

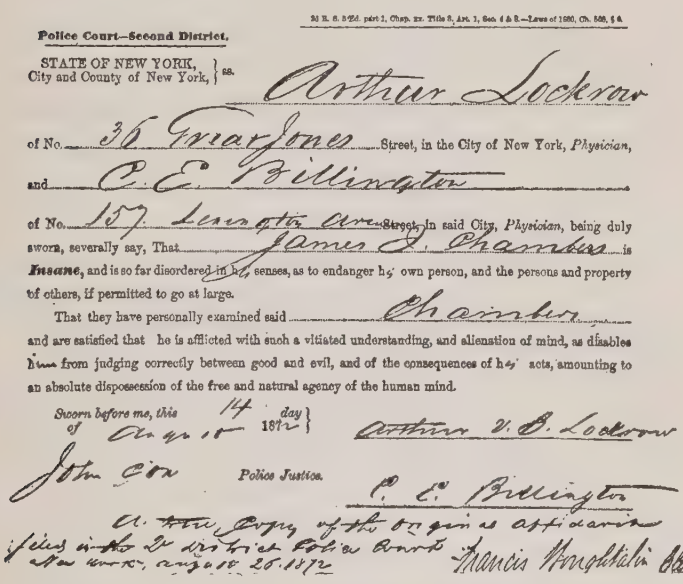
The public is very much excited in regard to developements in the Bloomingdale Asylum, and I want to get a person there who can study the institution for a week from his own observations. There is an opportunity, in this, to make one of the greatest hits that a reporter ever had, and following right on the heels of your Mississippi expedition it will enable you to bring yourself more

prominently forward than even Greenwood did by his special articles. Of course it will be necessary to explain to you more fully the object of this, and I will call and see you, so as to arrange with some one else and a lawyer to have you committed and sent to the Asylum at once. You must keep this to yourself and say nothing to any one, except Mr. Ford and myself about the matter; and do not let the reporters know generally that you have returned. Register your proper name at the Hotel as we do not care to have any deception in the matter

Yours truly
Wm. M. Stewart.

To Julius Chambers

Under the law as it then stood, the only formalities necessary to lodge a man or woman in a madhouse were to secure affidavits from two unprincipled physicians—the standard price for such service being $50 each—upon which a writ of commitment would be issued by any police court magistrate, as in my case, without seeing the alleged lunatic.



2d R. S. 3d Ed. part 1, Chap. xv. Title 3, Art. 1, Sec. 4 & 5.—Laws of 1860, Ch. 363, § 4.

Police Court—Second District.

STATE OF NEW YORK, City and County of New York, } ss.

Arthur Lockwood

of No. 36 Great Jones Street, in the City of New York, *Physician*, and C. E. Billington

of No. 157 Lexington ave Street, in said City, *Physician*, being duly sworn, severally say, That James J. Chambers is **Insane**, and is so far disordered in his senses, as to endanger his own person, and the persons and property of others, if permitted to go at large.

That they have personally examined said Chambers and are satisfied that he is afflicted with such a vitiated understanding, and alienation of mind, as disables him from judging correctly between good and evil, and of the consequences of his acts, amounting to an absolute dispossession of the free and natural agency of the human mind.

Sworn before me, this 14 *day of* August 1872

Arthur L. Lockwood

John Cox *Police Justice.*

C. E. Billington

A true Copy of the original affidavits filed in the 2d District Police Court New York, August 20. 1872

Francis Wrightington Clerk

This man or woman, so charged with being 'dangerous to himself and others,' might be summering in Europe or wintering in Cuba; but when he or she returned, the possessor of the writ could 'command any policeman or sheriff to arrest at sight the said lunatic' and, despite protests, to hurry the victim to a private or public asylum for the insane.

The *lettre de cachet* on which I was imprisoned might have borne any other name than mine.

Such were the legal conditions I undertook to remedy.

Accompanied by a pretended relative, I was received at Bloomingdale Asylum one evening and admitted without the slightest investigation of my condition or any other formalities—except the prepayment of $260. I was sent direct to 'The Lodge,' far apart from the main buildings and intended only for violent maniacs. This repellent brick structure stood in the north-eastern corner of the grounds, almost upon the site of a pretty fountain in the present charming campus of Columbia University.

Ten days passed in the Lodge constitute a period of my life of absolute horror—an adventure with dangers unsuspected when undertaken. Utter isolation from friends began the moment I was pushed into a narrow cell—shabby as one in any prison and reeking with fetid hospital odours—and lasted until service of a writ of *habeas corpus*, previously arranged for, commanded my production in court.

My cell door closed flush with the wall and was without a knob. An iron cot and a straw mattress, without springs, and with two broad strips of sail-canvas for sheets, completed its furnishings. It did not contain a chair or stool.

My room was on the main floor. Under me, in the cellar, were padded cells for violent patients. These unfortunates made night hideous with their lamentations and appeals to God and man for mercy.

The window in my cell was a small grated affair, without glass. The floor gave out a strong odour of carbolic acid, and, when my shoes were removed, was found to be damp.

An attendant, who had brought me from the main building, peremptorily ordered me to remove my clothes. He took each garment as I deposited it upon my cot, thumbed every seam and searched all the pockets. He then threw the clothing upon the floor of the hall outside, banged the door and shot an outside bolt into its slot. I was locked in. I may anticipate to state that every article of value in my possession, including sleeve-buttons, shirt-studs, match-box and pencils, was taken by somebody and never returned.

Most effectual of all methods for breaking the will, destroying hope and inspiring madness, is solitary confinement in a cell bare of any object to divert the mind of a prisoner. Dungeons of feudal Germany, of France under Louis XV, of Spain under the Inquisition, or of Venice under the Doges, were no more calculated to produce such results than was the cell into which I was thrown on that August night.

Many years later, I followed a guide into one of the low-ceilinged, sand-floored dungeons of the Doge's Palace at Venice, below the canal under the Bridge of Sighs.

'What was done to a prisoner after he was placed in this dark hole?' I asked my guide, in French.

'*Rien du tout!*' was the reply, with a shoulder-shrug. 'Absolutely nothing!'

The wretched prisoner—probably a victim of accusation through the ' Lion's Mouth '—was allowed to go mad and die of starvation.

My board at the asylum was paid for thirteen weeks, the shortest time for which a patient was accepted ; but I had the pledge of Counsellor Townsend that, in my behalf, a writ of *habeas corpus* would be sworn out on the tenth day. The dangers of my undertaking were unknown to me. After my release, the peril of my position was shown by the disappearance of a patient erroneously thought to have aided me in securing figures showing the profits of the mad-house business. He was spirited away and lodged in one institution after another until trace of him was lost. Had my identity been disclosed, I should never again have been a free man. High-priced patients were not permitted to escape from the clutches of commercially conducted asylums : an understanding to that effect existed among mad-house physicians the country over. In my case, prior to the service of the writ, every effort was made to detain me for the period of three months, because the institution had received the money for my keep.

Alone with my secret, I climbed upon the foot of the cot and gazed through the grated window. The night air had grown cool. There was a moon somewhere, but the trees in the yard hid it. Overhead, a few scattered stars could be seen.

Although the bed was more uncomfortable than the floor of any trading-post in the Itasca country, relief from nervous strain involved in the previous two days'

contest of wits with a brace of alienists, and one night's physical wrestling with a professional man-nurse from the New York Hospital, caused me to fall into troubled sleep. Midnight had passed when I was awakened by a demoniacal cry that chilled my blood.

At first, I was sure that the screams came from a dark corner of my cell. A maniac from outside had pushed the bolt and entered! Was I to fight a demon in the dark? I shrank into the background of my mind, and asked myself:

'Am *I* going—mad?'

Gruesome surroundings bring gruesome thoughts.

In that instant, I hear once more:

'Ou-oo, ou-oo, ou-oo! Ya-ha, ya-ha! Kisch! Hist! Ya-ha, ya-ha-a-a-a'—ending in a despairing groan.

Thank God, that is IT again, and from a cell underneath! Unstrung as I am, I am master of the situation.

The window is a grey spot amid enveloping blackness. I climb to it and look out upon the night. The moon has set; even the quivering stars withdraw from me, one by one, into infinite distance.

Such was the 'quiet retreat' to which a physically exhausted patient, apparently suffering from temporary aberration of mind, was consigned by an asylum physician making the treatment of mental disease his life study. Barely twenty-one, with friends of apparent wealth who had paid all bills demanded, I was thrown into a cell within hearing of the worst cases of incurables.

Sleep no longer possible, I sat upon my cot awaiting the slow approach of dawn.

The first thing detected in the daylight was a word scrawled, as with a bit of charcoal, high upon the wall of the iron cot. I stood up to decipher it, letter by letter—'M A D.'

My predecessor must have been a philosopher.

What had become of him?

While I was contemplating the courage of a fellow-mortal who had written himself down a madman, the door opened and an attendant flung my clothes into the cell, shouting:

'Git up!'

'Who had this room before me?' I asked.

'What difference does that make to you?'

'I see a strange word on the wall and am curious to know who wrote it there.'

'I fergit his name; he was no good. Died of—suicide.'

'In this room?'

'Yep; found dead one morning with a suspender tied round his neck. He strangled hisself.'

Imagination outlined the dead man writing upon the wall the result of his introspection. . . .

Dressing quickly on this, the first, morning of incarceration, I was directed to the wash-room, where I performed my ablutions and, reappearing in the corridor, met my fellow-lunatics for the first time.

All Bedlam was loosed! People of the Mad World were pacing the floor or crouching stolidly upon the benches

I assorted the patients into groups—a purely arbitrary classification, because *camaraderie* among the demented rarely exists.

The interval between opening the cells and the morning meal was unnecessarily long ; but when a bell sounded for breakfast, most of the patients rushed into the mess-room like a stampeded herd of cattle.

I waited until my helpless and idiotic companions had been dragged to their places at the uncovered pine table. The seats were benches, without backs.

When I finally entered the eating-room, I was assigned to a place near one of the keepers. Everything upon my plate had been purloined, except a cup of yellowish, tepid water, called ' tea.' It was unsweetened and I could not obtain sugar. A guard generously divided his bread with me and I ate it without butter. A request for milk and sugar in my tea evoked smiles and winks from the keepers. At all times the food was of poor quality, and often bad.

The nine patients at my table, ranging in age from seventeen to seventy years, ate with animal-like voracity—all except a pale young man at my right, who showed the same disgust at his surroundings that I felt. None of the breakfast party was then known to me by name : introductions are never given in the Mad World.

Quarrels at the table were frequent and attendants handled offenders roughly. A former United States Senator, aged and tottering, was on one occasion dragged from the table and thrown into the corridor, where for an hour he lay in a shivering heap, alter-

nately sobbing and cursing. Finally, he crawled under a bench, to hide.

The Lodge was an inferno Dante would have appreciated.

There was one hero—a man of forty, with the features of a patrician. He was under restraint, for punishment, much of the time, because he interfered whenever a patient was abused. I never learned his real name. His strength and courage caused him to be known as 'Hercules.' His skull was broken by a keeper, I have heard, two years after my time, because he throttled an attendant in the act of assaulting an aged Wall Street broker known as 'The Count'—a victim of 'Black Friday.' When 'The Count' realized that 'Hercules' had been killed on his account, he said grimly:

'Too bad; I'll telegraph to God!'

'The Count' died several years later, and every journal in New York published a sketch of his career.

During the long interval between meals, patients were herded into a room at the front of the building or stood alone against the walls of the corridor. Friendly association between men of diseased minds scarcely exists. No precaution to protect imbeciles from homicidal patients was taken. After a keeper pointed out to me a sufferer from such dangerous impulses, I never permitted any patient to get behind me. If all seats were occupied, as was generally the case when tenants from the floor above (Hall XII) joined those of my Hall (XI) in the 'sitting room,' I stood with my back to the wall.

When brutality was indulged in by a keeper, the victim displayed three phases of emotion. At first, defiant, he howled with rage as he bit and snarled without contrition ; next came tears and appeals for mercy, and finally, abject surrender. With the exception of 'Hercules,' no patient had ever interfered ; rather was the incident a source of amusement to the lunatics—for heartlessness is the mint-mark of madness.

During the second night, one of the lost men in the cellar sang for more than an hour a dirge of despair, a wail of hopeless anguish. After breakfast next morning, a keeper asked :

'Do you want to see the animals ? '

We entered a wing of the building to which I had not been previously admitted. The door to a dark room was cautiously unlocked. I peered into the gloom. This cell hadn't even straw upon its floor. I descried the outlines of a naked man, crouching in a corner. This semblance of a human creature was staring at us. The keeper seized the object by an arm and dragged it into the light. Next he pushed it into a wire-enclosed balcony at the rear of the vestibule. A fire hose was played upon it for a time, calling forth howls of rage. The water was then turned into the Augean cell.

'Here's the trap through which we feeds 'im,' said the keeper, raising an aperture at the bottom of the cell door.

Abandoned ; forgotten !

Experiences varied with each day ; but the nightly prelude to being locked up was a supper of tea and

bread, without butter. As twilight deepened into darkness, the corridor became utterly drear. High upon the walls, tiny jets of gas burned, creating shadows rather than brightness.

On the following morning, I begged a physician to order a daily newspaper for me. His reply was that my relatives would have to be appealed to; but I found that no means existed for getting a letter out of the asylum. The doctor had merely 'put me off,' knowing that I could not communicate with the outside world, no matter what request I wished to make.

After many appeals for clean linen, a keeper produced my dress-suit case, burst it open and dragged its contents through the broken side. He assumed I'd never need that bag again. For a moment I tottered on the brink of detection. A professional card was found in the pocket of a coat; but I snatched it from the keeper's fingers before he could examine it, and destroyed it. I shuddered at my assured fate had the bag been searched in the main building. Mysterious disappearances from mad-houses are common incidents.

Not an article of dress or for toilet use was permitted in my cell—not even comb or brush.

After a midday meal, I seated myself upon a bench beside a small, elderly man and asked:

'How old are you, uncle?'

His reserve disappeared as he replied:

'Thank you, young man. I haven't been so addressed since my dear nephew died.'

'Has he been gone long?' I asked, to continue speech.

'No, not long,' thoughtfully. 'Only two weeks.'

'I wonder if I knew him?'

'Probably not. Capt. John Hawkins was with Sir Francis Drake when a boy. Ah! but he afterwards became famous himself.'

'You mean Sir John Hawkins?'

'Certainly,' with much pride. 'He was my nephew, named after me. I regret the crimes he committed—especially starting the slave trade. That parted us. Relentless foes to slavery, Giddings, Phillips and I faced many dangers in our warfare against a condition my wicked nephew created. Johnny was hanged at the yardarm——' and the speaker showed emotion so unusual in the demented that I hastened to interrupt.

'No, no; you are misinformed. He was honoured—sent to Parliament.' Drawing the little chap to a window, I pointed out a fine team driving through the grounds. 'Good steppers, aren't they?' I suggested.

'Yes,' he murmured; 'much the same as I used to drive.'

I slipped away.

'How long has Hawkins been here?' I asked a keeper.

'Eleven years.'

'He told me he came only a fortnight ago.'

'All lunies are sensitive about the time they've been locked up. A tricky, deceitful pack!' was his comment.

Within an hour, I encountered a foil for this specimen of mad mortality. I shall call him 'Harmony.'

He was sauntering along the corridor when I joined him. He was the first to speak.

'I hope you have been made comfortable?' he began cordially.

'Thank you, yes,' I equivocated.

'I try to make my guests contented,' he said, in a matter-of-fact way. 'As soon as the gay season ends, I intend to raze this structure and build on its site a noble edifice. Thereafter, if you remain with us, you will have a man to wait upon you. Consider yourself my guest.' He then turned aside to reassure another 'guest.'

After my return to the rational world, I learned the history of this man's infirmity. He had been a strenuous tradesman for forty years, and while amassing a fortune had worried himself into mental weakness. He was happier, as I encountered him in the Mad World, than among his former trade competitors. Born with a taint of avarice, he was penurious to meanness; now, poor as the poorest, he had become a generous, thoughtful lover of his race. Proof of this was his non-association with morose, secretive types.

That night, moving my iron cot so that I could stand upon its foot, I spent several hours at the window, picking out with a wooden splinter in a piece of newspaper dates of events and names of persons. Every other means of making notes had been taken from me. During succeeding nights, I completed a diagram of the floor upon which I lived.

A committee of the Board of Trustees paid a visit

to the institution. Patients were locked in their cells early in the evening preceding the ' inspection,' so that the walls of the corridor and dining-room might be whitewashed during the night.

When the committee was seen approaching across the lawn, I stood in a corner to escape observation. Two years of adventure as a reporter had brought me into contact with these trustees—I knew them all.

First entered Jackson Hyde, head of a large leather business in ' the Swamp ' and a trustee of the Young Men's Christian Association. He was a rampant reformer, but I had seen a letter of his offering money to a clerk in the Department of Buildings for exemption from putting fire-escapes on his tenement-houses. He passed the aged Senator without a nod, although I knew he had coaxed invitations for himself and family to the Nevada statesman's receptions at Washington.

Thomas Rondaway, president of the ' Heavenly Twins Bank,' as it was commonly called, walked at the side of Hyde. Grave and polite, he made no pretence of being better than his fellows. His chief thought was to regain his office in Wall Street before the close of the stock market. He subscribed to many charities, chiefly to show his contempt for a few dollars. He had no more and no less sympathy for the wretched shadows of humanity among whom he passed than for a customer whose loan he called at a moment of financial stress. He examined the furniture to see that it was unbroken, but never looked into the face of a patient. Furniture was capital ; sick men were raw material : one cost money, the other was easily obtained.

The third director was of different character, plain John Wilson. He 'had a heart.' He recognized a sacred duty to ascertain the exact condition of the asylum and its inmates. His frank, earnest manner was an invitation to the patients to confide in him. Not one got his ear! A young physician hung upon an arm of Wilson, as Mephistopheles clings to Faust in the opera, and defeated all attempts of the condemned to invoke the pity of a willing benefactor.

Thus they came and went, vanishing, without leaving a trace to mark their visit, down a spiral stairway in the wing (where the naked man was hidden in a dark cell out of sight).

The inspection of my ward had occupied exactly five minutes.

Next day, I obtained paper and an envelope from a physician making his rounds and, according to prearrangement before entering the asylum, wrote a brief note to my pretended 'uncle.' That letter was not posted, owing to its final clause—purposely inserted.

I was walking in the corridor with 'Hercules,' when the diminutive Hawkins stopped us to ask my companion:

'What is your height, sir?'

'Six feet two inches.'

'Exactly my height, once,' commented Hawkins, tottering to a chair.

'Very sad,' mused the tall man, as we resumed our walk. 'A hundred years from now that little chap won't be anything at all.' Later, as we parted, he said: 'Trouble will wear out any man.'

That night was as dreadful as the others, but early in the morning sounds of a distant church bell entered through the grated window.

It was Sunday.

When breakfast was announced, an idiot boy from the upper hall, known as ' Baby,' was thrown violently along the corridor by his keeper and told to ' walk faster.'

With sixteen other inmates of the Lodge, I attended chapel and, for the only time, saw some of the women patients. About sixty inmates were present. The chaplain talked for half an hour, assuming, apparently, that a rambling exhortation best measured up to his congregation. The prayer was better. As it closed, the voice of ' The Count ' rang out :

' O Solomon, make good my margin ! '

The chaplain walked from service over to the Lodge with ' Harmony.' Without any relevancy, the little fellow muttered :

' Abraham has nothing on me.'

' In what respect ? ' asked the parson.

' I've entertained angels at my house.'

' You know that is not true, sir,' said the parson harshly.

' You read in your Bible, don't you, that angels came to Abraham and supped with him ? ' demanded the former tea-merchant.

' Certainly.'

' Very well,' in chilling calmness. ' Does your Bible say angels shall *not* come to my house and eat with me ? '

The inquiry was not answered.

Four of us sat down to a game of cards. My companions were members of distinguished families—one was a former United States Senator.

Whist was chosen. 'Frisco,' my partner, hailed from the Pacific coast. The Senator's companion was a former Wall Street broker, called 'Thaddeus.'

The play was peculiar. It was some little time before I quite understood. My partner thought the game was casino, while sad-eyed 'Thaddeus' imagined it was euchre.

'Now we know they're lunies,' whispered the Senator.

The game went on its own curious way, until my attention was attracted to the Senator himself. He sat behind only five cards, with a face of wood. He had dropped the rest of his hand on the floor. With the calmness of a professional gambler, he said: 'I raise it a thousand.'

Lowering his chin and watching from the corners of his eyes, he awaited our decisions with grave tolerance. The wandering minds in the group were three—the Senator was intent on a game of poker!

'Where are your cards?' I demanded of him.

'I don't need any more,' was the reply. 'Shall we make it a jackpot?'

'Frisco' grinned; 'Thaddeus' laughed, softly and approvingly. A ray of intelligence illumined all the faces before me, as though the light of reason had entered from the sane world. The Senator had struck a true note, to which our hearts responded. *We all knew poker.*

The cards were gathered, re-shuffled and dealt; the draw followed, and very soon thousands of dollars, as mythical as the existence the players imagined they led, were at stake upon an iron bench in a maniac ward. Each of us won and lost a fortune. In mind, the Senator was at Washington again, seated before the broad round table at Chamberlain's; 'Frisco' was at Jim Morrisey's in New York, and 'Thaddeus' was once more on the floor of the Stock Exchange, betting millions of other people's money—all gambling and equally happy.

Bloomingdale had always been a retreat for 'genteel' lunatics. Grievous abuses admittedly existed in pauper institutions on Ward's and Blackwell's islands, but friends of 'lucky unfortunates' on Manhattan Heights were assured that injustices never occurred there.

Here was an aristocratic mad-house, its pleasant grounds overlooking the Hudson River, with bowling-alleys, billiard-tables, a library and many diversions—books, newspapers, easy chairs, skilled physicians and trained nurses—a very paradise of Bedlams! But, once the much extolled home for minds diseased gave up its secrets, the paradise was a paradise no longer. Learned doctors, affecting deep wisdom, were there to make their rounds, feel pulses and slight their patients. 'Gentle' nurses were crude attendants, often brutally harsh. The stately trees and blooming plants in the charming grounds were tantalizing to prisoners behind grated windows. Bowling-alleys were for physicians

and nurses, maybe, certainly not for the patients; food was neither good nor clean; the rooms were cells, damp and without chair or bureau; and the one bath in each ward was filthy.

The sun rose for the tenth time since I had voluntarily surrendered my liberty. Isaac N. Ford, my fellow-conspirator, afterwards a distinguished London correspondent, drove to the asylum in the afternoon. He was told by the chief physician, Dr. Brown, who had not seen me since I had come under his care, that I was very nervous and was manifesting a desire to write to friends and get away. These were very bad signs. If released, serious results would follow, for which, Mr. Ford was assured, the asylum management could not be held responsible.

'I should be very glad to see my friend,' said the visitor.

'Quite an infraction of our rules; but, as you came with the patient, I will allow you to see him, if you promise not to go beyond the simplest greetings. You might cause a complete breakdown.'

I had gone to my cell, in an anxious frame of mind. The writ of *habeas corpus* was to have been handed to Dr. Brown on this day; but as the afternoon wore away, I feared a miscarriage of our plans. With much mental relief, therefore, I received word from an attendant that Mr. Ford awaited me in the reception room.

For the first time in ten days, I looked into the face of a friend.

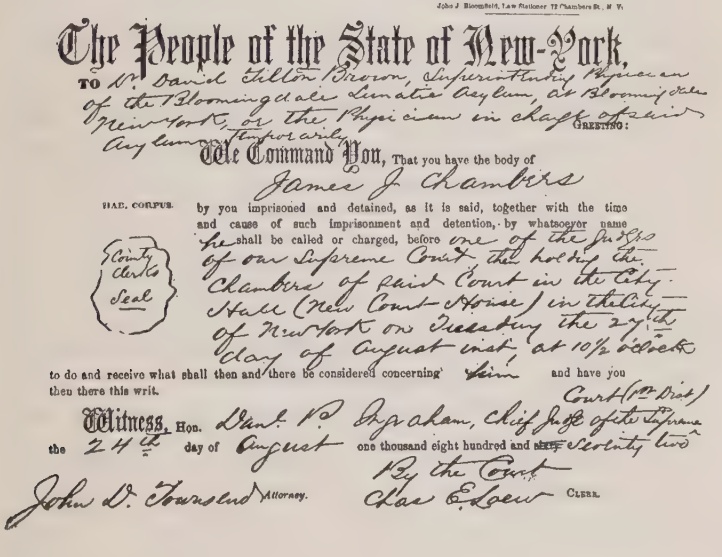
A keeper was present, listening. Ford and I walked to a window. Our conversation was commonplace. I could see he had news to impart.

The floor had been swept and dust lay upon the window-sill. Placing his hand carelessly thereon, when my guardian's attention was diverted, Ford wrote upon the dusty woodwork, in stenographic characters :

'*It will be served in an hour.*'

We shook hands, my eyes telling him how glad his message made me. I returned to my cell, knowing I should soon be a ward of the Supreme Court.

After the lawyer's clerk had delivered the document, efforts were made to induce me to 'escape.' I was given the 'third degree' to discover how I had got



John J. Bloomfield, Law Stationer 72 Chambers St., N. Y.

The People of the State of New-York,

TO Dr. David Tillon Brown, Superintendent, Physician of the Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum, at Bloomingdale New-York, or the Physicians in charge of said Asylum, temporarily, GREETING:

We Command You, That you have the body of James J. Chambers

HAB. CORPUS. by you imprisoned and detained, as it is said, together with the time and cause of such imprisonment and detention, by whatsoever name he shall be called or charged, before one of the Justices of our Supreme Court at the hotel the Chambers of said Court in the City Hall (New Court House) in the City of New-York on Tuesday the 29th day of August inst. at 10½ o'clock

County Clerk's Seal

to do and receive what shall then and there be considered concerning him and have you then there this writ.

Witness, Hon. Danl. P. Ingraham, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court (1st Dist.) the 24th day of August one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two

By the Court

John D. Townsend Attorney. Chas. E. Loew CLERK.

word to ' a meddlesome lawyer,' but I did not cast any light on the matter.

The third act of this play is a separate story, including my ' presentation at court ' ; an able statement by Lawyer Townsend of the reasons for my voluntary incarceration; my discharge by Justice Ingraham ; the national sensation created by the escapade ; the appointment by the Governor of New York of a special lunacy commission before which I appeared, and the enactment by the legislature of a new code of laws for the protection of insane people. These were all direct results of the adventure.

My departure from the Lodge was contemporaneous with a tragedy. The physician detailed to accompany me to court was conversing with the head-keeper.

' A birth in the women's ward, I hear ? ' queried the attendant.

' Another idiot boy,' replied the physician indifferently.

There were sounds of shuffling feet at the far end of the corridor. Four men advanced, bearing upon their shoulders a box covered with a blanket. They carried a dead man.

One birth, one death. The population of the Mad World was not depleted. A child with inherited mental disease had entered its society about the time the dirge-singer under my cell had left it.

' What is this ? ' I asked, stepping close to the tall hero of Ward XI, that the bier might pass. Came the answer, in a whisper :

' *This is resurrection !* '

I took the extended hand of 'Hercules' and bade him farewell, for ever.

The broad door swung open: the doctor motioned to me, and he and I followed as guard of honour for the dead maniac.

VII

A CHANGE OF ENVIRONMENT

The year 1873 opened auspiciously. An offer made to me by the New York *Herald* when I was writing the story of my mad-house experiences and was therefore unable to respond to the invitation, was now renewed and accepted. At that time the *Herald* stood at its highest pinnacle as an American newspaper, and the ambition of every star reporter, in which class I was now rated, was to attain membership on its staff.

My first out-of-town assignment was a peculiar one. The Crédit Mobilier scandal at Washington had convulsed the country. Mr. Oakes Ames' red note-book had destroyed half a hundred Congressional characters.

Hardly had the Pennsylvania Legislature assembled that year, when two prominent members of the State Senate joined in a disgraceful attack upon the editor of the *Herald*, in which the name of the elder Bennett, who had died the previous summer, was also mentioned. The *Herald*, as the one great metropolitan journal of that period, had many enemies and the slanders against its founder and his son were repeated far and wide. My recollection is that only one newspaper in New York quoted any of the language. The decent members of the Pennsylvania State Senate,

A. K. McClure taking the initiative, had the matter struck from the minutes; but publicity elsewhere justified reprisals.

I received a message from Mr. Connery, managing editor, directing me to meet him in a private room at the Astor House. His first words were: 'Are you known to anybody at Harrisburg—town or legislature?' I assured him to the contrary. Then he told me the story, gave me the names of the two offending members of the Senate and said: 'Go there and buy those men—and a few others, if they come easy! I leave the method entirely to you—but get them! You can spend $10,000.'

A friend in Pine Street, a genius at organizing corporations, loaned me the text of a charter. Selecting the title of 'The Consumers' Gas Company, Limited, of Pittsburg,' I had a list of incorporators made up from clerks in his office and several personal acquaintances in the State of Pennsylvania. I was down as 'Arthur Purcell'—a name I subsequently used with success in the Charley Ross investigation. When the charter had been drawn, I went to Harrisburg, registered as Arthur Purcell at the Lochiel House, and hunted up a lobbyist. He brought to me the Chairman of the Senate Committee on Corporations, who in a few days introduced the bill and secured its reference to his committee. My lobbyist managed matters so cleverly that in a week I was on intimate terms with the men I wanted.

Events favoured me. The Pennsylvania Railroad had a bill before the legislature to increase its capital

stock to $100,000,000—a large sum in those days. Thomas A. Scott, president of the road, was ' looking after ' that bill in person. This meant a carnival of bribery. Advised by my lobbyist, I contrived that the project of a competitive gas company in Pittsburg should be frankly discussed with my senatorial acquaintances and the value of their assistance fixed. One of them took advantage of the occasion to ' borrow ' a hundred from me in cash. He was quite earnest in impressing upon me the fact that it was ' a loan.' I nursed the legislators along until I could arrange some scheme by which they would be induced to take cheques. My lobbyist must have been a constant spender, for he was ' tapping ' me daily. The member of the Committee on Corporations proved of inestimable value ; indeed, he finally assisted me to success by carrying cheques to the two men I was ' stalking.'

I had a plan for getting these scraps of paper into the bank, with endorsements. I casually referred to a very sick relative at a hospital in Philadelphia, and when a date had been agreed on for reporting the bill, I received an alarming telegram requiring my presence at my relative's bedside—the message, of course, being one I had sent for repetition. The arrival of this call was so timed that the Harrisburg bank in which the alleged Arthur Purcell kept his account was closed—I had been introduced by my lobbyist, who was *persona grata*. I drew two cheques of $500 each, payable to my two senators, and one for $100 to the order of the committeeman. I had hardly begun to pack my grip at the hotel, when Mr. Committeeman entered.

I pointed to the telegram on the table, and said I would return to Harrisburg at the earliest possible moment. He was satisfied. Then I pretended to recollect the cheques. I told him I had promised his friends their money that night and meant to keep my word, but had no recourse except to give cheques to them. I expected to be back before the following Thursday, when I hoped the bill would be reported out of committee, at which time, if our friends did not want to put the cheques through I would take them up with cash. Then, I handed him his $100, with which he appeared satisfied.

I had hired a Pittsburg lawyer to come to Harrisburg and oppose the granting of a charter to 'The Consumers' Gas Company, Limited.' His presence made my men greedier to get their money from me early, so that they could be bought by my 'false alarm' attorney.

The cheques reached their destinations. The imaginary relative grew steadily worse for five days, until I was notified by wire that my cash balance had been depleted $1,100. Suspicion was disarmed at the bank by a fairy tale sent by mail to the cashier about a very costly surgical operation being necessary, which rendered a statement of my cash balance imperative. My relative 'passed away' the same afternoon that the telegram arrived, and I reached Harrisburg at midnight. The next morning, I withdrew my account, secured the cheques and disappeared.

Everything was prepared, even to engraved facsimiles of the cheques and their endorsements; but the

day before the exposure was to have been made public the principal senatorial offender was charged on the floor of the chamber with having accepted a bribe from a Philadelphia street railway corporation, and was so prostrated by the disclosure, which he did not attempt to deny, that he had a fatal attack of apoplexy. Punishment could not be imposed upon a dead man, and the article was cancelled. The charter for ' The Consumers' Gas Company, Limited,' which had cost about $1,900, never emerged from the Committee on Corporations.

VIII

THE HAWKINS MURDER

One of the traditions of all City Rooms is that big stories generally occur at the end of dull nights, when men on waiting orders are drowsy, owing to inaction. On just such a night, a messenger from Police Headquarters rushed into the office with a note. A printing telegraph connecting with the *Herald's* sub-station at Mulberry Street, that ought to have conveyed the information, was out of order and the telephone had not been invented.

When the acting night city editor, Gerald McKenna, had read the contents of the envelope, he became a human mitrailleuse in action. A great news story was in sight. He glanced at the clock—the hour was eleven. He called his star reporter, Daniel Kirwin, and gave orders like an admiral on the poop-deck:

'John Hawkins, Wall Street banker, has been murdered in his Fifth Avenue home near Tenth Street. Body found by his nephew and daughter, on their return from the theatre. Mr. Kirwin, take two men with you. Hire all the cabs you want. Get the story. Kase has left Headquarters and will meet you at the house. This murder is worth every line we can get. First edition at 2.45, but as many thereafter as necessary. I'll attend to matter from "The Morgue" (as the biographical department is called).

'Mr. Chambers and Mr. Macdona, you will assist Mr. Kirwin—absolutely under his direction. Kirwin, I hold you responsible.'

We two youngsters comprehended that the chief feature of the morrow's paper would be this sensational crime, right at home. Occurrences in all other parts of the world became relatively insignificant, owing to the national prominence of the victim and the mystery surrounding his death.

By this time, the three of us were in a carriage, secured at the Astor House cabstand. The horses, on a run, were headed up Broadway, deserted at this hour by all other vehicles except lumbering stages. Kirwin planned his campaign. He would keep Macdona with him for 'leg work.' I should be dropped at the New York Hotel to secure another cab for my own use.

'Kase will have a diagram of the floor on which the murder was committed. We must trace Hawkins' movements from the time he left his office this afternoon to the moment of his death. His clubs must be visited. If robbery has occurred, we have a motive: if no theft, we must seek a motive. It will be your duty, Mr. Chambers, to trace the banker uptown. You must secure every detail of the trip: when he started, where he stopped, and at what club he dined. He is a widower and usually dines at the Union Club. Call on his partner, Radish, at 9 West Eleventh Street, round the corner from the Hawkins house; they generally come uptown together. If they didn't to-night, Radish will know the name of his companion.

Find that man! Then hurry to the office and write every line possible. Here we are at the scene of the crime—twenty minutes after eleven.'

Karl Kase was waiting for us: he had made and sent to the office a floor plan. The police captain of the precinct was in charge, and from him the police account of the murder was learned. Additional details to those furnished in Kase's original note were few, except that the house was in perfect order, not an article missing, and that the killing was done with a piece of lead pipe—left in a corner of the hall by a plumber only two days previously. Therefore, this was not a premeditated crime, but one of 'necessity,' owing to fear of exposure, or of sudden impulse, suggested by sight of the deadly bludgeon. This presupposed that the blows were struck in the light. Nobody knew, up to that moment.

'It is the act of an amateur,' commented Kirwin, after examining the body, verifying the identity of the victim and ascertaining that the blow was delivered from behind, crushing the skull.

'The man fell without a cry,' declared a physician who had been summoned. 'The body was still warm when I arrived,' he added.

When the nephew and daughter came home, the door was on the latch—meaning unlocked—and the light in the front hall had been turned out. Not until the gas was relighted was the body seen upon the floor of the drawing-room. This from the nephew: the daughter was hysterical and could not be seen.

'At what theatre was young George Hawkins?' asked Kirwin.

'The Union Square—went to see Charles Thorne and Sara Jewett,' replied Kase, who had seen the nephew.

'What were the old man's clubs?'

'The Union and Union League.'

'Good,' commented Kirwin, meaning that he had correctly instructed me. I was already off in a second cab for the corner of Twenty-first Street and Fifth Avenue, where the Union clubhouse stood.

Turning to Kase, Kirwin gave him final instructions: 'Go upstairs, get a talk with the nephew. Ask him *particularly* between what acts of the play he left the theatre. Then jump into a cab and hurry to the office.

'Now, Macdona, get into my carriage. Drive fast to the Union Square theatre; rouse the watchman by ringing the bell at the stage entrance, on Fourth Avenue. Ascertain precisely when the curtain fell at the end of each act, and the length of each intermission. Look over the crowd in the hotel bar-room, at the Broadway corner of Fourteenth Street. You'll find some member of the Union Square Company. Ask if anybody saw young Hawkins leave the playhouse. Remember, nothing that serves to corroborate or discredit George Hawkins' statement is too trivial to mention. Then drive to the office.'

These instructions were given on the front stoop. Dan Kirwin re-entered the house. The coroner had not arrived; the body lay where it had been discovered. The star reporter had already identified it.

He began a search of the floor. The carpet was moquette of a dull brownish shade. With his hands, Kirwin felt every inch of the floor covering. Ah! inside the sliding-doors, in the dining-room, was a damp spot. Blood. The body had been moved after death. Why? Obviously, so that it could be seen by the first person to enter the front door. Would a murderer, fearing interruption, commit such a foolhardy act? Wasn't it, rather, what a person would do who knew members of the family to be absent and wanted the crime discovered? And where was the banker's hat? The butler pointed to it, hanging in the hall. A moment later, Kirwin knew that, in addition to the body being moved from the dining-room to the salon, the hat had been hung upon the rack after the crime. The binding on one side of its rim was red with blood: *it had rolled across the ensanguined spot.* And another discovery: the lock of the front door had been 'thrown off' by bloody fingers. Why should this murderer wish to leave the door unlocked unless to suggest the theory that a night prowler, a human vulture without home or planned purpose, had wandered into the banker's house, been surprised, and had killed to escape?

Kirwin kept his own counsel. He had discovered all these mysteries in precisely eleven minutes. He was working against time—not as a detective, but as a news-hunter.

Mr. Kase reappeared from the library upstairs with notes of an interview with George Hawkins. The statement was full, clear and explicit. The young

man was at the Union Square theatre to see Charley Thorne, accompanied by his cousin, the dead banker's daughter. Between the second and third acts, he had gone round the corner of Broadway to the *Shakespeare* café for a drink; while there he had spoken to Henry James, Barry Montressor, Sam Caruthers——

Kirwin interrupted:

'Caruthers is in the box at Wallack's theatre, across the way from the *Shakespeare* booze-shop, and lives at the red brick hotel corner of Waverley Place—the New York. Stop there on your way downtown. If you don't find Caruthers in the bar, go right up to his room and rout him out. Mention my name: it'll be all right. Ask him what George Hawkins said when they met in the *Shakespeare*, but don't give him a hint of this crime.'

Indications pointed to the nephew as the murderer.

Kirwin thought so, and when he reached the office at 1.30 (having written 1,500 words in the billiard-room of the dead man, until a reporter arrived to relieve him), he had sufficient facts to hint at his belief; but he dodged the libel law by defending the accused in an artful manner. He felt safe, for these reasons:

1. What Macdona had learned: That the second act of the play ended at 9.40; interval, eighteen minutes, owing to an elaborate boxed-in scene that had to be set. Time, 9.40 to 9.58. Found actor Leonard, in the cast, who assured the reporter he knew young Hawkins and had distinctly seen him 'in front.' Robert Horn, ticket-taker at the Union Square

theatre, was found in the hotel bar-room: he knows Hawkins, and says he went out at the end of the second act, but did not return until the middle of the third act—absent fully forty-five minutes! Positively cannot be mistaken.

2. What Chambers had learned: That the banker had dined and passed the evening at the Union Club, Fifth Avenue and Twenty-first Street. He had left his bank at 4 o'clock, and walked as far north on Broadway as the Astor House, with his partner, Radish. There they had a pint of champagne, because Hawkins appeared worried. No; couldn't have been about business; Radish thinks it concerned the marriage of his daughter to her cousin, George, of whose habits the old man did not approve. Radish remembered he had neglected to lock up a bundle of bonds that lay upon his desk and he returned to the bank—first helping Hawkins into a cab for his club. There, Hawkins dined, played a few rubbers of whist until——

'Now, be explicit!' Kirwin shouted, driving his pencil and listening meanwhile.

'Well,' I said, 'the doorman of the Union Club remembers that Hawkins passed out as the clock chimed half-past nine. How does he fix the time? Because his relief was due at nine, hadn't arrived, and he was literally "watching the clock." His relief didn't come at all, so still on duty. More important is a statement by John Brandon, fellow-clubman, who met the deceased banker stumbling along the western sidewalk of the avenue, bound southward. He was in a

preoccupied state; didn't speak to Brandon. This is the last sight of Hawkins alive.'

'Going home to be killed!' exclaimed Kirwin. 'Actually seeking fate!'

3. What Kase had learned: That Caruthers remembered young Hawkins entering the *Shakespeare* saloon. First glancing round the place, the young man had pulled out his watch and said: 'Why, it's a quarter of ten. Hello, Sam: come, take something? When Caruthers declined, Hawkins appeared to have forgotten about a drink and left abruptly. He had not spoken about being at a theatre, but he looked warm and excited. A few moments later, Caruthers had occasion to glance at his own watch and found the real time to be *half-past ten* instead of a quarter to that hour. He had not returned to the box-office at Wallack's that night, but left his assistant in charge, after 'counting out.'

Kirwin had heard the nephew's statement as given to Kase, and knew the banker's daughter was prostrated—either through grief, or by a suspicion of the murderer's identity. He mentally visualized the interior of the Hawkins' mansion, and had before him a proof of Kase's diagram, showing the arrangement of the two rooms and hall. He added an X for the original location of the body and a Z to mark the place at which it was found.

The Index bureau had done its part and re-writers had supplied two columns of an obituary, a catalogue of the many corporations with which the dead banker had been associated, and a list of famous murder cases

of the metropolis. The full account of the sensational crime came together into a harmonious whole. At 2.30 a.m., the nine and a quarter column account of the murder of John Hawkins, written and compiled by seven different collaborators, went to press as smoothly as if it had been the work of one hand—no breaks, no confusions, no repetitions.

In a second edition, at 3.30, the arrest of the nephew by Superintendent Kelso was announced: the big heading and the opening paragraph were changed to chronicle the fact.

Young Hawkins had broken down under the 'third degree.' He had confessed to having strolled aimlessly over to Fifth Avenue, during his absence from the theatre; encountering his uncle, quite unexpectedly, he had been asked to walk the four blocks to the door of his prospective father-in-law's home. During that brief space, he was severely berated. Entering, at the elder man's request, George had seen the bludgeon and had been seized with an uncontrollable impulse to silence opposition to his marriage with his cousin. After the death blow, he had dragged the body to where it would be seen—exactly as Kirwin had divined—and hurried back to the theatre. His attempt to create an alibi by stopping at the *Shakespeare* saloon had only served to direct suspicion more strongly against him.

Mr. Daniel J. Kirwin, star reporter, ran his critical eyes over the latest proof-sheets, caught a few typographical errors, handed the damp strips of paper to the night editor after affixing his O.K., lit a cigar,

got into his overcoat, and addressing his two special assistants of the night, said:

'A good night's work. Let's go down to Charley Perry's and take something.'

IX

FROM ENGLAND TO THE WEST INDIES

At the age of twenty-three, I had won the blue ribbon of American journalism by an appointment to the London office of the New York *Herald*, which was located at 46 Fleet Street, directly in front of the Temple and adjacent to the Mitre Tavern, with all its associations of the Addison-Steele-Johnson literary coterie. One could drop flowers upon Goldsmith's grave in Temple Yard from the rear windows of the *Herald* office.

The day after my arrival, I had an interview with Mr. Bennett at Long's Hotel, a quaint old place in Bond Street, long since gone. All that recommended it, apparently, was its high charges. While I was waiting to be summoned, a 'B. and S.' cost me two-and-six, in addition to a tip. A significant meeting occurred—one of those mutual revelations of character that subsequently sustained frequent tension on both sides. Mr. Bennett was leaving for Liverpool in a few hours, *en route* to New York. He said to me, without ceremony:

'I want you to write a personal letter to me every week, wherever I am. In it you are to tell me what your associates are doing; what you suggest and what they suggest—all the news of the office, you understand.' ('You understand' was a current colloquialism

in London at the time, as I soon learned, but it sounded like an interrogation.)

I understood, perfectly. I had heard of espionage, but had never given it serious consideration : therefore, the suggestion that I was to play the spy upon my companions and fellow-workers gave me a shock. I asked, at once, if I was to inform Mr. Jackson, Mr. Huyshe, Mr. T. P. O'Connor and other members of the London office of what I had written, so that they could explain ? This inquiry completely discomfited my chief, and tugging at his moustache, he abruptly returned :

'No ; not at all.'

'I am not qualified for this job, Mr. Bennett,' was my slow rejoinder. 'If part of my duty is to keep watch and to report on the conduct of my associates, I had better return to New York.'

I did not mention the fact, but I had taken the precaution to buy a return ticket. I had heard of men being arbitrarily discharged in Europe, to get home as best they could.

My employer closed the interview. I expected dismissal. Since then, I have learned that it was one act in my early career that drew me closer to my chief, with whom I remained until I left of my own accord while occupying the highest post in his gift. 'The Commodore' had the same natural contempt for spies that any honourable man feels.

When John P. Jackson was sent to Berlin, I was placed in charge of the London Bureau. Temple Bar was standing at that time, and as one emerged from

Fleet Street into the Strand, the rear of the ancient church of St. Clement Danes confronted him. King's Highway did not then exist; Dane's Inn stood opposite the open square fronting the church.

St. Clement's is a quaint house of worship. The body of Harold, King Canute's unfortunate son, buried at Westminster after a reign of three turbulent years, is said to have been exhumed by his successor, beheaded and thrown into the Thames. Quoting Stowe: 'A fisherman, finding Harold's headless body floating with the tide, reverently buried it in the churchyard at St. Clement Danes.'

At the cityward end of this ancient cloister stood a brick, plaster-encased vault, built for the reception of corpses taken from the near-by river. London had not adopted the Parisian idea of a city morgue: its unknown dead were cared for by the parishes, exactly as from the time of Henry VIII.

A brass tablet affixed to the front of the white vault bore this inscription:

> The well underneath, 191 feet deep and containing 150 feet of water, was sunk, and this pump erected, at the expense of the Parish of St. Clement Danes.
>
> H. Essex
> William Robinson
> Church Wardens, 1607.

I set out from the *Herald* office one Sunday midnight to walk down the Strand to Simpson's chop-house

for supper. It was my turn to wait until 3 o'clock for the morning papers. A dense fog enveloped the streets; the gas-lamps were mere yellow spots in the surrounding murkiness. Passing Coutts' Bank, after emerging from Temple Bar, I crossed the end of Norfolk Street and walked across the Strand to the dead-house. A gas-lamp in front shone plainly upon the tablet. The brass chronicle had possessed a strange fascination for me. Nobody was moving on the narrow footpath along the church. I was well aware that danger lurked in London highways in a fog so dense as that which existed, but I couldn't resist the impulse to re-read the statement of the church-wardens of 1607.

I felt a light touch on my left shoulder. A tall, well-dressed man suddenly appeared out of the haze and, as he bowed, said:

'Pardon me, sir; but I have observed you stop to look at this tablet. Kindly tell me why it interests you.'

'Why?' I asked frigidly.

'I am curious to know.'

I looked again at the man. His general appearance was reassuring; but he wore a soft hat—unusual for London in those days of tall, silk 'tiles.' Instead of a topcoat, he had a Spanish *capa* about his shoulders and, although unmistakably English, affected the swagger of southern Europe.

'Its antiquity appeals to me,' I said.

'That's not the interesting feature of this place,' he replied in a stage whisper, coming closer. 'Many a

murder has been committed right here by men who possessed keys to this vault and threw their victims into the well in its floor!'

Moving slightly apart from the man, I admitted I had witnessed the body of a woman found in the near-by river being carried into the place. It might have been thrown into the well, my imagination suggested, for I had not seen the cadaver emerge.

The stranger affected to be staggered by what I told him. He gasped, clutching at a paling of the iron fence.

'You have guessed my secret!' he stammered. 'There *is* a dead woman in that well. She was my wife—but was faithless. The door of this vault is left unlocked on certain nights of each month so charwomen can scrub it. I induced the false woman to come here on a night like this. When she stood where you do, I seized the door, opened it and dragged my companion inside. I raised the iron trap over the well and hurled the struggling, frivolous creature into the gulf below!'

Evidently, I had encountered a madman. I was preparing to make my escape when the fellow clutched my right wrist with his left hand in a vice-like grip, and jerked me close to him.

'I took her thus!' he exclaimed, as he attempted to wind his sinuous right arm about my neck.

I was in the hands of a professional garroter. But some knowledge of sparring saved me. Swinging my left I landed an uppercut on the thug's jugular that laid him senseless at my feet. Not a moving object

had been visible in the dense fog, although I stood in the heart of London.

I shouted 'Police!' and ran to a cabman's shelter near by. A crowd materialized from the smoky atmosphere. The man upon the pavement began to show signs of life. My case was stated to the first policeman who arrived.

The garroter was placed under arrest and the magistrate before whom he was taken identified him as an ex-convict, not long released from Pentonville prison. At Scotland Yard, I learned that he lived at a small tavern in a wretched street just off the Strand. He affected the habits of a student and had a collection of books in his room. In good weather, he remained indoors: he only sallied out when fog appeared. Amid the haze, he wandered along the narrow footway around the churchyard, apparently in deep meditation but in reality looking for human prey. During summer, when fogs were few, he visited the Lake country 'for a rest.'

After his first conviction, the police had given him a title peculiarly his own. Chief Dunlap pointed to my antagonist's picture, and thereunder was the inscription:

'The Ghost of St. Clement Danes.'

Next day, I was sent to Nice to await orders.

The Riviera was aglow with November sunshine. I was sitting in front of the Hôtel des Anglais at Nice, when a messenger handed me a telegram instructing me to proceed at once to Villefranche, to go aboard the frigate *Wabash*, which would sail that night for

Key West. Rear-Admiral Kase had been authorized by the Secretary of the Navy to receive me. Complications between Spain and the United States, growing out of the capture of the filibuster-steamship *Virginius* and the shooting without trial of sixteen Americans, had reached an acute stage. War was probable.

Two hours later, I was occupying a cabin of the ward-room aboard one of the oldest wooden frigates of the United States Navy.

At Gibraltar, we received alarming telegrams. War was said to be imminent—a matter of hours.

The clumsy old hulk started across the Atlantic under sail and auxiliary steam. Using all available propelling power, she never exceeded a speed of six knots per hour. We were three weeks reaching the West Indies, having to pass near the Azores to avoid the Sargasso Sea.

One beautiful, starlit December night (1873) we were floundering up the Windward Passage. I was smoking on the gun deck with Franklin, Soley, Ruth, Jasper, Robie and Hayward. Through the open port the pink-and-green haze of the mountains of Eastern Cuba was plainly visible. In long undulations, the warm, murky ocean rose and fell, lapping the sides of the ship. My surroundings were serenely peaceful. Three hundred sailors and marines swung in their hammocks around us. Ensigns and masters had turned in below.

'Ship ahoy!'—a shout from the foretop.

'Where away?' demanded Lieutenant Grove, officer of the deck.

'On the port bow, bearing sou'-east,' was the answer.

Through the porthole we saw only a column of smoke, which rapidly increased in volume. A minute passed before the man aloft reported the approaching steamer a man-of-war. That was serious.

Captain Franklin was summoned. His night glass confirmed the opinion of the look-out—she was a Spanish cruiser.

We had been at sea a long while; war might exist between our country and Spain. The captain passed an order to the officer of the deck. In a voice heard in every part of the frigate, Grove shouted:

'All hands to quarters!'

The bos'n's whistle, shrill as a siren, caused every sleeping man to tumble from his hammock and start to clew it up. By this time Commodore Foxhall Parker had been joined by Rear-Admiral Kase upon the poop-deck. All were intently studying the approaching stranger through their night glasses. Grove, as senior watch officer, had received the keys to the powder magazine from Captain Franklin and was at his post.

'Clear ship for action!' was the captain's order.

Hammocks had been already stowed along the gunwale of the upper deck. The magazine was open and a line of bluejackets passed up the red-flannel powder-bags. Solid shot and shell followed from the bowels of the ship. Guns on the port side were double-shotted. Ominously, the decks were strewn with sand that they might not grow slippery with human blood. In the ward-room, where we had joked over our dinner that evening, stood Surgeon Winslow and Assistant-

Surgeon Ruth: upon the table before them lay knives, saws, artery-forceps and rolls of bandages, ready for acts of humane cruelty.

Every light, save at the masthead, was doused. If the encounter were in daylight, the largest flag aboard, the battle-flag, would be flung to the breeze; but the national ensign is never flown at night.

In a few minutes, we shall know if war is on. An order is passed in a whisper to load and run out the port Columbiads. Each gun-captain, lanyard in hand, stands at his post.

We are ready, ready as we'll ever be—for if the ironclad cruiser, now less than half a mile away, be an enemy, we shan't survive more than one broadside from her. The hull of the *Wabash*, flagship at Hilton Head and old before the Civil War, is punk.

But, sirs, every man is at his post and ready.

The cruiser is Spanish, beyond doubt—one of the latest ironclad craft, armed with rifled Whitworths. Steaming twelve knots, her course, from which she has not deviated the fraction of a compass-point, is bringing her every moment more closely abeam. That is better for us. The *Wabash* is equipped with 10-inch smooth-bores, carrying round shot and shell. The nearer the stranger comes the more hopeful we are, for we shall only have one broadside and must do our best with that.

Her black hull shuts out the pink haze of the Cuban mountains. She will pass us within five hundred yards.

She looks very formidable to us with only a rotten wooden hull between us and the sharks. But we are

ready, every port gun loaded, every man at post, every instant one of suspense, as the sea-monster comes from the haze, glides by and vanishes into the night.

Four days later we passed Fort Taylor and anchored in Key West Harbour.

X

THE 'VIRGINIUS' AFFAIR, AND OTHERS

The history of New York journalism is gorged with unsolved mysteries. No other craft can furnish an equal number of strange narratives.

Of all special writers who added brilliancy to the metropolitan press prior to 1874, none stood higher than Ralph Keeler: he had distinguished himself in literature before he became a reporter.

When the *Virginius* crisis arose, owing to the capture of Americans aboard that filibustering vessel and the summary execution of her commander, with members of her crew and passengers, there was a rush of newspaper correspondents to Cuba. Ralph Keeler was among the first to reach Havana, in the service of the *Tribune*. Cuba was not a safe country for Americans. Friend or foe to the cause of Spain or of 'Cuba libra' was equally in danger if he wandered into the zone between the lines of the Spanish troops and the 'Liberating Army.' Keeler announced to his professional companions that he hoped to get into communication with the insurgents. Nobody could comprehend his purpose at the time, but years afterwards I was told at Washington that he was really in Cuba as a special agent of the United States Government. If true, this deepened the mystery, because the journal he was supposed to serve was not in favour with

the Grant Administration. The Secret Service must have had an unusual purpose in masking its agent behind the name of an unfriendly and critical newspaper.

When the *Wabash* arrived at Key West, after her long voyage, the *Virginius* had been surrendered, and scuttled at sea by the corvette *Ossipee*. Survivors of the ill-fated craft, saved from death by the promptitude of the captain of the British gunboat *Niobe*, were subsequently surrendered and brought to Key West on the *Pinta* by Commander Gorringe. The *Virginius*, by the way, never was an American vessel; American 'soldiers of fortune' had no business aboard her, and to have gone to war with Spain on their account would have been an act of folly rather than of patriotism.

Crossing over to Havana, I learned that Ralph Keeler had disappeared. The report was that he had gone to Batabane, on the south coast, to take steamer for Santiago—a sea trip of three days, owing to several stops *en route*. A colleague had visited Batabane, when the coasting steamer returned to that port; but he had gained little information from anybody except the purser, who assured him that Keeler had gone ashore at Manzanillo. That act appeared characteristic of Keeler, for he was likely to make an attempt to reach the insurgents, then actively operating in Oriente Province. Prevailing opinions in Havana, however, were that the correspondent had been thrown overboard at sea by agents of Spain (which would have corroborated the theory that he was in the secret service of the American Government), or

that he had been robbed and murdered after landing. The *esprit de corps* among the New York writers was strong, each man feeling a personal interest in the fate of his missing associate.

The so-called 'great naval drill' in Florida Bay detained me at Key West and Havana until spring. The spectacle of wooden vessels exploding cans of powder upon the ends of booms provides a memory so ludicrous that it belongs to the farcicalities of journalism. High explosives, such as lyddite or T.N.T., had not been invented; the Whitehead torpedo was undreamed of as a weapon of war. During that tedious winter, I visited Santiago aboard the *Powhatan*, with Captain J. C. Beaumont. There a well-authenticated story reached me that gave a weird turn to the Keeler mystery, and although its application to his disappearance is conjectural, the narrative is sufficiently strange to stand by itself.

Several correspondents, and two naval officers, ashore on leave at Santiago de Cuba, were taking late breakfast at Mme. Adela's hotel, on the esplanade overlooking the steel-blue waters of the bay, when one of their number suggested that horses be hired for a ride into the mountains toward El Cobre—(the little railway to Enramada had not been built). There was just enough danger associated with the trip to induce all to join. Lieutenant May became the leader, and when a bunch of horses was brought into the courtyard, the best of them were selected. They were a sorry lot of animals, though—most of them fit only for the bull-ring. The party of five mounted and with

a native guide set off toward the northern end of the bay, where the road to the west would be found. The original intention was to return before dark; but among the hills a rainstorm burst upon the party. Three of the five horsemen returned to Santiago as semi-tropical darkness set in. Two members, of whom Lieutenant May was one and the other a newspaper correspondent who afterwards became distinguished, decided to ride onward to the village of El Cobre to pass the night. What happened to them is best told in the words of Lieutenant May:

'Soon after our friends left us, the way became tortuous and steep. Not a signboard: we had to trust wholly to instinct when we encountered a diverging road. After reaching the crest of the hills, we couldn't even lay a course by the stars, because the sky was black. We grew anxious lest we should ride past the town. Likewise, we became hungry. Therefore we rejoiced when we saw ahead, across a valley, a light that we assumed to come from a house in El Cobre. We spurred up our sleepy steeds and, keeping the light in sight, found it shone from the window of a solitary adobe hut, far off the direct road between the towns. We crowded our horses through an opening in the low wall of boulders that enclosed a yard, and dismounting before the hut, called loudly for its tenants.

'An old man appeared—his back so bent that I could not see his eyes. White hair hung in long tatters about his cheeks and shoulders. With apparent hesitation, he told us we might stop for the night. The horses

were taken to a shed by our ancient host. When we entered the hut, we saw another inmate. A young girl, more fair of complexion than her surroundings would have indicated, modest and reserved in manner, began preparing food for us. The supper was of the crudest kind; it consisted of a thick vegetable soup and some goats'-milk cheese, with black bread.

'We were very tired, and my companion asked to be shown a place to sleep. It was over the kitchen, reached by a ladder of half a dozen rounds, leading from the room in which we were.

'After smoking another cigar, I lay down on the floor, with my saddle for a pillow, and fell asleep. During the night, I heard nothing; but at dawn I awoke with a feeling of anxiety and climbed to the attic where my companion had gone. I found the door bolted on the outside. Opening it, the first object that met my gaze in the half-light was an iron pot filled with glowing charcoal, lowered by a cord from a hole in the roof. The atmosphere of the place was stifling. Upon a bunk lay Starrett, apparently lifeless. I couldn't rouse him, but his heart was beating faintly. I carried him into the outer air, tore open his collar, chafed his hands and produced artificial respiration, as for a drowned person. Then I emptied my pocket-flask down his throat. Propping him against a tree, I went in search of an explanation.

'The old assassin had disappeared, but the girl was crouching in the shed. After a violent shaking and some threats, she confessed that her father, son of the old Cuban, had been killed at Manzanillo by a white

man, and her grandfather, crazed by his loss, had concocted the hideous plan of smothering the first white stranger whom he found in his power. Taking me outside she showed how easily access was had to the roof. She described the maniacal glee of the aged wretch when he believed he had taken my friend's life, and how he proclaimed himself *El Sufocador!* (The Smotherer).

'The sun was high before Starrett was sufficiently recovered to sit his horse. Although I reported the matter to the Alcalde of Santiago, on our return, no mention of the adventure was made to our shipmates.

'Weeks afterward, a British steamship captain, belated on the same road on a stormy night, killed "The Smotherer" in the act of lowering the deadly charcoal into the attic room. He shot the crazed avenger through the opening above, as his figure was silhouetted against the sky.'

'Parson May,' as the lieutenant was called, in the *Powhatan* ward-room, told me this story in Key West, and we afterwards often recurred to it, in Cuba or New York, surmising whether Keeler's hazardous attempt to reach the insurgent lines had led him into the Cobre hills. Did he meet *El Sufocador*?

Arriving in New York late in the spring, after the fantastic 'naval review' in the Bay of Florida, I was sent into the 'Deadwood' region of north-western Pennsylvania on another case of sympathetic journalism. The daily newspapers had contained accounts of an attack by a sheriff's posse upon the home and

family of a notorious Elk County desperado named Harry English. He had been living in the village of Clermont when ten 'representatives of law and order' descended upon him in the dead of night and literally riddled his house with bullets. The outlaw had returned the fire with a Winchester and had 'winged' several members of the assaulting party, most of whom were loaded with backwoods courage.

Managing Editor Connery agreed that English was a law-breaker, but the obvious intention of the *posse comitatus* was to assassinate their man first and deliver his body to 'justice' afterwards. My mission was to see that this friendless desperado had a square deal.

Arriving at the village of Clermont, I engaged a guide to take me to the mountain lair of the outlaw. Local sympathy was with English. When we fitted out next morning for the long climb through the trackless forest, I was advised to replace my low shoes with cowhide boots, the legs of which would reach to my knees. Much of the route was said to lie through a region 'alive with rattlers.' I did not believe all I heard; but one rattlesnake to a square yard was sufficient to cause me to give $6 for the boots.

When the pack was ready for our journey, I noticed that the outfit included a pint bottle of sweet oil and a gallon jug of whisky.

'Do we need so much whisky?' I asked.

'Sure!' exclaimed the guide. 'It's the on'y antidote for snake bite. If you're struck, I cut a cross in the wound, like this'—and he suited action to speech by opening a Billy Barlow knife, sharp as a razor, and

making a cross on the shopkeeper's counter. 'Then I suck the wound. Next I rub the cut full of sweet oil. Finally, I give you one quart of the contents of this jug.'

'I hope to God I don't get bitten! I might survive the cutting and the sweet oil; but if the whisky is like what I tasted at the bar, half a glassful ought to neutralize the poison of a cobra or a Gila monster. If I take a quart of that liquor, I'm a dead man!'

'It's the on'y remedy,' retorted the guide, shrugging his shoulders to express contempt for a tenderfoot. 'It's thet, or you go back to New York in a box—if you're struck by a diamon'-back.'

'And suppose you're bitten?' I asked, though I soon learned not to use any word for a snake-bite but 'struck.'

'I'll do the same, with your help,' he answered. 'On'y watch thet I don't swallow all the whisky. I bin struck five times, an' nothin' but whisky, an' plenty of it, saved me. Las' time, my right arm swelled bigger'n thet jug, an' turned purple in spots.'

So, the snake antidote went with us.

After my credentials had been re-examined by English's friends and I had been searched to prove that I was unarmed and not a deputy-sheriff masquerading as a newspaper-man, we set out. On my part, I took the precaution of leaving what cash I had with the postmaster of the village—a consumptive native who shirked the responsibility and positively refused a receipt.

English's hiding place was reached after a six hours'

painful walk in boots that did not fit me. At the shack where the bandit and three companions were 'entrenched,' English's first act was to take a long pull at the 'snake antidote.' He then showed me four of the ugliest bullet wounds I ever saw. He had been shot by the sheriff's posse when escaping from his home, as the officers were about to set fire to his miserable shanty.

The story of his persecutions, told to me that night and published in the *Herald*, saved his life when he was subsequently brought to trial.

The guide and I started on the return journey next morning, without any 'antidote.' Every drop thereof had been consumed by the outlaw and his companions, or rubbed into the wounds on English's body. When the last swallow had disappeared, English turned to my guide and in a peculiarly protestant voice asked :

'Say, Jake ; why in —— did you bring so much sweet oil ? '

The Cuban revolution again overtook me after my return to New York.

'I wish you'd see this man and get his story,' said City Editor Flynn, as he handed me a card bearing the name 'Capitano Henrique Cantaro.' 'He wants $100, and it seems worth the money if it's true. You're the latest arrival from Cuba and you must decide.'

A typical stage villain was waiting in the ante-room. He rose as I entered, placing a wrapped parcel on the table with noticeable caution.

'I'd prefer to talk to you in private,' he said. I

took him into the council-room, where we should not be disturbed. 'This is better,' he commented, as we faced each other across the council-table. 'Spanish spies are on my track and I cannot disclose my identity.'

'That is understood,' I replied, involuntarily glancing at his card.

'Of course, that's not my name,' he admitted, smiling.

'Well, what's your story?'

'For a year past, I have been supplying dynamite to the Cuban insurgents,' he began, in heavy tragedy manner. 'People I represent have shipped many tons of the deadly explosive into Cuba. Not only has it gone to the "Liberating Army" in the field, for use in their improved cannon, but we have actually sent it direct to Havana, boxed as "canned groceries."'

'That is startling,' I said.

'We pressed the high explosive into blocks like this,' continued the mysterious champion of freedom, unwrapping the package he guarded so closely. A cube of inky blackness was disclosed, at which we gazed with respect.

'Is that dynamite?' I asked, breaking the silence.

'Yes, the most deadly agent employed in warfare. It is harmless until subjected to shock. Were I to drop it, detonation would occur and not one stone in this building would be left upon another.'

The *Herald* office was of iron, but I caught his meaning.

This strange man, inured to danger, took the cube from the table and offered it to me for examination. In my hands, the block had a greasy, crumbly feeling.

I laid the solidified agent of death on the table with extreme caution.

'Resembles a compressed block of coal dust,' I commented.

'Naturally,' was the rejoinder. 'Coal dust and charcoal are used to give consistency to the dynamite—to make it safe for transportation. The particles of carbon add flame to the deadly explosive and increase its destructive qualities a hundredfold. It might be possible for six fluid ounces of dynamite—the quantity absorbed into this cube—to detonate without setting fire to a house; but the carbon bursts into flame, igniting all woodwork, torn to splinters as it will be. After months of experiment, we chose this form as the safest and most portable in which the deadly agent could be handled. It lends itself to many kinds of death. Realize how easily a hero of our cause can mix one of these blocks with coal that goes into the bunkers of a Spanish cruiser.'

'Surely, you wouldn't do that?' I exclaimed, horror-stricken.

'Why not?'—in astonishment. 'You know what General Sherman said about war? Well, he meant it. We make war as he described it.' This was uttered with a scowl worthy of a blood-drinking pirate of the Spanish Main.

For an hour, this dreadful person described his deeds of heroic desperation. He had replaced stones in front of the Tacon theatre with these cubes, that exploded when a horse stepped upon them. He ran on:

'Destruction of *morale* is the result we aim at.

Spaniards in Cuba are made to feel that death lies in wait for them—everywhere. Why, one of our heroes placed two of these blocks in the courtyard of the Captain-General's palace, and when Jovillar takes a walk therein he will tread on that spot and be blown to the four winds of heaven——'

Suiting action to his words, Captain Cantaro waved his good right arm so vigorously that the dynamite block was swept from the table.

I was first upon my feet.

The fall of the black cube had not produced a jar! On the floor was a small mound of coal dust.

The false-alarm hero moved toward the door, but there he barely halted to say:

'It *was* a good story!'

XI

THE CHARLEY ROSS MYSTERY

In July of 1874 occurred the mysterious disappearance of Charley Ross, four-year-old son of Christian K. Ross, a Philadelphia merchant on the brink of bankruptcy. I was the first New York newspaper-man on the ground and for three weeks sent to the *Herald* from two to five thousand words nightly.

On arriving in the Quaker City, the day after the boy's abduction, I went direct to the Ross home, on Washington Lane, Germantown, and heard the family version from the lips of Walter Ross, elder brother of Charles and aged seven. He said they were playing in front of the house when two men in a light wagon drew up and asked if they wanted a ride. They did. They were driven to a street corner seven miles distant, in an old part of the city proper (Kensington), where the elder boy was given money and told to enter a candy-shop to buy sweets. When he returned, the wagon, the men and his brother were gone.

With Walter Ross as guide, I walked from the Germantown home over the supposed route followed by the kidnappers. Not a clue was found along the road; but the candy-shop was located, at a street corner. The owner, an intelligent woman, identified my companion as the boy who had been in her place

two days before and who, after leaving, insisted he had been brought from his home by two men who had driven off with his little brother. This evidence corroborated the statement of Walter Ross; in my mind it established the allegation that Charley Ross had been carried away by somebody; but the candy-shop keeper did not see any wagon or men. And yet there was nothing remarkable about that; the locality teemed with life and a busy saleswoman could not be expected to spend her time watching the street. I found other people who recalled a crying child, but they could not identify Walter. Children were too numerous in that neighbourhood.

I hunted up the policeman who had taken the abandoned boy to the station-house. Although his recognition of the lad was unsatisfactory, he offered the excuse that the boy was differently dressed. This Walter denied. The sergeant who had received the lost child and the report, was off duty; but I was shown the entry on the register and took the boy to the officer's house, where identification was prompt. But aside from establishing the fact that Walter Ross had been gathered in by the police, taken to the station-house and reported at headquarters as a 'lost child' who gave the name of his father and location of his home, no further clues were obtainable. I could not be certain that my guide remembered the exact route over which the wagon had gone. Inquiries at countless houses and shops along that road, without result, proved very little.

Much time, energy and money were expended by

the newspapers of New York and Philadelphia in seeking the missing boy. A volume could be written on the search that would only intensify the mystery. The conduct of certain relatives of the distressed family remains inexplicable to this day. Letters from alleged kidnappers began to come to the parents, but they were refused for inspection. I was shown one of them, without being allowed to read it, and saw a small double sheet of very common notepaper, the watermark in the corner of which had been torn off. The handwriting was easily memorable. Consulting the home office, I was authorized to offer $1000 for the letters ; but a much larger sum was demanded by their custodian, a member of the Ross family. I then put an advertisement in several newspapers reading as follows :

PERSONAL.—A man of large wealth, whose wife has become a nervous wreck from brooding over the abduction of little Charley Ross, will pay the sum demanded for his return, provided the boy is delivered to him, alive and unharmed, so that he may return the child to his parents. No questions will be asked. Send your lawyer to John D. Townsend, 256 Broadway, my counsel, who will communicate with me and arrange a meeting. Money will be in cash. A. P., Box 25 N. Y. Herald, Broadway and Ann Street.

As anticipated, this advertisement brought by mail one of the curious letters, unmistakably written by the same hand as that shown to me by Joseph Ross, uncle of the missing boy.

After unsuccessful efforts to bring about a meeting

between the alleged abductor and Mr. Townsend, who had been my counsel in the Bloomingdale adventure, I had the letter engraved and printed in facsimile.

Mr. John Norris, then city editor of the Philadelphia *Record* and, long after, business manager of the New York *Times*, worked for several years on this case. His quest extended as far west as Miami County, Ohio, and—especially at Tippecanoe City—added some strange incidents.

'Charley Ross' became a bugbear to the police of every city in the land. The enormous reward subscribed by the citizens of Philadelphia (more than $40,000), brought to the surface all sorts of 'fakers' and amateur detectives. Brooklyn's Chief of Police ended the hunt by fixing the crime upon two burglars, named Mosier and Douglas, killed by Judge Van Brunt and a companion in the act of entering the home of the former, at Bay Ridge. They were notorious thugs, with long criminal records. One of them was shot instantly; Mosier lived long enough, according to the police, to say that they were the abductors of the Ross boy, but that only his dead companion knew where the child was hidden. Afterwards, the account was changed and the dying burglar was reported to have said that Charley Ross had died a year previously. This appeared to close the case.

Of late years, a man living in Brooklyn claims to be the missing person. His age is the chief evidence that co-ordinates.

I knew another person in Washington who claimed, to the day of his death, to be the missing Sir Roger

Tichborne. I have letters from him, bearing the baronet's arms.

THE STORY OF THOMAS GATELY

Killing a burglar like Douglas is not nearly so tragic as capturing one. Popular opinion recognizes a violent death as the natural culmination of what is euphemistically but inaccurately described as a 'sporting life.'

In large apartment houses of the great city, one doesn't know the tenants next door; but in suburban villages, neighbours soon establish a speaking or visiting acquaintance. Surprise is natural when a man whose wife is a communicant at church and whose children attend public school, is arrested as a burglar.

The case of Thomas Gately, of the northern suburb of Tremont, interested me so deeply that I asked to be sent to the trial at the Westchester county seat, White Plains. When I saw the prisoner, his intelligent face and quiet manner under humiliating conditions convinced me that his real story had not been told. He had been rated as an exemplary citizen, until found one morning tied in a chair in the mansion of an old Tremont family, less than a mile from the cottage in which he dwelt with his wife and children. The house had been robbed, but Gately hadn't any of the plunder. The police theory was that he belonged to a gang of housebreakers, the members of which had quarrelled and left him tied up in revenge. This satisfied the jury.

After his conviction and sentence, I had a talk with

the prisoner, but the strange story of Thomas Gately as it was then told me I was not permitted to write. The editor of the staid journal that employed me said he ' did not believe in romance.' Here is the actual narrative :

' Five years is a long time to be put away for a burglary I didn't commit—a robbery in which I was a victim,' Gately began. ' The facts about my presence in that house are so extraordinary as to be almost incredible.'

' I promise to believe you,' I said, looking into the man's fine grey eyes.

' I had lived in Tremont for ten years. This was the first false step of my life. I was a proof-reader on a Manhattan morning newspaper until a month ago, when I was discharged. I didn't tell my wife of my misfortune, but sought a new job without success. I became desperate. On the way to the railroad station stood a large house that aroused my cupidity. Its occupants, the Morrisons, were wealthy. The women wore valuable jewellery and the family was said to possess much solid silverware. One night the suggestion to rob the house came over me with irresistible force. I conquered it for a time ; but in the city next day the impulse returned and I bought a false beard from a Bowery costumier. Step by step, some imp of hell was hounding me to destruction. Several nights later, when leaving home for town, my wife asked me for money and I had to put her off, because I was down to my last dollar.

' I decided to become a burglar that very night. I

had never stolen a pin in my life, and I can't understand the demoniac impulse that mastered me. At the Harlem railroad station, the baggage-man, ticket-agent and porter all greeted me cordially—which was unusual. When on the train, the devil that had taken possession of me suggested that I had an alibi already set up. I dropped off the cars at Mott Haven and loitered about the streets until 11 o'clock, fearing to enter places where I might be remembered. In a dark stretch of road, I fitted on the false beard. The night had grown chilly. When I reached Tremont, I was cold and footsore. The Morrison house was in darkness. I forced a side window and climbed into what proved to be the library. An armchair was in front of the grate, and the remnants of a coal fire made the room warm and comfortable. The house was still as a cloister. My feet were cold and wet. Why not warm myself? Sitting down, I gazed into the dying embers. Visions of an honest life were there; a reawakened conscience troubled me. Oh, had I only gone home! Gradually losing consciousness, I fell asleep.

'I was rudely awakened by having a gag forced into my mouth. Next, I was bound into the chair with ropes. A big fellow stood over me, shaking a black-jack in my face. A cone of light from a dark lantern traversed the room, by means of which the man studied me.

'"Look here, mister," he whispered, "you'd better keep quiet. I don't want to hurt you, but you see this!" and he flourished the bludgeon.

'I was taken for the master of the house!

'It was no use trying to tell the burglar that I would leave the place and let him have his own way. All efforts to make myself understood, with a gag between my teeth, were hopeless. My wrists were bound to the arms of the chair with straps. Attempts to release myself failed, and half a dozen times the thug raised his club to knock me senseless. But he knew his cords and straps were strong enough, and he left me alone.

'My feelings must have shown on my face, for he whispered:

'"Don't lose your temper. They all do, but it don't pay. Your family will find you here in the morning, no worse. Keep cool."

'My family! Again, I tried to free myself: but what a choice! If I did break the cords, the brute would kill me; if I didn't, I should go to jail. Picking the wick of his dark lantern and giving me a parting glance, the fellow set out on his tour of the house. I was left like an animal caught in a trap.

'I went over the situation, bad as it was, and tried to concoct some sort of almost reasonable theory to account for my presence in the house. Then I remembered the false beard. An honest man doesn't wear a disguise like that. The coals in the grate were still aglow. If I could have thrown the whiskers into the fire, I might have escaped, for I had invented a yarn about getting drunk and being brought into the house by a man who said he lived there, but who had tied me in the chair, robbed the house, and left me—as a grim joke. Fine fake, but it might have gone, for I was

known to take a few drinks at times. But such a tale wouldn't pass with the false beard, for they could trace it to where I got it in the city. I strained at the straps again until the blood left my arms.

'After half an hour's absence, the burglar returned. His overcoat bulged with spoils. He held a gold watch before my eyes and asked me if it were mine. Theoretically, it might have belonged to me, as he supposed me to be the master of the house; but I shook my head. Then the rascal took *my* watch. Before leaving, he gave me some advice:

'"Take a tip from me and don't leave your windows open. There's a lot of malaria about. Good-bye, old chap: get a little sleep before morning."

'I drifted into a sort of unconsciousness. A shriek brought me out of it. I opened my eyes and saw a housemaid. Morning had come. In a few minutes I was surrounded by the family, who looked at me as if I was a caged chimpanzee. When a police officer came, I was taken into custody. They hadn't removed the gag before, or I might have talked myself out of the scrape somehow. Meanwhile, the robbery of the house had been discovered. You know the rest—the police theory that I belonged to a gang of crooks, had entered with them, that we'd quarrelled over the division of the plunder, and the end of it was I'd been tied up by my companions and left to pay the piper. The theory overlooked the fact that in such a case I could have turned state's evidence: would my "pals" have taken a chance on that?

'It was the false whiskers that really did for me.

Not a stolen article was found in my possession; but I couldn't establish the fact that I'd been robbed myself, though I had lost my own watch. Curious sort of position, wasn't it? Now I've got five years to think it over in—that and other things.'

He turned and followed the keeper back to his cell.

THE MYSTERY OF THE BLACK POOL

A dispatch from Plattsburg announced a mysterious murder in the Adirondacks near Buttermilk Lake, ten miles back in the mountains from Willsboro. I had just time to catch the Montreal express on the Delaware and Ohio railroad. A wire from the office to the superintendent of the railroad at Albany caused the express to set me down at a wretched little station on a stormy November night—midnight. As the last train scheduled to stop had long passed, the station-master had gone home. The sky was portentous of rain; great masses of clouds drifted across the face of the moon. The surroundings were fitfully grey or black. I stood watching the receding lights of the express, wondering where I might find shelter. I had a long drive ahead of me in the morning to the scene of the tragedy and an early start was imperative.

A path led through a tangle of brush. Following it, I came into the open upon a narrow foot-bridge. Midway upon that structure, the moon disclosed, silhouetted against a cliff of grey stone, the figure of a man. He was leaning over the handrail, his gaze directed downward into a gorge noisy with the roar and

splash of a mountain torrent. Tourists familiar with the region will recall the 'Black Pool,' into which a stream plunges over a rocky ledge.

Approaching the spectral figure, I spoke the stranger fair and asked him where I could find lodging for the night. The man stood up, but did not reply directly. Indistinct as were his features in the haze, I knew him to be aged and, when he spoke, his dialect proved him a native of the locality.

'How'd ye git here, mister?' was his query.

I replied that the train had been stopped, especially for me.

'W'at ye done on the keers that they put ye off'n 'em?'

'I wasn't put off,' I explained. 'I travel much of my time—I'm a newspaper correspondent.'

'Oh! then ye're not the likes of t'other fellow,' was the enigmatic comment.

I did not understand his meaning, but I asked again to be directed to a lodging for the night. Looking me over thoroughly, he said:

'I mout tek ye meself, ef I hadn't 'im, a'ready.'

Still failing to comprehend, except that I was being put off with an excuse, I renewed my appeal for shelter.

'I'll do as well as I kin by ye, 'cause et's raw the night,' he conceded. 'There isn't no wimmen folks up to my house; me ol' woman's dead an' we never did have no childer. But, say, I got a man up ther' I pulled outen this 'ere pool less'n two hours ago! He's done nothin' sence but moan an' cry. I couldn't stan' 'im no longer, so I toddled down the hill to git away

from 'im. I'm kinder glad you come, fer I don't like the looks of 'im.'

My prospective host led the way across the bridge and up a steep hillside path. As we climbed, he grew more and more talkative.

'I was a-comin' up from the pos'-office, ter-night,' he chattered; 'was walkin' slow, fer I'm gittin' 'long in years an' hev pains into my legs. Es I come nigh that bridge, I see a feller clim'in' over the rail. An' then, I heared a splash in th' pool below. I hev been in these 'ere hills, boy an' man, fer seventy year an' knowed the path down the clift, an' the swirl that carries a floatin' body. Fergettin' I was more'n ten year ol', I got ther' in no time. I watched fer 'im. W'en he come nigh, I pulled 'im to the ledge w'ere I was. Part by carryin' but more by draggin' of 'im, I toted the feller up this 'ere road to th' house. Ther' I took the wet duds off'n 'im an' sot 'im afore th' fire. He kep' his eyes on th' floor an' his face in his hands. I hed no stimulous to give 'im, bein' temp'rance; but I meant ter cheer 'im up a bit by askin':

'"Why d' ye want ter die?"

'He didn't pay no 'tention,—on'y kep' a-moanin'.

'"Ye ain't more'n twenty-five," says I. "The world's afore ye yit."

'Then he turned his face ter me, an' I see 'im good, fer the firs' time. His eyes was holler; his cheeks so pale I was afeard he'd die right ther'. I was jes' goin' ter say somethin' comfortin' when he snarled:

'"Shet up! ye damned ol' fool!"

'Say, w'at d' ye think o' thet?'

Before I could express an opinion, we entered the house. In the middle of the big room to which the door admitted us, seated in front of a log fire, was the rescued man, exactly as my host had described him. The hollow-eyed stranger raised his emaciated face and, wholly ignoring my presence, said :

'Look here, my good man. You made a mistake. Why did you interfere ? '

'At yer time o' life, no man ought ter kill hisself,' answered the mountaineer.

'How do *you* know ? ' was the angry retort, as the unknown got upon his feet.

'I didn' mean fer t' enterfere with Prov'dence ! ' exclaimed the old man, apologetically.

'Or with justice ? ' came the stern question.

'No, nor justice ! '—with emphasis.

'Come over here, then,' commanded the hollow voice. 'You shall judge for yourself.'

The two men, so unlike, drew apart and stood at the side of a window. In tones so low that not a word was audible to me, the wretched one made his plea for oblivion. The face of the moutaineer was towards me, lighted by the glowing logs under the chimney. As the narrative progressed, the lines in those weather-beaten cheeks grew more and more rigid. Finally, so stern were the features that they needed only to have been surmounted by a black cap to have portrayed a judge imposing the death sentence.

When the stranger ceased speaking, the native approached the chair upon which hung the clothing of the condemned, took the steaming coat therefrom and

helped the lost man into it. Next, he opened the door upon the night and said :

' Ye wer' right. I hadn't oughter interfer'd. May God hev mercy on yer soul ! '

The criminal had stated his case. The court of last resort had issued judgment. The condemned vanished from that house into the night. The next morning, there was a body in the pool.

At the risk of anti-climax, I must explain that the unknown suicide was not guilty of the crime I had been sent to describe ; that murderer was taken red-handed and was in custody when I reached the scene.

I have hunted this story in many parts of the world. Several times I have thought I had it—especially one night in Cairo, when a returning British-Indian officer almost, but not quite, supplied an adequate motive. The mountaineer considered the confidence as binding as if made at the confessional. The worry of keeping the secret soon sent its custodian, or helped to send him, to a grave beside his wife. What tale of horror could one stranger tell to another that would cause its hearer to say, ' God have mercy ; I have none ! '

XII

SOME POLITICAL PICTURES

The winter of 1874–5 I spent in Washington. The press gallery at that time contained many men of signal ability: I personally recall, among scores of others, Melville E. Stone, W. S. Walker, and White and Ramsdell, of the New York *Tribune*, who had covered themselves with glory by securing the text of the Treaty of Washington exclusively. The echoes of the Crédit Mobilier scandal had not died away, and the Pacific Mail inquiry followed; but the great feature of that session was the passage of the Civil Rights Bill. During the final hours of debate on the measure, I was in the House gallery when an historic attack on Benjamin F. Butler was made by John Young Brown, of Kentucky. Beck, of the same state, and Cox, of New York, evidently abetted. It fell like a thunderbolt while Speaker Blaine was busily signing bills. Brown took the floor and in a clear voice that commanded attention began:

'In Edinburgh, once upon a time, there was a man who earned a living by selling the bodies of the dead. His name was linked to his trade, which is known to this day as *Burking*. Now, Mr. Speaker, I would wish to coin a new word for our language,—one that will comprehend all that is pusillanimous in peace,

cowardly in war, and infamous in politics. That word is *Butlering!*'

The House was in uproar. It was apparent that Blaine was inwardly pleased. The burly figure of James A. Garfield came tumbling down the first aisle on the Republican side, with two fingers raised, like a buyer upon the floor of an exchange. Blaine never lost an opportunity to snub Garfield, and paid no attention to him on this occasion. Dawes, of Massachusetts, made a formal motion that 'the language be taken down and read for the action of the House,'—the usual form when a member is to be haled before the bar. Garfield hurried to Butler's side, but the latter literally pushed him away and got the Speaker's eye. He shouted:

'As the person most interested, I ask the gentleman from Massachusetts (Dawes) to withdraw his motion. I will, in that event, move for an immediate vote upon the bill before the House.'

That speech was Brown's first and only appearance in Congressional vaudeville in a star part. He would never have been heard of had he not attacked Butler; that diatribe made him Governor of Kentucky. Butler had been tried in a hundred posts of danger demanding courage and tact, and had always extricated himself. He possessed some traits not altogether admirable; but his individuality was the strongest that wide and varied observation ever presented to me. He could be the calmest of men amid general excitement, and a most violent, ill-tempered one at times of popular tranquillity but personal annoyance. I have

recalled this incident about General Butler partly for the purpose of showing a practical use to which I put it not long after during a visit of the Essex statesman to New York.

The general arrived in New York from Washington, one afternoon, and I was sent to talk with him on a current news feature. Having met him several times, at the capital and at his Lowell home, I felt confident of at least partial success. He was at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and when I asked the clerk to send up my card, he advised me not to do so, saying that the general was in a bad humour and would not see me. I insisted, however, and went upstairs with the bell-boy. The boy knocked. In answer to a curt 'Come in,' I entered the room. The general glared at me furiously, but I didn't give him a chance for a word. I blurted out:

'Close study of your career, general, has taught me that the man who does things must be aggressive. The clerk advised me against sending up my name, so I came personally to ask——' etc., and without delay I communicated my instructions from the city editor. The general's face was an interesting picture. When I had finished, a smile began to pucker one side of his mouth. He used some strong language, but ended by telling me what I wanted to know. As he didn't sit down, I could not take notes. But when I escaped into the corridor, I went to the nearest writing-room and wrote my 'copy.' I subsequently learned that other reporters who had sent cards to the general's rooms were turned down.

THE RETURN OF ANDREW JOHNSON

Now we are in the *Herald's* front seat of the press gallery of the United States Senate, surrounded by veterans of the profession like H. J. Ramsdell, Zebulon White, H. V. N. Boynton, Melville E. Stone and George Adams.

The last hours of the Forty-third Congress (March, 1875) were approaching. Senators were chiefly intent upon the final passage of bills in which they were personally interested. Under such conditions, a short, chunky and aged man entered through the main corridor of the Senate one afternoon, alone. He gazed about the chamber; then, with a sneer upon his shaven face, he walked to a sofa at the rear. Nobody appeared to recognize the stranger. Obviously, he was entitled to the privilege of the floor. I had seen him for the first time and interviewed him at his hotel (the Metropolitan) on the preceding night. Therefore I knew him to be the senator-elect from Tennessee—a man who had sat in the lower house in the 'forties, had presided over the upper house in the 'sixties, and, as President of the United States, had been arraigned before this same august tribunal charged with high crimes and misdemeanours. By the narrow margin of one vote, he had escaped becoming the victim of political persecution as vindictive as any since the time of Warren Hastings.

Here was a small, stoop-shouldered man who had had the nation by the ears in 1868—Andrew Johnson.

A hurried glance about the chamber disclosed

senators who had voted to degrade this man—types of unbending will or slaves to party. How many things had occurred in seven years! The revolt, for instance, of the Independent Republicans in 1872, led by the denouncers of Johnson—statesmen who so soon forgot their own intolerance. And public opinion, too, had reversed itself. The American people had mentally effaced the Johnson who uttered wild harangues and 'swung round the circle,' and had installed in their hearts the face and figure of him who had been a sturdy, steadfast loyalist when the federal union was sorely menaced.

The presence of the neglected man, at the rear of the chamber, conjured up a picture of that same legislative hall, on March 13, 1868, when the social and diplomatic world assembled to witness the baiting of a President who had become useless to his party. In that very room, the menace of impeachment and disgrace had been confronted. The indictment was prepared by seven partisans, every one of whom, remaining alive and in Congress, afterwards participated in filching $1,250,000 from the United States Treasury under the pretext of 'back pay.' The summons and complaint was signed by Schuyler Colfax, whose character, on investigation, disqualified him from passing judgment even upon an habitual criminal. The presiding Chief Justice of that tribunal was plotting for the presidency, assisted by a 'reptile fund' as vile as any ever got together for debased political purposes. The names of newly rich members of the 'whisky ring,' who supplied the money, and of the corrupted news-

paper correspondents who shared it, were known to this silent man. Was it strange that he was cynical?

Could he forget the undue haste with which his case was forced to trial? Never was felon given shorter shrift. His counsel, Stanbury, Black and Evarts, asked forty days to prepare the defence: they were grudgingly allowed ten, two of which were Sundays. The trial itself was a farce, a mockery of legal procedure. The Senate chamber was a scene of social carnival. Women of high estate intrigued, coaxed and fought for tickets. Ambassadors were not then accredited to this Government; but the ministers of every foreign power were present to witness the disgrace of a republic that had barely survived a bloody civil war. No White House coterie existed; therefore, a daughter of the Chief Justice, Kate Chase Sprague, wife of a senatorial juror, monopolized the Executive box to enjoy the humiliation of its rightful owner. The Montague-Spragues and the Capulet-Anthonys, two rival Rhode Island families, headed the social factions and reigned at different ends of the Senate gallery. The crush was tremendous. Historians, artists, diplomats, jostled one another. The sergeant-at-arms made proclamation, as if he were Garter King-at-Arms. The respondent appeared by attorneys. He did not come in person to bend the knee before the Chief Justice who was plotting for his job, or Senator 'Ben' Wade, who, as President of the Senate, expected to fill out the presidential term.

Then the charges were read—eleven articles, that soon simmered down to two. Three sets of speeches

made by Johnson at Cleveland and St. Louis were offered in evidence. None of the reports agreed in text. A violation of the Tenure of Office Act was made out, because Johnson had removed Stanton, who, with Chase, was scheming against him. A very grave accusation at the time, was Johnson's veto of the Freedmen's Bureau Bill—a bureau that afterwards became so corrupt that the very men who had established it over presidential protest abolished it. And so on to the end. Intolerant, contemptuous to counsel for the respondent, the mock tribunal held fifteen sessions. Then it took a vote on Article XI (the ousting of the insubordinate Stanton) and the verdict was: Guilty, 35; Not Guilty, 19. The impeachment failed because the prosecution had not secured the requisite two-thirds.

Charles Sumner, after violently opposing all expressions of personal opinion by senatorial jurors, talked thirty-four printed pages of the *Congressional Record* in explanation of his own vote. A calm reading of that speech shows its insufferable egotism. George H. Williams, afterwards known as 'Laundalet' Williams and dismissed by President Grant in disgrace, concluded five pages of talk with the assertion, 'I believe Andrew Johnson to be dangerous to the country.'

While thinking of all these events, I had been watching the aloof figure seated upon the sofa, whose mind probably had been following a similar channel. He beckoned to a page and sent the boy to the only senator present among the nineteen who had voted 'not

guilty.' The moment Mr. McCreery was aware of Senator-elect Johnson's presence, he hastened to welcome him. The stately Kentuckian wore a brass-buttoned swallow-tail coat of perfect fit. The greeting was frank and hearty. By this time, people in the gallery were alert and the incident occurring on the floor below became the dominating one in the chamber. The big Kentucky gentleman towered head and shoulders over the stocky, stooping man from Tennessee. Still clasping hands, they turned and overlooked the senators between them and the rostrum upon which the Vice-President was enthroned. And this same Wilson had voted ' guilty.'

An eye-stroke of the chamber showed Johnson that of the thirty-five who had condemned him, thirteen were still there. Senator Brownlow, whom Johnson was to succeed, kept out of sight ; the senator-elect was not on speaking terms with his prospective colleague, Mr. Cooper, because of alleged duplicity in the legislative election at which Johnson had been defeated two years previously.

Johnson affected to be unconscious of the glances directed upon him from all parts of the chamber. Morton, of Indiana, had a front seat on the main aisle. A look of defiance blazed in his eyes : lame though he was, he thought himself the Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert of the Senate, always ready for the lists of oratory. His long black hair crackled with magnetism : but the man near the door took no notice of the menace of the so-called ' War-Governor.'

Senator Anthony's face assumed a far-away look.

Simon Cameron, just returned from the glamour of Russian court life, began to totter about, affecting to be busy. Mr. Cragin kept his eyes on the floor. Mr. Edmunds, known as ' St. Jerome ' in the press gallery, was making an objection to a ruling by the presiding officer of the Senate, but when he caught sight of a group of democratic senators gathering about the former President, he abruptly sat down. In his preoccupation, he knocked over a row of law books at the front of his desk. His Vermont colleague, Mr. Morrill, of the ' Moral Tariff,' was travelling afar on a train of thought. Senator Morton glanced at Morrill and sneered. When I asked him, some days afterwards, why he had done so, the Indianian answered : ' Because Morrill thinks he looks like Charles Sumner, but he doesn't.'

Roscoe Conkling's figure was one that could never remain out of any picture of the Senate in those days. His desk was on the left side of the main aisle, looking from the vice-presidential rostrum, and in front of that occupied for so many years subsequently by Stewart, of Nevada. Conkling was aware of Johnson's presence, and taking up a letter pretended to read it. In reality, he was watching with his left eye the reception given to the rehabilitated statesman.

A deep hush fell upon the Senate chamber. Mr. Johnson, on the arm of Mr. McCreery, began to move down the centre aisle towards the rostrum. Mr. Cooper appeared tardily, bowed stiffly, and attended his colleague. The three men descended the broad steps. Johnson had grown much paler. Several of the

younger members, noticeably Carl Schurz, rose to do honour to Johnson's former greatness—much as the House of Commons uncovered to Warren Hastings on his final visit thereto.

Mr. Frelinghuysen, one of the 'thirteen apostles of reform,' was on his knees seeking a book. Morrill, of Maine, and Ferry, of Connecticut, pretended to be chatting together and affected a sympathy for the man they had once condemned. John Sherman, of Ohio, stared the new-comer frankly in the face. I was watching them closely from the front row of the press gallery. Their eyes met; in his glance, Johnson forgave Sherman. The two men afterwards became friends. Senator Hamlin, of Maine, who hadn't censured Johnson because he was not a member of the chamber at the time, nudged Boutwell and pointed to the ceiling. The Massachusetts man was obviously annoyed at this reference to a speech of his in the House, when the impeachment indictments were under discussion, during which he had described 'a hole in the sky through which alone the (then) President could escape punishment.'

In a grave, sonorous voice, Henry Wilson, former shoemaker, read to the erstwhile tailor before him the obligation of a United States Senator. On every side, recognition of irreparable injustice was shown. The scene suggested one in which a jury had condemned a man to death and afterwards repented of its verdict.

Half an hour later, I met Senator Johnson in the corridor still walking on the arm of the sturdy McCreery. There were tears in his eyes as I lifted my hat and greeted him with his new title. In answer to

my inquiry regarding his absent friends, he said with the frankness of a child :

' I feel very badly. I would wish to shake hands with Bayard (meaning the father of the then senator from Delaware), Buckalew of Pennsylvania, Davis of Kentucky, Doolittle of Wisconsin, Dickson of Connecticut, Fessenden of Maine, Grimes of Iowa, Fowler of Tennessee, Hendricks of Indiana, Johnson and Vickers of Maryland, Norton of Minnesota, Ross of Kansas, Saulsbury of Delaware, Trumble of Illinois and Van Winkle of West Virginia. I cannot forget that they were steadfast when—when my own party had repudiated me and I needed friends.'

A RECEPTION BY HAMILTON FISH

During my stay at Washington, in the spring of 1875, conditions were not favourable for extracting information from members of the Grant cabinet. The New York *Herald* was very potent in multitudinous respects, but its owner had been agitating the subject of ' Cæsarism ' in his characteristically vigorous manner. Indications were that all the real and professional heroes of the Civil War favoured General Grant's re-nomination for a third term ; but to this scheme Mr. Bennett was bitterly hostile. He rarely allowed his paper to go to press without a leading article denunciatory of the cabal then urging a second re-election for the incumbent of the White House. No proof existed at that time that Grant personally entertained such a desire, but the editor was vindicated when in 1880 the general yielded to bad advice and

allowed Roscoe Conkling to make his famous 'Appomattox speech,' at Chicago.

In February, 1875, I had occasion to go to the State Department—then located in a red-brick building some distance from Jackson Square—and to send in my professional card to Secretary Hamilton Fish. I was received by the Secretary of State without noticeable delay. When I approached the desk at which he sat, Mr. Fish was holding my card. He looked me over, as a tailor might have done, and addressed me in this remarkable language:

'I am astonished that any representative of the *Herald* should have the impertinence to call upon a member of this cabinet. You have the appearance of a gentleman, Mr.—Mr. Chambers'—doing the familiar card trick. 'I repeat, Mr.—Mr. Chambers, that you seem to be a gentleman in the employ of a blackguard.'

That reception was not easily endured with composure; but ten months later, in another part of the world, I squared the account, with interest.*

A VIGNETTE OF TILDEN

Samuel J. Tilden was Governor of New York. Hardly had Congress ended its session before Governor Tilden sprang his famous Canal Ring investigation, which, coming on the heels of the Crédit Mobilier and Pacific Mail scandals at Washington, attracted national attention.

I hadn't time to unpack my trunk after returning

* See Chapter XV.

to New York before I was rushed to Albany. The legislature then sat in the ancient brownstone capitol. The governor was very calm when I made my first call upon him. I had taken the precaution to get lodgings at the same house in Park Place at which the governor's secretary, Mr. La Fetra, lived, and through his good offices I soon established very friendly relations with Mr. Tilden.

The accused Canal 'grafters' had assumed an air of injured innocence: Democratic and Republican ringsters held their heads aloft and feared no evil. Tilden did not appear to be a man of force. We of New York knew the unflinching determination with which he had pursued Tweed and his fellow-criminals: but Tilden's was such a small figure!—smaller than that of Napoleon. Not only diminutive in stature but so guileless in face was he that no one could recognize in him a man of unswerving resolution.

When we newspaper-men dropped into the governor's room, Mr. Tilden was generally standing with his back to a large log fire and with his hands under his coat-tails. Like Benjamin F. Butler, he had something wrong with one of his eyes and carried on much of his conversation with the help of that defective optic. In all my experience with public men, I never knew one who would talk so readily as Governor Tilden: he adopted the Bismarckian policy of telling so much that his hearer never believed all that was uttered.

Tilden drove that legislature like a flock of calves. The more the Senate and Assembly stormed, the stiffer

became the governor's backbone. While the legislative body was rending itself asunder in attempts to mitigate the political effects of the Canal exposures, the governor tossed into the scrambling bunch what he described to me as an 'Exegesis of the Historical, Philosophical, Moral, Metaphysical and Mechanical System of Home Rule.' That message of May 12, 1875, in which Tilden aired his fancies regarding municipal government, was a remarkable document. Vergil thought it a tough job to 'establish the Roman State,' but Tilden proved it an easy task compared with securing an honest state or municipal administration. The message contained yards of first-class (clipping) editorial material for country editors who dislike to write, and they gave it ample circulation, week after week. Nobody suspected the fact, but Tilden was already planning to capture the Democratic nomination for the Presidency that very year. Like a true Knight of the Leopard, he seized upon the always popular cry of 'Municipal Independence' that echoed through the streets of the metropolis.

XIII

THE CAMPANEAU CASE AND 'THE TENDERFOOT'

No sooner back in New York from Albany than I was again *en safari.*

'Hurry to New Orleans, where a remarkable murder case will come up for trial in three days,' said my managing editor. 'A young girl named Campaneau is charged with murdering a man she didn't know. I don't believe her guilty and I want to save her life. I will send Counsellor George Bungay with you to advise with the defence.'

After three nights on the road, the train rolled into the Crescent City in early morning. Sending our baggage to the St. Charles Hotel, Bungay and I drove to the office of counsel for the girl, who had been advised by wire of the voluntary assistance of the greatest criminal lawyer in America.

'This case mystifies all of us,' began Attorney Duhmé, when we were all seated. 'A young woman of refinement and absolute respectability sought an assignation with a socially prominent but disreputable member of the Shakespeare Club and apparently—for there are no witnesses to the deed—stabbed him fatally. The man had a bad reputation for affairs with women. In his final, semi-delirious moments, the

victim said : " She killed me ! " Whom did he mean ? According to the prosecution, he meant the prisoner —although she made no attempt to escape and stoutly denies the killing. Since receiving the message from your editor, I have had an interview with my client. She refuses to give an explanation of her presence at the scene of the crime. She may not have one. I am at the end of my tether for a defence. Her character, prior to arrest, was irreproachable ; but good character will not save her.'

' The court will open at ten o'clock ? ' I asked.

' Yes. I hope you and Judge Bungay can be present when she is brought in and note her dignified carriage,' said Duhmé. ' Watch her all day and tell me what you think. The jury was completed yesterday.'

The state attorney was opening the case against the accused as Judge Bungay and I entered the court-room. We were given seats inside the rail, where we could study the face of the prisoner in the dock. Here is a summary of the prosecutor's address :

Marie Campaneau was the only daughter of a highly respectable cotton broker who had come to New Orleans ten years before, and had established a successful business. Nobody knew where the family had previously lived. Madame Campaneau and her daughter, the prisoner, had devoted much of their time to charities and religion, ignoring society. After the death of M. Campaneau, two years before the crime, the family had dropped out of sight.

The murder, as understood by the police and prosecution, was then recited with clearness and a show of

impartiality. On a rainy night in the previous February,—a night of dense darkness,—a cry of 'Murder!' had been heard from a small shelter for trolley passengers on the western end of Canal Street. Officer Dunlap, of the Fourth Ward, was first to arrive on the scene. He found Pierre Beauleau, one of the best known men about town, writhing upon the floor —a knife wound in his side. Near by, leaning against the wall and as cool as Charlotte Corday after she had stabbed Marat, stood a tall young woman, the prisoner at the bar. The dying man, according to the police officer who took the girl into custody, uttered only three words of accusation: 'She killed me!' The prosecutor admitted that 'she' might not have been the accused; but he would be able to prove that Miss Campaneau had lured the victim to the lonely spot where he had been stabbed.

The prisoner had walked calmly to the station-house. When searched by a matron, a brief and formal letter from the deceased was found upon her; therein he accepted an appointment at the place where he had met his death. A postscript contained a distinct reference to a request from the young woman for the meeting—'assignation' was the ugly word used by the prosecutor—but search of the body of the dead man and subsequent examination of his apartment failed to disclose such a note.

The bloodstained knife lay upon the pavement, more than a hundred feet from the shelter; but the prosecution contended that the weapon might easily have been thrown there by the prisoner. The attorney for

the state then made an assertion that angered Bungay. He referred to the note from Beauleau, found in Miss Campaneau's possession, as destructive of all attempts by counsel to establish her good character. The missing link in the chain of convicting evidence, the prosecutor conceded, was motive.

The case for the prosecution was finished by Friday afternoon and the judge ordered an adjournment until Monday. Bungay admitted to me that the evidence against the young woman was very strong, and insisted that our chief hope centred in securing from the prisoner some fact that would conclusively show an absence of motive. It must be so strong as to raise a doubt in the mind of at least one juror.

Study of the girl's face, which had occupied me far more than the prosecutor's address, confirmed a belief in her absolute innocence ; and yet, when I made the assertion to Bungay, he seemed very calm and irresponsive.

After the second day, Bungay and I were introduced to the young prisoner in the judge's apartment. She rose with dignity when my aged and distinguished companion was presented, and bowed, with a semicourtesy ; but she did not show any inclination to converse. Bungay was in a deep study. Personally, I had thought out a series of questions, but before I had a proper opportunity of putting them to her, Miss Campaneau had been returned to her cell. Her lawyer was embarrassed by her conduct. He did not understand women.

Deeply pondering the sensitive nature of the accused,

rather than the almost convincing evidence against her, Bungay and I were walking in very thoughtful mood toward our hotel, when an interpretation of Miss Campaneau's final eye-appeal suddenly came to me.

'I have it, Judge!' I exclaimed. 'She said to me with her eyes, "I'd rather die than tell!"'

'Now, you are on the right track,' commented my companion. And in a few sentences he confirmed the theory thus: 'The prisoner knows the assassin—probably a woman—for she was a witness to the killing. If the murderer or murderess were a stranger, she would say so. This crime, therefore, is either the act of a lover of the accused (for the dying man may have believed she had lured him to his death), or of a woman who has a supreme claim upon the sympathy and affection of the accused.'

'Excellent reasoning in the absence of that accursed letter,' said Duhmé, who had joined us.

'But *she* did not write it,' I protested. 'Its existence strongly confirms my opinion that there is a secret in the Campaneau family and that this crime is in some way connected with it. Otherwise, why should your client refuse all information about her family history and its former home? Above all, if she meant to kill Beauleau, why hadn't she destroyed that letter?'

'I got as far as that myself, yesterday,' mused Bungay. 'It is a ray of hope, but——'

'She had never met this Beauleau before,' I ran on, swallowing the rebuff. 'That's admitted'—at which Duhmé shook his head. 'Therefore, there

couldn't have been any personal entanglement. The warder in charge of the prison tells me she hasn't been visited by anybody living outside New Orleans. Does that mean the Campaneau family lived far away and that information of the girl's terrible situation hasn't reached her old home? Not at all. The family comes from Louisiana, Alabama or Mississippi. It indicates, rather, the esteem in which the Campaneaus were held in some small community. There must be a secret, somewhere, which the friendly but foolish villagers are trying to hide, fearful that its disclosure will injure the defence. Their judgment is dead wrong: the truth may save this girl.'

Like a man in a dream, I walked past the St. Charles Hotel as the two lawyers entered.

'Publicity!' I shouted.

People turned to look at me. I was so intensely in earnest that I forgot to be decorously reticent. I sought out the *Picayune* office. I meant to appeal to human sympathy—or cupidity. I would *advertise*.

Every newspaper in New Orleans, Montgomery and Mobile contained an advertisement next morning (which was Saturday), offering $500 for first information regarding the former home of Marie Campaneau and the history of her family before they came to the Crescent City.

Assuming that the Campaneau family had employed servants at some period of its history, I had ten thousand circulars, in French and English, distributed in the French, Creole and Negro sections of New Orleans. A personal letter was sent by messenger to the

officiating priest of every church in the city, imploring him, on Sunday, to urge any member of his congregation possessed of information about the friendless prisoner to impart it to her lawyer, M. Duhmé, 16 Royal Street, at once.

With the connivance of her counsel, I had Miss Campaneau's trunk searched by a woman detective. On the fly-leaf of an old book were the words, 'Bayou Sara.' On my trip down the Mississipppi from Elk Lake, in 1872, aboard the steamer *James Howard*, I had formed the acquaintance of George L. Norton, Harbour Master of New Orleans and husband of Isabelle Freeman, whom I had seen playing leading woman with Edwin Forrest. He had invited me to his home to dinner and I had there met Judge Henry Weldon, of Bayou Sara. Years had passed, but I could not be mistaken in the name. I wired Judge Weldon, recalling our meeting and telling him exactly what I wanted. In a few hours, I had his reply :

'Come here : I can explain everything.'

The last train for the week had gone. A special train and car were chartered and Judge Bungay set out for Bayou Sara on Saturday night, by way of Baton Rouge and Slaughter Junction. The engineer made the run in five hours, much of the distance over old and very bad rails. Bungay started on his return journey Sunday morning, while the church bells of the riverside town were ringing. He and glorious old Judge Weldon had spent the night together.

Meanwhile, cupidity had supplied a vitally needed witness—a former maid in the Campaneau household.

With her aid and that of three private detectives, the murderess was found before dark of that beautiful Sunday.

There was a 'lost' daughter in the Campaneau family!

The Campaneaus had originally lived at Bayou Sara. There were two children, girls. One was five years older than the other. Pierre Beauleau had visited the village and, on a brief acquaintance, had induced Clarette, the elder daughter, to elope with him to New Orleans. There he deserted her. The family came to the Crescent City; the father died; the mother sickened and, in her last illness, sought to reclaim her child. At the parent's command, Marie wrote to Beauleau asking for a meeting at which she hoped to ascertain Clarette's whereabouts. So keenly did she feel the disgrace that her sister's name was not mentioned in the letter. She asked Beauleau to name the meeting-place. He, seeing therein only another *bonne fortune*, had boasted of the letter at his club and had suggested an out-of-the-way place.

Knowledge of the appointment having reached the elder sister, through some of Beauleau's club friends, Clarette had followed the man from his bachelor lodgings, had seen her sister waiting for him in the shelter, had assumed that the ruin of Marie was planned, had rushed upon the roué, inflicting a deadly wound, and fled.

And only for the 'journalism that does things,' Marie Campaneau would have sacrificed her life for the honour of her family.

'THE TENDERFOOT'

After the Campaneau case at New Orleans had been won, I took train for New York. As we pulled out of the Louisville and Nashville station at the foot of Canal Street, a tall, slender, pale young man, immaculately dressed, strolled into the Pullman car and took possession of a state-room. Many people aboard had travelled together from the Pacific coast. This youngster and I appeared to be the only new-comers.

Before long, a game of poker was started—probably 'resumed' would be the correct word—in the smoking compartment. While enjoying my after-luncheon cigar, I took the only vacant seat in the room.

The leading spirit among the players was a grizzly-haired man with a dyed moustache—a professional gambler, by every token. Two other passengers, pretended strangers, obviously were his confederates. The fourth member of the party, a Mormon elder as I afterwards learned, evinced a persistent inclination to increase the 'limit'; but his enthusiasm was repressed, because his cash was known to be scant and the gamblers had scented other game.

They were hunting the 'tenderfoot' who had just come on board.

An hour elapsed before the prospective victim put in an appearance. He then entered the smoking-room, wearing a velvet jacket and a waistcoat resplendent with silken flowers—the most over-dressed man on the train. He made a casual inquiry regarding the

game, while lighting a cigarette. The coloured porter brought a campstool and, as he seated himself, the 'tenderfoot' said:

'I don't feel very well; travel upsets me.'

'Better "sit in" a little while; you'll forget your illness,' suggested the old professional.

'Maybe I will,' replied the youngster, innocently. 'What's the size of your game?'

'Table stakes,' answered the garrulous Mormon elder. 'I'm in for $200.'

'I declared for $500,' said one of the two strangers.

'And I for $300,' added the other.

'A quiet little game,' commented tenderfoot, studying the pile of bills in front of the player with the raven-hued moustache.

'A thousand was mine,' that worthy hastened to add, observing that the youngster was not startled by the amounts of money in the game. A casual estimate of the cash upon the table showed that there was about $2000 in play. Tenderfoot drew a roll of bills and counted out $2000 as his stake. The eyes of the gamblers sparkled. Here was a prize package. The money was as good as theirs.

Cards were dealt and the game ran smoothly for half an hour, when my attention was attracted to the old man's manipulation of the cards. I divined, rather than saw, an attempt to draw a card from the bottom of the deck. watched intently, thereafter. A few minutes later, the youngster was robbed of a $200 jackpot by a hand filled from the under side of the pack. The act was so clumsily done that the novice

ought to have noticed it ; but, if so, he never chirped. He didn't appear to care for money.

At the end of another round, the deal fell to the fine old chap, who had said he came from Los Angeles. He tossed the deck of cards through the window and called for a new one. The tenderfoot, sitting opposite the dealer, regarded with the curiosity of a child the pretty pink backs of the fresh cards as they were dealt round the table. He even commented on the artistic design that embellished them. The 'ante' had been raised to $10 blind—$20 to get cards on the draw.

The innocent boy glanced at his hand, came in for $20 and raised $50. The two players who sat after him 'stayed' for the $70. The dealer calmly put up the blind and the raise, and added $100. Our Mormon friend dropped out. Tenderfoot sorted his cards, stood the $100 raise and whispered :

'$500 better.'

For the first time, I looked squarely into the youngster's face. All traces of youth and gentle rearing were gone : I detected the professional adventurer. He was in an atmosphere he enjoyed and that was familiar to him. He was alert : his inattention had been assumed. He was now living in a world he understood—one in which any act that ensures success is fair, if undetected, and where pity is unknown.

The unexpected raise by the 'pigeon' delighted the aged Californian ; but the third and fourth hands at once dropped their cards. The dealer 'made good.' Tenderfoot called for two cards ; and as he lifted his

original three from the table, I saw them. They were of different suits : none of them matched—his was a hand nothing could improve.

'Does the "age" pass?' he asked, indifferently.

'Never,' was the curt rejoinder.

The youngster affected to be annoyed that he had to bet first. To show his impatience, he straightened his arms above his head, as if weary, dropped them to the sides of the campstool and hitched it closer to the table. Then he said, almost peevishly :

'Oh, very well. I bet you $100 before looking'—and he was oblivious to what was going on while he counted out the money.

The dealer still held the pack, as if his thoughts were wandering ; but while the boy was busy with his money the old chap placed the deck atop his neatly bunched hand, retaining the last five cards at its bottom. It is a common trick and the tenderfoot must have observed it.

'I don't take any cards,' said the dealer.

'You are bluffing,' commented the pretended amateur. The dealer had 'stacked' the cards and held four aces in his left hand. But I had no pity for the young gambler, masquerading as a novice. He'd got exactly what he deserved.

As was to have been expected, the dealer 'saw' the first bet and raised $200.

Tenderfoot examined his hand, apparently for the first time since the draw, threw in $200, and asked :

'How much cash have you in front of you?'

'Exactly $1200,' was the reply.

'Then I raise you $1200.'

'I call you,' said the old fellow, pushing the money to the centre of the table. 'What have you got?'

'Four aces'—throwing his hand upon the board.

The old gambler never turned a hair, but asked calmly, 'What's your side card?'

'King of hearts'—spreading the five pasteboards.

Being dealer, the old man dared not expose the four aces he held; but he slowly turned the youngster's five cards back upward. They matched those in the discard. He looked again into his own hand, mixed it with the rest of the pack, tossed all from the window and said:

'You win. I overbet my hand.'

Everybody, except the amazed Mormon, knew that 'the kid' had 'worked a hold-out' when he hitched up his stool.

As I handed the Pullman porter his tip at Jersey City, he thanked me garrulously, and added:

'Mighty nice man, dat tenderfoot who got off the train at Atlanta. He done guv me a $20 shiner fo' sample packs of all de cards on de train.'

'Great guns! when did he do that?' I exclaimed.

'When he cum 'board.'

XIV

MASCOTTE OF 'THE NORTH STAR'

In one of my trips as special correspondent in the West and South, I encountered the dramatic aggregation known as The North Star Dramatic Company, first at Little Rock and, ten days later, at New Orleans, at each of which places I learned something of the company's early misfortune and subsequent successes. By a curious coincidence, I was present at the theatre on Broadway on the final night of its appearance. A slight acquaintance with the leading man, known to me as George Cromwell, but starred as 'Cromwell Strange,' led to my being invited 'behind,' where I was introduced to the chief members of the company.

The aggregation had been on the road for three months before I originally cut in on its trail; had played one-night stands across Ohio, Indiana and Illinois; had then switched to the Ohio River towns; had 'broken even' after a week at Louisville; had lost money for three nights (and a matinée) at Nashville, and had reached Memphis in depressed spirits.

Failure of 'the Ghost' to walk at the close of two successive weeks had caused desertions from the company until it consisted of only eight people, namely, Miss Susanne Heartsease, leading woman, 'once of the Empire Theatre, on Broadway'—just once, when she

had had a speaking part of sixteen words; Cromwell Strange, leading man, said to be 'good in anything'; Mrs. Jane Harberry, first old woman, 'English to a degree' and capable; two soubrettes, more or less experienced, and two young men, fresh from Wheatcake's New York School of Expression, who played juvenile rôles for their travelling expenses. Stanley MacCrossin, 'by many (unnamed) considered the best Polonius on any stage,' was director, stage manager, property man and, on occasion, took heavy parts.

At Memphis, a catastrophe occurred. The angel who had been backing the Heartsease failed to keep his promises, and that lady took the first train to Chicago. One of the soubrettes was given 'the lead,' but she was utterly bad. The week in Tennessee closed with heavy loss and the North Star set out for Little Rock on a dismal Sunday morning in the caboose of a freight train, at a special cut rate. After all day on the road, with almost nothing to eat, the ladies and gentlemen of the company arrived at the Arkansas capital in dire distress.

The hour was late: the hotel to which the players were conducted by MacCrossin was the cheapest in town. The director was looking after the rooming of his people, when the hotel manager approached him and said:

'A lady is waiting in the parlour to see you.'

This announcement evoked a sigh from MacCrossin; some new annoyance doubtless confronted him. But when he strode into the big room, with its worn and

greasy upholstery, a young, handsome and well-dressed woman rose and smiled upon him.

'I heard in Louisville that the North Star had lost its leading woman, and I came right on for the job,' she began, without preliminaries. 'I reached Memphis this morning to find you gone and I followed on an express. I've had experience in tragedy, comedy and pantomime; my répertoire includes speaking parts in twenty-seven standard plays. I have a scrapbook full of ripping notices. I'll play opposite anybody, and I don't ask you to sign up until the end of the first week.'

The impression made by the young woman's manner and straightaway language was such that MacCrossin accepted her at her own estimate. He was forty-five and thought his heart steeled against any allurement of a pretty face; but, at the time, the call-boy was Necessity.

The director invested the last of his bank-roll in advertising 'Miss Nannie Carberry, formerly of the Strand Theatre, London,' as Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*, which she had suggested for her *début*. Rehearsal was ordered for 10 o'clock next morning.

When Miss Carberry appeared at the theatre, on time to a minute, looking as fresh, young and pretty as if she had been breathing clover-scented air of the fields instead of sleeping upon a shuck mattress in a stuffy hotel room, MacCrossin felt his heart throb with admiration. She was all that a first vision had indicated. She was of delicate frame; her face was aglow with intelligence; her pink-tinted complexion

was real, a wealth of bronze-hued hair obviously belonged to her and had not been tampered with. Her blue eyes were intense, without a shade of audacity.

During rehearsal, Miss Carberry confirmed first impressions. She not only knew her lines, but assumed direction of the younger members of the cast in a manner that gave delight to them instead of offence. Without commenting on the smallness of the company, she 'cut' several characters and doubled the youngsters to bring the cast within its limitations. The players were familiar with the romantic drama, and this miraculous creature, who might have dropped from the skies, declared a second rehearsal unnecessary.

The North Star opened to a good house that Monday night in the worst show-town south of the Missouri River,—Little Rock. Although her wardrobe was limited, the personality of Miss Carberry, in the rôle of the unfortunate Pauline, was so attractive that she aroused all the warmth in Arkansas blood.

Next day, the house was sold before the doors opened. A sign, ten feet high, painted upon the back of a discarded fly by the clever Carberry, announced 'Standing Room Only!'

Magical change of fortune!

Miss Carberry could turn her hands to many things. Dissatisfied with a boxed-in scene for *London Assurance*, announced for Wednesday night, she sent for white and gold paints and supplied a new back-drop and wings, Louis XVI style. At the only department store in town, she bought silk and velvet remnants, with which, in two days' time, she renovated all the

costumes. She was ' on the job ' every minute. Her conduct toward her companions was described by them as ' perfectly divine.' She was not envious or selfish ; she treated the young soubrettes as her equals. She chummed with the ' stock,' although she had confided to Mrs. Harberry that she claimed descent from British nobility. This secret had been circulated among the company by the First Old Woman, with a comment that Carberry probably sprang from the same family tree as Harberry, the roots of which were thriving in the time of the Plantagenets. But curiosity about Carberry's ancestry and nativity was stifled by the admiration she inspired. Her accent was unmistakably Southern, probably Virginian ; but the director was so joyful over the prosperity this charming young person had brought to him and his companions, that he thought her heaven-born. A clever dancer, she was permitted to interpolate a dance whenever she liked. A minuet, for which she trained the two juveniles and the prettier of the soubrettes, was introduced into every play presented and was always re-demanded.

Not a word had been said about salary ; but after paying all other salaries and taking his watch out of pawn, MacCrossin had $286 to the good at the close of the Little Rock week. He handed the $86 to Miss Carberry in her dressing-room. She powdered her nose, folded up the money, uncounted, and asked :

' Where do we go from here ? '

The jump was to Waco, described by Texans as ' The American Wiesbaden.' As the trip was an all-night one, Miss Carberry engaged a berth in a sleeper ;

but learning that her comrades were to travel in a day coach, she surrendered it. Her democracy touched the hearts of her comrades. Mrs. Harberry, previously inclined to sneer, fell into line as an admirer. The First Old Woman, as she insisted on being designated (although there wasn't any second), had been 'in stock' for a generation and was capable to a degree that 'the lead' recognized.

By this time, 'the pretty wonder' had practically taken over the direction of the company. She chose the plays, arranged the stage settings, looked after the 'props.' Nobody, least of all MacCrossin, interfered with the mascotte. She seemed born to command. At rehearsals, her authoritative 'once more,' spoken in mild but firm voice, met with prompt compliance.

The week at Waco proved a big financial success; the lure of a pretty face filled the house at every performance. But the last night was highly sensational. Miss Carberry was playing Lady Teazle, in a much-shortened version of *The School for Scandal*,—Harberry as Mrs. Malaprop—when a tall, slender, aristocratic young man, in evening dress, entered the right-hand box. The paleness of his face indicated grief or dissipation. At a critical moment on the stage, he rose impetuously and, looking straight at Carberry, called:

'Hagar, come home!'

The leading woman recognized the voice, for she instantly turned and stared at the speaker in the box. Her cheeks paled under her make-up: she shivered,

but more from surprise than fright. During a few seconds' profound silence, the strange man stood with extended arms, making speechless appeal. But Lady Teazle took her cue from Sir Peter, and never faltered in a line to the end of the play. As the unknown man vanished from the box, everybody in the audience drew a long breath.

Miss Carberry deigned an explanation only to MacCrossin. Her story was that of a girl born to poverty seeking the stage, from necessity but with enthusiasm ; coaxed into marriage by love and the lure of promised wealth, but rejected by her husband's family and soon alienated from the man who had won her. She had stolen away from home and returned to the old life. From her trunk, she drew a marriage certificate bearing the names Hagar Carberry and John Randolph.

Hers was a tragedy in one act.

MacCrossin was mightily stirred. Surely, this wonderful woman needed a protector from future interference and perhaps insult. Wouldn't she get a divorce? He offered himself, then and there. In manner unaffected, the Carberry rose, placed her dainty hands upon MacCrossin's shoulders, kissed him reverently upon a cheek, and—declined.

A fortnight in New Orleans, where the company was strengthened by two capable men and an excellent character actress, was highly profitable. As the North Star steadily advanced toward New York, its success began to excite comment on the Rialto. At Richmond, MacCrossin received a wire, offering him a Broadway theatre for the Christmas season. He

telegraphed an acceptance. Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia filled the houses to see the new star ; many columns of print extolled her grace and beauty.

What to play in New York was a serious problem for MacCrossin ; the big town would not 'stand for' any of the stock pieces. The happy thought of a Christmas pantomime was due to his early London recollections and to the suggestion made by the Carberry at their first meeting. The *première danseuse* of a *corps de ballet*, out of an engagement, persuaded him to revive *Humpty-Dumpty*. Miss Carberry did not object ; she insisted, however, that the Harlequin must be youthful and know how to make love.

Stanley MacCrossin still clung to a hope that the charming Carberry would decide to divorce her husband and consent to make him happy ; but whenever he hinted at his fondest wish, the lady begged him to wait for his answer until the end of the New York engagement. The director became a changed man ; every member of the company noticed that his Scotch temper was kept in subjection.

The choice of pantomime was wise. New Yorkers were satiated with 'sex' and 'crook' plays. MacCrossin now had a $45,000 bank-roll, and costumes and scenery for *Humpty-Dumpty* could be hired.

Liberal advertising indicated confidence in a revival of the George L. Fox spectacle that had delighted the mothers and fathers of the present generation. MacCrossin had intended to play the title-rôle, but Strange swore he'd resign rather than be Pantaloon, so the director took the inferior part. Mrs. Harberry was

rebellious for the first time—not that she objected to being submerged, but that she hadn't any lines. Her dislike for pantomime was intense. Beauty and youth having fled, her only remaining charm was a fine voice, which she handled with skill. The young athlete engaged for the Harlequin was handsome as a prize picture—slight, lithe and supple as a circus tumbler.

The North Star made a triumphal entry on Broadway. It opened with the pantomime a fortnight before Christmas to an audience whose members had been born since the days of Fox and the Olympic. Business was good from the first night. Strange looked so nearly like Fox that 'the old ones' almost crowded out the youngsters. The house was sold out, night and afternoon.

'The beautiful Carberry,' as the critics described her, encouraged the Harlequin to embrace and kiss Columbine whenever they met upon the stage. The 'Carberry kiss' became a feature of the bill-boards and advertisements. But those who saw the little actress when she thought herself unobserved knew she was mentally troubled. Every evening, a messenger brought her a letter which she never opened until the night's work was ended. If 'the lead' was depressed, however, she did not show it before the footlights.

MacCrossin's high spirits were shared by every member of the 'stock' except Mrs. Harberry, who insisted she had no share in the success. Her work was conscientious and excellent; but she wanted it understood that this was not *her* first appearance on Broadway. Without designing to injure Carberry, but

hoping to cause a return to the 'legitimate,' she commented on 'the lead's' passion for Harlequin. Catching MacCrossin's ear, after a matinée, she said in a stage whisper:

'Harlequin and Columbine are mightily fond of each other.'

'Tradition and the "business" make them lovers,' growled the director.

'I don't think!' sneered Harberry. 'I'm not familiar with the "business" of Columbine, and I'm no prude; but the way our "lead" hugs that youngster is shocking!'

'Makes you wish you were cast for soubrette parts again, eh?'

'Oh, no! I've had my life. With good lines, a Juliet can warm the ardour of a Romeo; but——'

'Well, old friend, Pantaloon will snuggle up to you.'

'If he does, I'll slap his face,' snapped the lady, moving toward her dressing-room.

'Which will surely get a hand in front!' Pantaloon called after her.

At the moment, Harberry's words did not impress MacCrossin; but they recurred to him while he was dressing for the evening performance. He'd watch the youngsters.

Before the end of the week, he had convinced himself that Harlequin *was* making violent love to the woman, not to the character she assumed. And the pretty Carberry certainly inspired and encouraged his passion. The green-eyed monster took possession of MacCrossin. Every performance added to his agony

of mind. Columbine grew more and more demonstrative ; she flung herself into the youngster's arms whenever they met. Crazed with jealousy, Pantaloon attempted some innocent familiarity with his stage wife, at which the Harberry's eyes blazed and she gave him a bang on the ear that delighted the gallery.

The last night of the holiday season arrived.

When the usual letter came that evening, Carberry's maid noticed that it was opened at once. A glance at its contents was followed by a kiss upon the crumpled page. The face reflected in the dressing-mirror was radiant with joy.

The performance began smoothly ; every member of the company was in the best of spirits except MacCrossin, whose rage became so ungovernable that he reversed his ' business ' and belaboured Strange most viciously. As Harlequin and Columbine emerged from the left wing, locked in each other's arms, Pantaloon cut half a scene and disappeared behind.

The moment had come when the unmasked Harlequin could no longer elude punishment at the hands of Columbine's jealous village lovers. Escape seemed hopeless as the mob rushed on from both wings : but no, the agile figure sprang into the air, turned horizontally, and to a crash of cymbals and a blow upon the big drum, disappeared through the swinging shutters of the house at centre. Shouts of applause in the stalls and gallery drowned a sinister noise heard only by those upon the stage.

A broad trap, through which the Goddess of Light always rose in the grand transformation scene, was

open. The gaping hole in the stage was behind the swinging shutters.

Thirty feet below, lay a dead Harlequin.

A case for a coroner, or—district attorney.

MacCrossin was stumbling about the wings. A moment later Cromwell Strange appeared before the curtain and dismissed the house.

Barely another minute elapsed before the Carberry, wrapped in furs, ran to the waiting-room, where stood a tall, perfectly attired man, whose face showed no signs of the pallor that sorrow creates, but was lit up with happiness. Seizing his arm, she whispered :

'Take me home.'

XV

SPAIN: A WONDERLAND OF ADVENTURE

The Carlist War in Spain was a revolution without a pitched battle, but it took me to Europe. I arrived in Madrid by way of Barcelona in November, 1875, and with the assistance of Minister Caleb Cushing, secured permission to go to the Alfonsist headquarters at Burgos. From there, I made several visits to the front, during which I slept in *casas de vacas* or, preferably, in the mud under a tent. I returned to the capital, waiting for a battle that did not occur.

Ten months had passed since my unpleasant experience with Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State*; but the incident still rankled. The wheel of fortune, however, was spinning in my favour, and I had an opportunity to square the account fully with my distinguished critic at Washington.

The insurrection in Cuba was still the cause of grave anxiety to the people of the United States. Secretary Fish sent, through Caleb Cushing, American Minister to the court of Alfonso XII, a cipher message to be transmitted by him to every Foreign Office in Europe —except that of Spain. This circular note requested an opinion as to justification of American intervention between Spain and her subjects in the 'Ever Faithful

* See Chapter XII.

Isle.' This act was the crowning tactical blunder of the second Grant Administration. Inevitably, Spain was soon in possession of the text, and through the aid of a woman in Madrid, 'close' to the Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs, I secured the substance thereof and mailed a transcript to my friend Leopold A. Price, American Consul at Bordeaux, who wired it to New York. To save General Cushing embarrassment, I dated the cablegram from Vienna—thereby causing Mr. Casson, United States Minister at the Austrian capital, serious annoyance. An insistent request was appended by me to the news message that Secretary Fish be asked about the international circular; and that, if he denied its existence, Representative Samuel S. Cox, of New York, be induced to offer a resolution calling for all papers concerning Cuba and the *Virginius* case. As anticipated, Mr. Fish savagely denied that such a note had been sent. Mr. Cox introduced his resolution. Three days later, the text of the Cuban circular was read to the House. It was printed in the *Herald* the next morning, under Mr. Fish's denial in black-faced letters, and the *Herald's* leader, written by John Russell Young, was entitled *Lying and Diplomacy*.

Thus did a young correspondent, with a powerful journal at his back, make reprisal for an unprovoked personal affront by a Secretary of State.

Spain was certain to make rejoinder, and I devoted all my energies to capturing its text. Engaging a clerk in the Foreign Office, ostensibly as translator, I had him breakfast with me daily until one morning he

brought me a ' brief ' of the reply. I then had in my possession the most valuable news feature in the diplomatic world. But how could I send it out of the country? To reach France, I should have to go by rail to Santander (the Irún route being closed) and thence by steamer along the Biscayan coast to Fuentarabia, where I should probably be searched and the message taken from me. If allowed to proceed, I should have trouble in getting to St. Jean de Luz, across the frontier, and thence to Bayonne, the first point from which I could send so long a telegram. The railway through Burgos and Vittoria was in the hands of the Carlists. During that forty-eight hours' delay, Spain would doubtless publish her rejoinder to Secretary Fish.

It must go to New York that night, through London. But how?

Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, afterward King Edward VII, was in India on his memorable tour. He would return to London in the spring (1876). The Madrid journals were urging King Alfonso to invite his Royal Highness to visit Spain on the way home—a suggestion welcomed by the Spanish people with wild enthusiasm.

Utilizing this sensation of the hour and combining with it the pending dispute between Italy, Egypt and England over Eritrea—and the assumption that the Prince of Wales would voyage through the Red Sea and Suez Canal—I compiled a series of words for a code. With its aid, I prepared and sent the following telegram:

'Bennett, London: Add to letter due to arrive describing preparation for Prince of Wales' expected visit to Spain, received with enthusiasm by all parties. Prince's return through Red Sea renews importance of activities in Rome regarding reopening of diplomatic controversies between Italy and Abyssinia over Massawa dispute and complications arising therefrom. Am able to state positively, from private information obtained at Rome, that Italian Government has prepared and will issue curt rejoinder to India's offensive circular regarding Massawan troubles, denouncing in unmistakable language allegations of British premier that continued disturbances at Assab and other parts of Eritrea necessitate intervention in name of humanity. In tone, reply is quite belligerent; takes high ground in denial, asserting that no questions of humanity or commerce exist. Impression at Rome is that rejoinder will completely counteract effect, if any, produced by previous document among other nations, which, so far as known, remains unanswered by parties interrogated. Answer also declares existing commerce with British India has not suffered from troubles in Eritrea: *au contraire*, it has prospered. Therefore, no legal or moral justification for drastic action suggested by England. Statement goes out of way slurringly to add that Abyssinia has not any commerce or prospect of any in future. Attention is demanded, in addition, to undeniable fact that citizens of Aden and commercial centres of India have established themselves at Assab, which belongs to Italy, where, unmolested by Italian Government, they have amassed

fortunes and have not added trade or wealth to country but have taken it away. Further, rejoinder asserts that Aden is a refuge for outlaws from all parts of Eritrea, who are there encouraged to hatch conspiracies against the Italian administration. This is an outrage upon the law of nations. Besides, all just and equitable demands of India, commercial and diplomatic, have been arbitrated and fully satisfied. Some others are before courts for adjustment. Style of paper is argumentative, and with a few exceptions, dignified as becomes occasion. Believed to be joint composition of Prime Minister and Minister of War. Private. Don't forward this until letter arrives, but acknowledge receipt immediately.'*

My hope was that the censor would be convinced of the harmless character of the message after reading a few lines—which appears to have been the case; but, even had he read it through, I had a right to assume that he was familiar with the pending wrangle between England (in behalf of India, to which the purchase of Assab, at the mouth of the Red Sea, was thought to be a menace), Egypt (because she had claimed to own all of Eritrea), and Italy, with Abyssinia, as an enemy of Egypt. The Khedive's troops had been driven out of Eritrea by the Abyssinians only a short time before the date of my message.

The telegram went promptly, on the strength of Spanish adulation of the hoped-for visit of the heir-apparent to the British throne. Jackson, at the

* The punctuation in the above telegram has been added for clearness; the original, of course, contained only periods.

London office, wired back : ' Prince of Wales dispatch arrived safely.'

My code had been arranged with several geographical names for each cipher to give it diversity. Here is a copy from my notebook :

United States	Abyssinia, British or England, India, Aden
Washington	Cairo, Adisababa
Spain	Egypt, Italy
Madrid	Alexandria, Rome
Cuba	Eritrea, Massawa, Arabia
Havana	Assab, Suakim, Suez

As will be noticed, some of the code words were not needed and not used. I asked Colonel William E. Addis, of the Winchester Arms Company, New Haven, to send for me to Mr. Jackson's private address the following :

' Jackson, Dane's Inn, London : In letter regarding Italian-Abyssinian controversy, cancel first thirty words. Then change Abyssinia, British or England, and Aden to United States ; Egypt and Italy to Spain ; Cairo to Washington ; Eritrea and Massawa to Cuba ; Rome and Alexandria to capital of Italy ; Assab and Suez to Havana. Answer if perfectly understood.'

Several hours of anxiety followed, until I received the following wire from London :

' Your friend sailed for America, in perfect health. Jackson.'

The transcript of that cablegram will be found in the New York *Herald*, early in January, 1876. My

readers will readily decode the dispatch for themselves, but I will start them, to save any possible trouble. I feared to mention Madrid, so spoke of it as 'the capital of Italy,' knowing that the intelligence at the other end could readily assimilate that substitution. Beginning at the thirty-first word, we have the news in this form:

'Events of serious importance are occurring in Madrid regarding the reopening of the long-continued diplomatic controversy between Spain and the United States over the Cuban question and complications growing out of the insurrection in the "Ever Faithful Isle." The *Herald* is able to state positively, from private information obtained in Madrid, that the Spanish Government has prepared and will issue a curt rejoinder to America's offensive circular asking advice about the proper course to be taken concerning Cuban intervention, denouncing in unmistakable language the allegations of Hamilton Fish, Secretary of State, that the continuance of disorders at Havana and revolution in other parts of Cuba call for intervention by the United States in the name of humanity. In tone, this reply is quite defiant, even belligerent, taking high ground in rebuttal by asserting that no questions of humanity or of commerce exist for discussion.

'The impression at Madrid is that the rejoinder by Premier Canovas del Castillo and General Jovillar, Minister of Foreign Affairs, will completely counteract any effect that may have been produced in the courts of Europe by the now famous and notorious American document. (Meaning the circular letter sent out by

Secretary Fish last month, denied by Mr. Fish, called for by S. S. Cox of New York in the House of Representatives, two weeks ago, and finally sent to Congress despite official denial of its existence.) In substance, the rejoinder declares——,' etc., etc.

Any capable telegraph editor, familiar with the Spanish-American question at that time, could easily have made a column of entirely accurate news matter from that cipher dispatch. My chief excuse for recounting the incident is that it was the first occasion in the history of news-hunting in which a code message was transmitted ahead of its cipher key. I am confirmed in this statement by several special correspondents with long experience, including W. F. G. Shanks, Whitelaw Reid, W. N. King, Luigi Barzini of Milan, Louis Seibold, Wentworth Huyshe, J. A. MacGahan, J. P. Jackson, Melville E. Stone and others.

Its success was complete.

A SINISTER RETREAT

At my hotel on the Puerta del Sol dwelt a Hollander, Anatole Joubert, whose friendship I had formed in London. He was the son of an Amsterdam tea merchant and was living in Madrid to acquire the Spanish language. We had many traits in common that made for sociability. We were equally athletic, by training and nature, and when Joubert proposed a journey afoot through Old Castille and Navarre to Pamplona, returning by rail, I agreed.

A train on the Saragossa line carried us to Medina Celi, once a Moorish stronghold in the Guadarama

hills. Three days' tramp through a wildly picturesque country brought us to Soria, capital of the province of that name. We trudged all next day among the Bollera hills, hoping to reach Lambresas for the night ; but we were intentionally misdirected by the mountaineers, who have no respect for strangers. The long knives these peasants carry in their belts give them the appearance of brigands, rather than of shepherds or keepers of olive orchards.

Twilight came upon us amid dismal surroundings. A farmer to whom we appealed declined to hire out his mules for the ride over the mountains, or to give us shelter in his hut : so we set out, still afoot, with the prospect of a night in the open air.

In the grey of evening, we were rejoiced to see what appeared to be a monastery, clinging to the edge of a deep ravine through which dashed a noisy torrent. A footpath, hedged with thorny briars, brought us to the portal of the rambling, moss-and-vine encrusted edifice. A rusty knocker hardly awakened a sound, though I banged it with all my strength. No answering welcome came from within. In desperation, we pounded upon the door with a stone : my Dutch companion, losing his temper, added a few kicks.

A pallid, austere face appeared at a wicket above the entrance. We made a plea for hospitality, but were told that our request was unprecedented. Nobody had ever asked lodging for the night at this retreat ; therefore, the hand of courtesy never had been extended.

A message to the head of this monastery or asylum,

or whatever its character might be, was written by Joubert and passed up to the wicket on the end of a pole.

Nightfall was upon us in one of the loneliest corners of the earth; the sky was a mass of surging clouds and drops of rain were falling. Lightning flashed through the dark and murky heavens. In doubt and anxiety, we waited.

The great door swung inward and a grave, gentle-faced monk appeared, hooded in a cowl and blanketed, with a knotted rope for waist-belt. Without speaking, he motioned us to enter a small room, and then left us. Another long wait followed, as uncomfortable as the half-hour we had passed outside. The apartment was mouldy as a vault. Its floor was of stone, its only furniture a heavy wooden bench.

An aged porter tottered in, bearing two bowls of cold stew (*carnero estofado*), compounded of goat's flesh and black beans. We ate, almost in darkness. Our hunger made the meal a feast.

We were then led up a stone stairway to a covered gallery, encompassing three sides of an open court —its yard of clay. The cowled automaton piloted us to a cell and vanished without speaking. In the grey shadows that barely showed an open door we felt, rather than saw, two rolled blankets on the floor of the corridor. By a wave of the hand, our guide had indicated that we were to take the blankets and sleep in the dark room.

The austerity of our hosts was uncanny. We stepped to the rail of the porch, amid a foreboding

silence. Disquiet took possession of both of us. We entered the cell, closed the door and, Joubert lighting a match, examined our dismal quarters. The door, barely held upright on its rusty hinges, was without lock or bolt. No means existed of preventing intrusion during the night.

We didn't know whether we were in a monastery, a mad-house or a prison!

Hardly had we surveyed the room when the door swung inward, and, silhouetted against the grey night without, stood a figure like the two others we had seen. Indeed, he might have been either of the two. He addressed us in Catalonian, then in French, asking if he could add to our comfort.

'Give us a candle!' we exclaimed in the same breath.

'Never has there been a light or a fire of any kind permitted within the walls of this pious retreat,' came the slow reply, in imperfect French.

'What sort of a place is this?' queried Joubert.

'I cannot say.'

'Is it a religious retreat?'

'It is a retreat, and we are devoted to the service of God—or once were. We have all been afflicted by the Almighty and are here for atonement.'

'That is why you deprive yourselves of every comfort?'

'Yes,' came the voice, from the shadows. 'Fire is one of the blessed creations of the Almighty, the warmth and joy of which have no place amid mortifications of the flesh.'

'But how do you cook your food?'

'It is prepared for us, outside the walls.'

'Then we do not get a light?' growled Joubert.

'You do not.'

This visitation was not conducive to mental repose; but fatigue soon caused us to roll ourselves in the blankets and seek forgetfulness.

I was awakened by screams in the courtyard below. As I listened, the noises increased. A bar of pale light entered our cell through its single window, high in the wall. The sky had cleared; the moon had risen.

I drew the door partly open. Ours was the side of the quadrangle in the shadow: the broad court was flooded with a silvery sheen. Hiding behind a pillar, I peered into the yard of hardened clay.

The members of the community, all white-haired or bald, had cast off their blanket-robes and looked like Moors from Tangier in their long cotton burnouses. Some curious ceremonial was in progress. Assembled in groups, at the four corners of the moon-lighted area, they uttered the wild caterwauling that had awakened me. This was renewed after brief intervals, filled with hisses and shrieks. Then the score of senile men composing each group circled round the pillar that stood at each of the four corners.

A clapping of hands, by an invisible prompter, was the cue that started the moving circle in an opposite direction, when the mewing accompaniment was resumed.

A signal, made from a point not in my line of vision, caused the entire assemblage to join in a mad rush from the corners of the yard toward its centre. The

fanatics met with a shock that reverberated through the quadrangle. Piled up in a quivering mass, heads, bodies, bared legs and arms were inextricably tangled. As a spectacle, aside from its horrors of dementia, it far excelled any ' down ' ever seen upon the ' gridiron.'

I know not by what mental process I divined the contest to be for possession of some object that lay in the centre of the court.

The augury was correct, for at a signal, again given by an invisible monitor, the struggling mass disentangled itself. From the squirming mob arose a white-haired figure, his single cotton garment in shreds. His face was turned in my direction and the moon shone full upon it. Aloft in his right hand he held a small dark object, and uttered a long shriek of triumph. Other members of the mad throng, on hands or knees, hopped round this central figure of victory. In contrast to their previous conduct, all the other human cats were silent.

Comprehending the import of these distempered antics, I realized the full horror of the scene. I was again among the people of a Mad World. It was more awful than anything I had seen in the Lodge at Bloomingdale.

Once more, still standing in the moonlight, the almost naked corybant elevated at arm's length a black object that I knew to be a rat. The revellers' catlike frenzy increased : their gambols grew more fantastic and orgiastic. They sprang into the air, still moving in circles about the triumphant zealot, but without touching him. Without warning, he suddenly tossed

the rat high in the air and far outside the circle. Every eye watched the rodent's flight; the aged stood stock still and clasped their hands, as if in prayer; the younger brethren scampered toward the spot where the prize would fall.

The rat was secured by a tall, haggard zealot, and then followed the most hideous incidents of the night. Absolute mania developed. For the first time, savage temper was shown in the mêlée. The corybantic revel degenerated into a wild fight. Blows were not struck; the antagonists scratched each other's faces. The injured human cats uttered wild screams, exaggerating the pains they suffered.

The final hero of the 'rush line' crushed the rat in his great bony hand and tossed it aside. A bell tolled thrice, inside the building. The hysterical orgy ceased, abruptly. Each semblance of a man rose from his crouching posture and stood with bowed head and clasped hands in an attitude of prayer.

After delirium, peace.

The bell was heard again. Each abased atom of mortal clay threw himself prone and placed his forehead against the earth. In abject humility, all crawled toward their cells. In a few minutes, the court was deserted and the silence of a tomb was there.

The one sane man in that morgue of lost souls was he who somewhere had rung the bell. Or was he also mad as the rest, playing his allotted part in that debauch of frenzy, with its sudden transformation?

A touch upon an arm roused me from the spell. Joubert stood at my side. He too had heard the chant

of the human felines, had seen the dithyrambic dance, the stampede of the senile corybants, the maniacal outbreak and the final abased retreat of the crawling madmen. We held hands to make sure of ourselves.

Sleep was impossible. As we sat in our cell, with our backs against the door, Joubert recounted to me the history of this abandoned cloister where we had found lodging for the night. For more than a hundred years, it has been the retreat of a repudiated order of religious fanatics, recruited from all parts of Europe. Its mysterious financial resources suffice to provide such scanty supplies of food as keep body and soul together. Dr. Esquirol, the famous alienist, made many visits to this retreat to study phases of corybantic madness; he mentions the hospital in one of his treatises, *Des Maladies Mentales.*

These attacks of frenzy, the French physician asserts, occur in the full of the moon. At such periods, the patients believe themselves cats. The ceremony we had witnessed, known as 'The Mouse Frolic,' was introduced by Esquirol, in the early part of the last century, as a diversion for enfeebled minds. In the Catalonian dialect, this manifestation of cat-distemper was denominated *Le Bayle Gatune.*

At daylight, we presented ourselves in the room where we had been received. The grave, gentle-faced, toothless recluse who had admitted us the evening before was in attendance. We were given cold coffee and dry bread. Money, tendered in payment for hospitality so grudgingly yielded, was greedily accepted. When the aged, and again cowled, monk swung open

the outer gate to give us egress, I saw that his face was scored with scratches, deep and fresh.

It was he who had led the dance.

AN INTERNATIONAL EPISODE

The day after B. B. Hotchkiss, the distinguished American inventor, arrived in Madrid, expecting to conclude a contract with the Spanish Government for his revolving cannon, the *Diario Espagnol* printed an editorial denunciation of the weapon and its maker.

When a Spaniard in public life is attacked by a newspaper, he doesn't seek apology or retraction. If wealthy, he buys a journal in which to answer his adversary in signed articles of equally vehement character. Men with less money hire professional thugs to pick a quarrel with the offending editor and fight him with swords, or have him stabbed in the back. A few thousand pesetas will accomplish this.

Mr. Hotchkiss, whom I had known in Paris, came to my hotel and asked me what had better be done about the attack upon him.

'Look at this,' he began, handing me the article in the newspaper. 'I cannot read a word of the lingo, but I'm told it is very severe. What would you do?'

After glancing over the article, I said: 'I wouldn't do anything.'

'But I can't put up with such abuse.'

'You might send somebody to see the editor,' I suggested. 'But don't go yourself.'

'You're dead wrong. I'll go myself, and I want you to go along with me,' Hotchkiss retorted.

Under protest, I agreed to accompany him to the office of the *Diario*.

We were ushered into a reception-room, the walls of which were hung with rapiers, swords, pistols and other weapons.

'What sort of place is this?' inquired my companion. 'A museum?'

'No, indeed,' I explained. 'We are in the anteroom of the editor we have come to "persuade."'

'Ah! quite a collection of curios! What is written on the cards attached to these weapons?'

I read aloud several of the inscriptions. For instance, under a pair of rapiers were the words: 'These were used at Segovia, six o'clock in the morning of January 4, 1873.' Mention of the hour unmistakably indicated the character of the meeting.

'H'm!' commented the inventor. 'He wants us to think him a fierce one.'

'The editor of a political organ in Madrid has to be an expert swordsman,' I said.

'I've heard that the pen is mightier than the sword, but it seems Lord Lytton didn't know what he was talking about. Say, what's on this card?'—pointing to the next specimen. I again translated.

'"Señor Gonzales, founder of the *Diario*, killed Señor Cantero, Member of the Cortes, with this sword in fair combat, at 7 a.m., March 28, 1875."'

'Now I understand!' exclaimed Hotchkiss. 'I'll meet this man on his own ground. Wait until I come back!' Before I could detain him, he had disappeared.

I studied the apartment. Over the door of the

editor's sanctum was the legend: *Guerra al cuchillo* (War to the knife). My belligerent countryman and I were likely to have trouble. The meeting appeared, pre-eminently, a subject for diplomacy.

A fine pair of swords made at Toledo lay in a glass case upon a window-ledge. I was examining them with real admiration when an undersized, swarthy-faced man entered the room.

'*Buenos dias, caballero*,' he said. 'I welcome you.' Then he bowed with true Castillian grace.

I had begun to explain that I had called to present a very distinguished American, when Hotchkiss burst into the room. In his hand he carried a Biscayan clasp-knife of shudder-provoking proportions. I recognized the weapon as one he and I had examined in a shop window when we passed through the Puerta del Sol. Hardly had I introduced the two men before the American said to me, in our native tongue:

'Is this the editor? Tell him I'll fight him with this—a weapon of his own country!' The motion of his hand was toward the Spaniard, but it saved the situation, by suggestion.

The Madrid journalist bowed, interested and curious. Evidently, he did not understand English. I hastened to say:

'My friend admires your superb collection of weapons and wishes to add a pretty specimen he saw on the way here. Will you accept it?'

'What are you telling him?' demanded Hotchkiss.

'That you have brought a souvenir, as a memento of your visit,' I explained.

'Why are you doing that?'

'It is the way to get what we want. Now I'll thank him, in your name, for the article published about you and assure him you think it highly complimentary.'

'You will not,' retorted the Man from St. Denis, who had no heart for diplomacy. 'Tell him, for me, he's a blackguard and that I'll fight him with any weapon he names.'

'What says your enthusiastic friend?' asked the Castillian, bowing again.

'He is sorry he was not able to buy a finer specimen of Biscayan handiwork,' I replied, taking the weapon from my companion and extending it to the editor. 'He begs you to accept this, however, until he can send you a rarer trophy—one from Damascus, if possible.'

'I receive the token of his esteem and kiss his hand, *Este Americano es mi entusiasma!*'

'What's that?' asked Hotchkiss.

'You are "his enthusiasm," he says.'

'He does, does he? He's a grafter; but he can't work me!'

'We're the grafters, this time. We're "working" him,' I replied.

'What says your good friend?'—from the editor.

'That he loves Spaniards and cannot see why they misunderstand Americans.'

We all bowed. Hotchkiss was beginning to play my game.

'Will you gentlemen dine with me at the Café Fornos, Calle de Alcala, at seven o'clock?' asked the

THE GREAT GATE OF JUSTICE
PATH TO THE WATCH TOWER ON THE LEFT

editor. 'I shall be made very happy and will have some members of my staff there to meet you.'

Appearing to consult my companion, I said to him: 'The fellow has asked us to dinner and we shall accept. It is better to eat with him than to fight him.'

After a hearty handshake from the journalist, we took our leave.

It was a gem of a dinner. The only rift in the lute developed when one of the young press-men made some discourteous references to the *Virginius* episode. He was promptly suppressed by our host, and the incident was soon forgotten.

'How easily one may misjudge a man,' said the inventor of the revolving gun, as we walked up the Calle de Alcala to the Hôtel de Paris after the feast. 'Do you know, I like that Spaniard! He may say any old thing about me he pleases. He knows how to order a dinner.'

'He told me he'd write a eulogy of you to-morrow,' said I. 'You can bet it will be a peach.'

'I say, Chambers,' thoughtfully mused the big man, 'you ought to go in for diplomacy.'

THE WISHING BELL OF GRANADA

I passed a month at Granada, living at the Washington Irving Hotel in the Alhambra Gardens. Of all places outside the palace itself, I most enjoyed visiting the Watch Tower at the extreme western end of the castle, reached by footpath through an orange orchard that discloses itself behind an iron-studded wicket swinging just outside the Gate of Justice. I

was especially fond of sitting upon the top of the Watch Tower while reading Irving's *Conquest of Granada*, with the vast plain, where the battles were fought, spread like a map before me.

The custodians of the tower were mother and daughter, survivors of five generations of caretakers. The daughter had married, early, the great catch of Granada, its toreador (*espada*). But, alas, a vicious bull pinned her young husband to the side of the ring one afternoon, and he died with his wife's shriek of anguish ringing in his ears. The chief bull-fighter of Granada is treated like a Grandee of Spain while alive, but is immediately forgotten when dead. The new Espada who killed the bull was radiant in all the glory of knighthood before the sun had set.

The little widow returned with her child, Camillo, to her mother's lodge on the pinnacle of the Alhambra hill and buried herself from the world. Years passed. The young scapegrace son, now sixteen, hung around the tower, choosing the sunny spots and thrusting his services upon visitors, but performing every commission in the most slovenly manner. He wore his father's leggings and silk girdle, no longer red and golden: but a villainous sombrero had supplanted the dead toreador's cap.

During my stay, I made all the acquaintances possible about the castle in order that I might wander at pleasure where I wished. At an expense of many pesetas, I had gained the good-will of the family at the Watch Tower, where hangs the holy bell. On a lovely afternoon, I set out to pay a visit to the Vela

tower. Madre Teresa greeted me pleasantly and offered me a seat. Every house on the Alhambra hill is a place of refreshment, for which the guest is expected to pay.

'A pot of tea, mother,' I ordered, tossing a peseta into the dame's lap.

'*Cierto, señor.*'

The daughter was dispatched for hot water and soon returned with a jugful. Tea-leaves were put into a smoke-begrimed pot and, the water having been added, it was set among the coals in a *brasero* to draw. Meanwhile, I had led the conversation to the Bell of Happy Wishes by asking:

'Is there, then, real virtue in this bell?'

I had heard the usual rigmarole given to every visitor about the efficacy of the bell in procuring a husband for girls who could reach and strike it. The tradition is as old as the Conquest. The maiden seeking the virtue of the charm must herself climb to the bell, which stands eight feet above the roof of the tower, and strike it with her knuckles. Night after night, as I lay in bed at the hotel, I had heard this bell tolled at half-hour intervals, just as it has been since 1492, to assure the sleeping citizens of Granada that the Infidel Moors have not returned.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, my hostess was pouring the tea, as she commented:

'The girl who seeks the blessings of la Torre de Vela must needs have faith—great faith.'

'Give me proof; and although I cannot personally test the efficacy of the charm, I shall sing its praises

to American ladies. I know several who will take the first steamer to Spain.'

'Well, I had a cousin. She did not marry when young, but finally, bethinking herself of this charm, she came here from Antiquerra and struck the bell——'

'And her wish was gratified?'

'Far beyond her hopes. She married a *diligencia* driver on the road from Malaga to Granada.'

'And was very happy?'

'Oh yes, indeed. She had twins for her first birth!' and her face beamed with satisfaction at this remembrance of the bell's virtues.

'But, mother, this gentleman does not know our cousin,' suggested the daughter.

A shadow crossed the old face. Noticing it, I hastened to add:

'That doesn't matter. Your word, mother, is sufficient. Tell me more.'

'It is necessary that the girl should extract a loud ring from the bell. When I was young, we did not spare our knuckles.'

'Ah, how jolly!' I exclaimed. 'You're going to give us your own personal experience, which will be convincing.'

'You are too quick, *señor*,' retorted the dame, blushing as does a bit of mahogany when polished with chamois. 'I meant that of late years maidens have become less courageous. Some insist upon ringing the bell by pulling the rope. I have no faith in such efforts; but as the visitors are more generous than they used to be, I let them have their way.'

'The Saints bless the generous, 'tis said,' I ventured.

At this moment, Camillo lounged into the patio, helped himself to a cup of tea and then announced that a young lady, attended by her maid, was approaching. She was coming to test the oracle, no doubt.

A wicked plan suggested itself. I offered my hostess a dollar to be allowed to conduct the suppliant to the shrine. She registered approval by tossing a *capa* (the cloak of Spain) about my shoulders just as the lady entered, alone.

'Can I be shown to the bell?' she inquired, in a half-abashed manner.

'*Con mucho gusto, señorita,*' replied the dame, bowing low. Then, turning to me, imperiously: '*Muchacho,* show the lady up the tower.'

Leading the way to the stairs, I said to the visitor, 'I will accompany you.'

The narrow stairway was climbed. My lady slipped upon the second landing, and although I quickly turned to render assistance, my hands were so entangled in the *capa* that she regained her feet before I could lift her.

On the top of the tower, the young woman approached the bell alone. She affected to regard my presence as a matter of indifference to her. Without looking at me, she knelt, crossed herself, and addressed first her patron saint:

'Santa Cecelia (again bowing her head): Grant the petition of a virgin who comes to thee sorely distressed and who craves at thy hand an answer to her prayer.' She remained kneeling, in silence, for a few moments,

and then, as if to make assurance double sure, she stated her case quite frankly :

' Santa Maria : I come to you in deep faith. My lover and I have quarrelled. We are no longer affianced. I am miserably unhappy. You alone can bring him back to me. Help me, I beseech you ! '

These appeals differed from the traditional formula. Tears were in her eyes as she arose and looked longingly at the bell. I hastened to her aid. She placed a foot in my hand, and with considerable effort I raised my lady until, with uplifted arms, she was brought within reach of the charmed bell. The vigour with which she struck it must have caused Madre Teresa, who had dwelt in the tower all her lifetime, to murmur cheerfully :

' 'Twas so, when I was young ! '

At a motion of the pilgrim's hand, I lowered her gently. My lady's faith was satisfied. She lightly descended the steps, happiness and hope beaming from her eyes. The guardian of the tower received her fee and admonished her visitor to ' Walk with God.' In another moment, the suppliant was lost among the orange trees, followed by her maid.

On my last day in Granada, a week after this adventure—everything is an adventure in Spain—I strolled through the Calle de San Geronimo for a final visit to the cathedral. Stopping at a tobacconist's for cigarettes, I was addressed by the dealer, as he gave me my change :

' Hear the bells—another happy bride on her way to the altar ! '

'And who weds, pray?' I asked indifferently.

'*La hija de corregidor* (the mayor's daughter). There go the carriages down the Street of the Fig! You will reach the cathedral as soon as they, if you hurry.'

I entered the great church and learned that the ceremony was to take place in the Chapel of the King, below which are the tombs of Ferdinand and Isabella. When I reached that sanctuary, the service had begun.

The bride was lovely, but there was a look of pride and triumph in her flashing brown eyes that only I could read. She was My Lady of the Vela Tower!

A GRANDEE OF SPAIN

'You are likely to have trouble getting out of Spain,' said General Cushing, the American Minister, when I called to take leave at the end of my stay in Madrid. 'I shall appoint you a special courier of this legation, travelling to London. The dispatches you are to carry will be ready to-morrow. You will have to go by Santander and then on a coast steamer to the frontier, where you may have difficulty with the authorities, unless under the protection of our Government.'

The Carlist War was still in progress; the Basque provinces, alive with insurrection, were under martial law. Prisons in all northern towns of the kingdom were crowded with suspects and arrests were made daily at the capital. Foreigners were under espionage: several domiciliary visits had been inflicted upon me.

The certificate of my appointment as a special courier of the United States, bearing the great red-wax

seal of the American Minister, came as promised—delivered by the hand of Mr. A. A. Adee, Secretary of Legation. When the express left Madrid for Santander that night, I occupied a seat in a compartment with three other passengers. Our first stop was at the Escurial—that marvellous gridiron of stone, at the foothills of the Guadarama mountains, built by Philip II, to the glorification of San Lorenzo's martyrdom. A grey-haired traveller joined us there; but dim light in the roof of the car prevented a clear view of his features.

The night was long and tiresome. Daylight overtook us at Valladolid, and a glance at the Escurial passenger revealed a face deeply lined with anxiety.

An Alfonsist officer entered each compartment and inspected its occupants. My passport bore the proper *visé*; the commission as courier received courteous consideration. Other examinations were perfunctory, with the exception of the grey-haired Spaniard's. Several guards came to the car and scrutinized him. But we were allowed to proceed, and when all other passengers had left the train, the careworn traveller and I had a pleasant chat together. He was a highly cultured and interesting man.

The train rolled into Santander at dark, but the boat for San Sebastian would not sail until midnight. I was subjected to more investigation at an hotel to which I went; my name was taken, with my London and New York addresses. While this inquisition was proceeding, I did not see my former companion; but he came to me on the steamer, after it had left the

harbour, and we passed a very miserable night together. State-rooms were not obtainable, and the Spaniard was seasick. We sat on deck all night, watching the hazy Spanish coast line off the starboard beam. When we steamed into the mountain-gated bay of San Sebastian at dawn, an artillery battle was in progress between an Alfonsist battery on the eastern hilltop of the harbour entrance and a Carlist fort on the western heights. The snap of Whitworth guns was followed by the explosion of shells fired over our heads.

Our boat lay at the wharf several hours, and I drove about the town. My companion remained aboard. By this time, he had become a mystery to me.

About noon, we anchored off Fuentarabia, the last port inside the Spanish frontier. We landed in small boats. As the province was under martial law, every traveller was an object of suspicion to the officials.

When my baggage was brought for inspection, my fellow-voyager placed a single handbag beside my two trunks.

As the train would leave Irún for Paris in an hour, I appealed to the officer of the guard to expedite my inspection. When shown my documents, he marked my baggage ; but he had observed the act of my companion and took up his grip to examine it.

My elderly associate met my eyes with a look that was a claim upon me. I did not know how I could help him ; but the demand of the inspector for keys to the bag inspired me to exclaim :

'*Este hombre va conmigo !*' (This man goes with me !)

In my nervousness, I used the word *hombre* instead of *señor* or *caballero*. The official assumed that the man was my valet! He saluted and chalked the grip.

Together, we were bundled into a cab and hurried four miles to the train—not a moment too soon, for the whistle blew as we entered the compartment. We were alone, but my companion seemed oblivious of my presence.

The train slowed up at the end of a brief run.

'*Bayonne! Trente minutes pour déjeuner!*' shouted a station-master. The French language had a magical effect upon the brooding man.

'*En France?*' he demanded, using that tongue for the first time.

'Yes.'

Before his intention was divined, my companion caught my hands and tried to kiss them.

'You have saved me!' he exclaimed.

'How?'

'Had I not escaped from Spain—taken this train—my arrest was certain. Orders for my detention are posted everywhere. I could not have escaped without your aid. You are my saviour!'

'Our meeting was a happy accident,' I rejoined, moving away.

'It was not an accident. I knew the train on which you were to leave, and drove to the Escurial to join you——'

'A political fugitive?'

'Yes; unjustly accused of treason.'

'On what ground?'

'I am charged with giving money to the Carlist pretender. The accusation is infamously false, although my affiliations render it difficult to disprove. I own large estates in the Asturias and exerted what influence I could to save them from destruction; but,' raising his right hand, 'a traitor to my King? Never!'

'Who are you?' I asked.

He mentioned one of the great names of Spain—'*El Duque de Pamplona.*'

'A Grandee of Spain!' I exclaimed in amazement.

'*Yo soy un Grande de Espagna. No miquito mi sombrero al Rey; pero miquito mi sombrero á Usted.*' ('I *am* a Grandee of Spain. I don't take off my hat to my King; but I take it off to you.')

THE CAMEO RING

Here I will give one more episode, though it didn't occur in Spain. But it was bizarre enough, to me, not to need any more vivid local colouring than it actually possessed.

Soon after my return to London, at the conclusion of the experiences just narrated, Lieutenant Cameron's arrival at Liverpool from his long tramp across Central Africa was announced. I took the first train to the city on the Mersey to secure the narrative of his wonderful journey.

As the express began to move out of Euston station, a guard bundled me into a compartment and slammed the door. Two travellers were already in possession. One was a middle-aged person of rather imposing appearance, tall and evidently of great strength; but

I disliked the distrustful, nervous manner in which he stared at me. The other passenger was a stocky, phlegmatic fellow, evidently not well bred. My fellow-travellers were distinctly unlike: no evidence appeared that they were acquainted.

After reading a newspaper, I fell asleep. I was semi-conscious that the train stopped, that the door was opened; but not until we were under way again did I become aware that I was alone with the pale, nervous Hercules. He was watching me in a stealthy manner. Gradually, he moved along the opposite seats until he confronted me. The door-window was open and he glanced from it to me, as if comparing the size of my shoulders with the width of the aperture. He removed a heavy silk scarf from his neck and placed it across one of his knees.

Suddenly, he leaned across and seized my left wrist.

'You're only pretending to sleep!' he hissed. 'I knew you were following me!'

One glance into the white face and its large grey eyes told me that robbery was not the motive for the attack. I had to deal with a citizen of the Mad World. His strength was manifested by the vice-like grip he maintained upon my arm.

'You are in my power, absolutely,' he shouted, above the noise of the train, gesticulating with his free hand. 'I had intended to tie you with this,' touching the neckerchief; 'but it will not be necessary. I see an easier way of ridding myself of your espionage, for ever.' And the gigantic maniac glanced toward the open window with a significance that was unmistakable.

Fright, rather than discretion, caused me to remain passive and speechless. My hope was to temporize until the train stopped. In vain I looked about the compartment for the glass-covered box containing the bell-cord.

'You cannot stop this train!' exclaimed the infuriated man, divining my purpose. 'We've just left Crewe and have forty minutes' run to Stafford. By that time——' He raised his left hand and tapped his temple.

On the third finger of that uplifted hand I saw a ring unlike any that had ever come under my notice. Its seal was as large as half the shell of an English walnut; the setting was a cameo. Its white surface had been cut away in the centre to a black, coffin-shaped base, over which droped two weeping willows, in white cameo. I mustered voice to say:

'You have a wonderful ring. I never saw anything so beautiful.'

My antagonist's eyes were diverted from my face to the ring, which he then held out for his own inspection. The moment for the struggle had arrived, if I was to make one; but, to my relief, the stranger dropped my wrist and began to sob, violently. I knew from previous experience in a Mad World that the insane do grieve and shed tears.

'This is a funeral ring,' said the mysterious traveller, extending the ring for my examination. 'A symbol of my lost love,'—and he pressed the cameo seal reverently to his lips.

'Alas, my friend; you, too, have suffered!' I commented, in most mollifying tones.

'Misery indescribable!'

'Why wear a constant reminder of your grief?'

'I had it made in the first days of my unhappiness and cannot part with it: I feel as if this ring had indelible associations with her.'

'I deeply sympathize with you,' was my reply, and, having in mind incidents just past, added, 'I have been very unhappy myself.'

'How grateful I am for one word of human sympathy,' said the afflicted stranger. He then told me his name and gave me a card on which I read 'John Mooney,' with a Dublin address. He began a rambling tale of his disappointed love, which I encouraged him to prolong, in hope of averting any recurrence of his homicidal impulse.

Would the train ever reach Stafford?

'I am my old self when not watched,' he resumed. 'The man you saw here has not left me for months. But I shunted him to-day. I have told him of my misfortune; but he is not sympathetic, like you. Perhaps he has never been made unhappy, as you have. Think of me. Within an hour of my intended marriage, the only woman in all this world for me ran away with another man! They sailed to America. I followed. Hither and thither, over the United States, I tracked them. They eluded me: they knew I was after them! Oh, I *was* crazy, *then*,—and irresponsible. This chase has continued for ten years. I am on my return from Switzerland. I heard she was

at Lucerne. Wrong again! But I shall overtake her. And then—then——'

Before I could catch him—my enemy of a half-hour before—the afflicted man fell prone in the aisle, suffering from an epileptic attack. I could do nothing for his relief, beyond tearing open his collar.

When the train rolled into Stafford, I had my head out of the window, shouting for a guard. Hardly was the door unlocked before the stocky attendant appeared. His neglect to return to the proper compartment had given me the most uncomfortable forty minutes of my life.

'Did Mooney tell you about his lost love?' asked the keeper, sarcastically.

'He did, I am glad to say. I don't know what might have happened had I not been a good listener.'

'A delusion!' was the comment. 'He dreams he has word from her, and away he starts on a fool's errand. But I like travel, don't you know.'

At the Lime Street station, Liverpool, the sick man was removed to a private hospital. I kept my appointment with Lieutenant Cameron, and cabled to New York the first account of that officer's long tramp across Central Africa. When I mentioned my experience in the Liverpool express, he observed:

'One doesn't have to go to Africa for adventure, that's certain.'

XVI

WAS ANDREW HORNITAY GUILTY?

I HAD only been back in New York a few days when one of my oldest and most devoted friends, Andrew Hornitay, a distinguished architect of the metropolis—well known in literature as in the mechanic arts—was placed under arrest for shooting a prominent builder, Robert Lang. The circumstances were most unusual.

Hornitay admitted the killing, which had occurred in his office, an old building on Cedar Street, near William, on ground now occupied by the Mutual Life Insurance Company's massive structure. There had been no witnesses. As soon as he had surrendered to the police, he sent for me and, on my advice, retained George Bungay, the most successful criminal lawyer in the Empire State. His statement to the police, in my presence, after due caution from Counsellor Bungay, was as follows :

'I was sitting here in my office, an hour ago, posting my cash book. My office boy was absent on an errand : I was alone. It is Saturday. I occupy the front room on the ground floor, as you see : it opens upon a hallway, entered directly from the street. Outside in the hall, a flight of stairs communicates with the floors above.

'I had drawn from the Merchants' and Traders'

National Bank twenty-five thousand dollars to take up a mortgage that Robert Lang held against my dwelling-house on Madison Avenue. The period for which the loan was made had expired and Lang would not renew it. I decided to pay it off, instead of placing it elsewhere. I had notified Lang of my intention. He sent word he would prefer to receive the money in cash, to be used in paying several gangs of workmen this Saturday afternoon.

'Therefore, when Lang entered at three o'clock, I had the bills in my pocket. He closed the front door behind him and, as I later discovered, turned the key. As he came toward the desk at which I sat, I rose to receive him. Before taking a proffered chair, however, Lang stepped to the front window and waved his right hand, as if to someone in the street. Then he turned to me and said:

'"Now, give me the money," at the same time drawing from a pocket in his coat a paper I assumed to be the mortgage.

'"I'd like to have a notary's acknowledgment of my payment," I said. "I can call one in a moment."

'"That's not essential," was his reply, "I will write a satisfactory piece upon the mortgage, and sign and deliver it to you for record. I am in a hurry to get uptown."

'Knowing that Lang gave employment to a large force of masons, carpenters and men of all classes of service, I saw nothing unreasonable about his urgent need of money on pay day. I was entirely reassured. When he sat down on the opposite side of this flat-top

desk, to write, as I assumed, the satisfaction piece on the mortgage, I again counted the bills and replaced them in the envelope in which they had been received from the bank. I handed the package to Lang. He laid it methodically upon the top of the folded paper on which he had been writing, and quickly placed both paper and money in the side-pocket of his coat! That act startled me. Lang's face and manner changed. He became very pale and closed his teeth, resolutely. Springing to his feet, he started toward the door leading into the hall. I took a step round the right-hand corner of this desk to intercept him, when he drew a pistol and with its muzzle almost in my face, pulled the trigger. The weapon did not explode. I sprang upon him, wrested the revolver from his grasp and discharged it point-blank at the breast of the assailant who had attempted my life. Lang dropped to the floor. For a moment I did not realize the gravity of the situation—everything had occurred so rapidly. When I recovered from the shock, I hurried to the street to summon aid, but I went as far as Broadway before I found a policeman. He returned with me to this office. There he stands now, and he will tell you we found the body lying on its back, just as I had left it, except that the right arm which had rested across the breast lay at the side.'

The Chief of Police, who had arrived during the recital, was a most attentive listener. When Hornitay ceased speaking, the Chief knelt beside the dead man, opened his coat and felt in the breast pockets for the package of money. *It was not there.* The mortgage,

upon which Hornitay thought Lang had written an acknowledgment of payment, was also missing.

This looked bad for Hornitay. It was not a moment for delicate sentiment; so, at my suggestion, Hornitay submitted to immediate search (rather than wait until he reached the station-house), to prove, so far as such evidence went, that he had not recovered the money from the dead man's possession.

After accompanying my friend to the station-house and to his cell, encouraging him all I could, I returned to the scene of the homicide. There I found three detectives and several reporters.

All agreed that Hornitay's statement was improbable on its face.

While I was listening to their theories and doing what I could to combat them—as a believer in my friend's version of the unfortunate affair—Hornitay's office boy, Couch, returned. I took charge of him and cautioned him not to say a word to anybody except myself. I led him into the hall, then almost dark, and asked in desperation:

'Where have you been this afternoon?'

'First, to the Shoe and Leather Bank, where I made a deposit to the credit of Mr. Hornitay. No, I'm not mistaken about the bank. The boss kept two accounts —one personal and the other professional. This afternoon's deposit—I was too late for the receiving teller and gave it to the cashier instead—consisted of six cheques and $250 in bills,—$1250 altogether. Then I went to the Aquarium at the Battery, to see the fish. I'm interested in fish. It's Saturday, and I'm allowed

a while off in the afternoon, if I come back to shut up the office.'

'Do you remember anything else?' I asked.

'N-o-o. Yes, as I left the office, a roughly dressed man passed through the hall and stopped opposite the open door to look in. He was a large chap and his clothes had lime on them. On the street, I had another look at him. He leaned against a lamp-post, not far from William Street, but kept his eyes on the office windows.'

'Describe him.'

'He hadn't any beard, wore a blue shirt with lime on one of the sleeves—and I saw brick-dust on his trousers, too,' answered the boy. 'He looked like a gang-boss.'

Could this be the man to whom Lang made signals from the office window?

I wrote the account of the homicide for my journal with care and absolute frankness. Study of the strange case kept me awake all night. At daylight, I hastened downtown. Crime had already placed its stamp on the architect's office. Men on their way to work stood before the building, peering through the windows into the room in which the killing had taken place. To my surprise, I saw a woman among the interested group. She was more inquisitive than any of the men. She became much agitated when she detected me watching her, and shuffled away in the direction of Broadway. I decided to keep her in sight. Crossing Broadway, she continued west along Cedar Street to Greenwich, then doubled back to Church one block

further north and made her way into Hudson Street. Quickening her pace, she passed into that region of old rookeries and small dwellings north of Canal Street. At Clarkson Street, she turned toward the North River and entered one of the small, two-story houses on the south side. The door had no number, but I fixed the location of the house by a broken flagstone in the pavement.

Boarding an Eighth Avenue horse-car to return downtown, I felt some chagrin at the futility of my two hours' task.

Hornitay's boy, Couch, was sweeping out the office, as if his employer were not locked up in the Tombs —to which he had been transferred on the previous night. The instant he saw me, the youngster exclaimed:

'I'm mighty glad to see you, Mr. Chambers. The police seem to think I'm connected in some way with the shooting of Mr. Lang. A man in plain clothes followed me home last night. He hung about the neighbourhood all evening, making inquiries about my character and asking about my mother and sister. Mother sent me to a grocer; the detective entered when I left and examined the money I'd used in making a purchase. He had the bill marked and took it up with one from his own pocket. This morning, another plain-clothes chap picked me up, as the cops say, and followed me here. He's across the street now.'

'Don't worry about the detectives,' I reassured him. 'Try to invent some plan for finding the fellow who acted so strangely yesterday.'

'I've been thinking about him, and I shouldn't wonder if he wasn't one of Lang's own workmen. He had a slew of them.'

Here was a suggestion worth following. Its chief worth lay in its simplicity and naturalness. I acted on it at once. Going to the office of the dead contractor, I easily obtained a list of the buildings he had had under construction or repair. Then, taking Couch with me in a cab, I set out in search of our unknown man.

The Lang enterprises were many and far apart, but late that afternoon, at a piano factory on West Fourteenth Street, Couch suddenly uttered a cry of surprise. He recognized his man! The suspect *was* boss of a gang of men engaged upon an addition to the factory. He had a repellent face—hard, cruel, avaricious. After driving round the corner, I sent Couch back to follow the suspect home.

By eight o'clock that night, I knew the gang-boss lived in the same house to which I had tracked the woman in the early morning! Here, I reasoned, is the fellow who robbed the dead body: the woman knows his secret and its possession distresses her.

And this woman? If she were the wife of the suspect, she would be incompetent as a witness, for the law would not permit a wife to testify on a capital charge against her mate. However, the labourer might not be an accessory before the fact to the intended robbery and attempted murder of Hornitay, which the architect had described in his statement.

The Police Department had already convinced itself

that Hornitay was guilty of a deliberate, cold-blooded murder, and I could not hope for any aid from that quarter. The police theory was predicated on the assumption that Hornitay hoped to keep the money, after getting a release on his mortgage. The absurdity of such an assumption need not be debated. A minute's reflection will show that he dare not have the release recorded (if he possessed one), and without this precaution the mortgage would still stand against his property, whether paid off or not. I did not bother to discuss the matter with the detectives.

I went to Philadelphia and engaged John Sharkey, a clever detective, well known to me. He came over to New York next day and undertook to shadow the man under suspicion. Taking lodgings in a house directly opposite the one I had located with the broken flagstone, he soon learned the man's name—Joseph Roberts. Each morning, pail in hand, he sallied out when Roberts started for work. He secured a job as porter in a sash and blind factory on Fourteenth Street, where he could keep his game under his eye. He came home at the same time as Roberts and soon formed his acquaintance at a corner saloon. But the fellow was not inclined to sociability; no amount of persuasion could induce him to imbibe much liquor. He appeared to have very little money, though Sharkey employed every artifice known to the craft to induce him to produce a 'roll.'

Two weeks' espionage having proved fruitless, the detective determined on heroic methods. Waiting until Roberts had gone to his work, he crossed the street

from his lodgings and knocked at the door of the gang-boss's home. Not receiving an answer, he turned the knob and entered a hallway. As he did so, a woman appeared from the darkened front and exclaimed :

'Oh, sir, Joey isn't guilty! You're after him, I know. I've watched ye for a week. Mrs. O'Shea, your landlady, saw by your hands you wasn't a workin' man. "Whatever has Joey been a-doin'?" ast she, "fur it must be him as the cop wants." Then I timed your comin's and goin's—but I says nothin' to Joey; he's so werrited, like, already.'

Turning the key in the street door, to prevent the intrusion of neighbours, Sharkey followed the woman (my discovery) into her front room, and asked :

'Are you Joey's wife?'

'No; his sister.'

'Your name?'

'Jane Roberts.'

'Answer my questions, Jane,' began Sharkey, looking very grave, 'and you may save Joey and yourself from arrest.'

'Joey's innocent, I tell ye. He didn't do no wrong—hadn't a thing to do with the shootin'.'

'Why was he waiting in the street when the shooting occurred?'

'Who said he was there?' snapped the woman, nervously.

'A witness saw him, and has been watching him ever since.—Why did you go to Cedar Street the morning after the shooting?'

Jane Roberts started for the door, but the detective

barred the way. His manner changed; he spoke harshly.

'If you refuse to tell me all you know about this case, I'll put you under arrest, right now.'

She gave way completely. 'Oh, sir, it isn't much. Joey's been workin' for Mr. Lang 'leven year, and gen'ally has charge of a gang. Mr. Lang says to him on the day of the shootin': "Joey, I got to have money to pay off to-night; come downtown with me and bring it back." You see, Mr. Lang had great faith in Joey. When they reached Cedar Street, Joey was told to stay outside. While waitin', Joey heard a shot, but didn't suppose it come from Hornitay's office. Not until he saw Mr. Hornitay runnin' up the street, bareheaded, did he think anything had happened to his boss. He came home very excited and told me what I'm tellin' ye. Yes, I went downtown next mornin', to see where the shootin' was done. I *was* cur'ous! Oh, mister, I've brought all this trouble onto Joey'—and she burst into an hysterical fit of crying.

'Now, Jane, I have this house watched: I want you to stay here quietly till I return. You can't escape. If you have told me the truth——'

'Indeed, sir, I have!'

'Then you will not be arrested. But if you attempt to run away you will land in the station-house, and I will see to it that you and Joey are connected with the robbery of the body of Robert Lang.'

The woman sank to the floor in terror. Sharkey dared not trust her at large, fearing she might get word to her brother before he could lay hands on him.

Going to the street door, he gave a low whistle, and a man who had been distributing tracts along the street responded. He was placed in charge of the house and its one occupant.

Sharkey then hastened to the nearest magistrate's court, and swore out a warrant for the arrest of Joseph Roberts, on a charge of robbery, based on 'information and belief.' The detective soon had his man under lock and key. Roberts, indeed, resisted arrest and, being the more powerful of the two, delivered a savage blow that would have felled the officer had it landed; but Sharkey parried it and drawing a revolver ordered the burly workman to walk in front of him until they met a policeman, who, at sight of the warrant, took the accused into custody. After Joseph Roberts' name, address and age had been placed upon the blotter at the station-house, the prisoner asked for a conference with the detective. I was summoned from a café near by where I was waiting for the springing of the trap. In my presence, Roberts made and signed a confession that is here reproduced in clearer English:

'I'll make a clean breast of all I know. I *did* go with Mr. Lang to Hornitay's office, and I knew Lang intended to do Hornitay out of the money. I was taken along to receive it from Lang's hands, so the "goods" couldn't be found on him when he was arrested, as he expected to be, on a charge made by Hornitay. As soon as Lang, seated opposite a window where I could see him, had received the bunch of money, he was to take off his hat. I was to cross the street and enter the hall, and Lang was to open the door

of the office and thrust the money into my hands. When the row came that was sure to follow and the police were called, Lang was to keep very cool and insist on being searched. Of course, the money wouldn't be found and the case would become a question of veracity between the two men, each of good standing in the community.

'Such was the plan: but something must have gone wrong. Why Lang tried to shoot, as Hornitay declares, I can't imagine. *There was no shooting in our scheme.* Lang was to deny the money had been paid and to stick to it. One man's word was as good as the other's. When I saw Hornitay rush out, hatless, calling "Police!" I knew the game had gone wrong. I stepped into the room. I found Lang dead upon the floor—a large envelope containing money was sticking from a pocket of his coat. I took the envelope —for safety. It was instantly snatched from my hands by someone who entered the room, and I was told to get out of sight.'

Who had taken this money from Roberts? Under a searchlight of inquiry, the prisoner insisted he didn't know. I was overjoyed, for I comprehended that the incredible part of Hornitay's defence could be established—the intent of Lang to defraud him. Evidently, the grand jury had not accepted Hornitay's statement, or it would not have indicted him for murder in the first degree. In the jubilation of the moment, I exclaimed:

'Hornitay is saved!'

The detective was not so sanguine.

Weeks passed, and the day of the trial approached.

The prisoner's fate depended on the testimony of the witness in the House of Detention, Joseph Roberts—a confessed accessory to the conspiracy to rob Hornitay. My time had been given up to countless interviews with the gang-boss, in hopes of securing some clue to the person who had snatched the money from him across the body of the dead contractor. Like everybody else employed in the defence, I ceased to believe that part of Roberts' confession. I assumed he had concealed the package until he could resume possession of it with safety.

It was impossible, in cool thought, to disguise the weakness of Hornitay's case, unsupported as Roberts' testimony was by any direct evidence, and assailed on every point, as it certainly would be, by the district attorney.

Another mystery worried me. For several days preceding the calling of the case, I had observed an increasing exhilaration of spirits on the part of the prisoner. This was inexplicable. My anxiety increased as his heart appeared to grow lighter. On several occasions, when visiting Hornitay in the Tombs, I dwelt upon the seriousness of his position and begged him to suggest some witness who could strengthen his defence. His invariable reply was:

'I have told you and Bungay all I shall ever tell to anybody.'

The day before the trial began, I made an exhaustive examination of the usual detective report on the jury panel. Later in the afternoon, I visited Hornitay's closed office to locate the surroundings quite clearly

in my mind, so that I could write intelligently and accurately from day to day. The hour was about that of the homicide. I was seated at Hornitay's desk, when the door opened and a middle-aged woman in widow's weeds came in.

'Where can I find Mr. Chambers?' she asked.

'I am he,' I replied, not without surprise

'The friend of Mr. Hornitay?'

'Yes.'

'Very well. You are the man I want.'

'How can I serve you?'

'My visit concerns Mr. Hornitay.'

'Indeed?'

'You are really his friend?'

'I am, to the last.'

'I came to tell you I know his statement to be absolutely true.'

My impatience went to the bounds of rudeness. I almost pushed the woman into a chair and, stepping to the door, turned the key.

'How do you know?' I demanded, almost short of breath.

'Because I was here!'

'Here!—when the shooting occurred?'

'Yes.'

'What brought you?'

'I came to warn Mr. Hornitay. Hardly had I entered, when I heard a familiar voice at the door, and I hid behind the fire-screen—there. Unable to escape, I overheard the quarrel.'

'Then you knew of the conspiracy?'

'Yes. I heard it arranged.'

'Good heavens! And you have kept silent?'

'Yes.'

'Why?'

'Because——'

'Well?'

'I—am—Mrs.—Lang.'

I stared into her face; then whispered to myself:

'Hornitay is lost!'

Here was a dreadful complication. No twelve men would place the slightest credence in Mrs. Lang's corroboration of Hornitay's statement concerning the attempted robbery and the quarrel that followed. They would not credit the *cause* of her presence at his office. They would not believe in a platonic friendship, stronger than that created by wedlock. Now, I understood the significance of Roberts' remark:

'There was no shooting in our scheme.'

Had Lang surprised his wife on a visit to Hornitay?

The reason for the prisoner's buoyancy of spirits was quite manifest. He believed Mrs. Lang had escaped entanglement.

He loved her. That explained everything.

I started for the Tombs to tell Hornitay that Mrs. Lang had confessed. Before reaching Centre Street, however, I decided not to do so, and returned to Hornitay's office. There I did some hard thinking.

It would be fatal to put Mrs. Lang on the witness stand, I reflected; but while her presence in the office at the time of the shooting remained unknown, the

imputation of malice could not lie against the prisoner, and with Roberts' testimony unshaken, a plea of justifiable homicide might be established.

Hornitay's counsel would be able to show by the gang-boss that Lang had, on the 16th of May, visited Hornitay's office with the felonious intention of robbing him of twenty-five thousand dollars. At the time of the shooting, therefore, the deceased was a trespasser upon the premises of the prisoner, and engaged in the commission of a felonious act. I was quite aware that, under such circumstances, the natural defence would have been that Hornitay had killed Lang because he had 'reason to fear great bodily harm'; but this could not be established, while the conspiracy to rob and to commit a trespass could be. Roberts, it will be remembered, had remained outside the office door, and had neither heard the altercation nor witnessed the shooting.

Only Mrs. Lang could supply that link; but my chief thought was to get *her* out of town.

The preconceived conspiracy was all that raised Lang's offence beyond that of larceny as bailee. The existence of this felonious intent was the keystone of Hornitay's defence. He must establish, first, the felonious intention; second, the element of trespass; third, the taking and carrying away; and fourth, the character of the stolen property. The principle is fundamental that there cannot be a larceny without an active trespass—trespass here denoting an injury to or violation of a citizen's title and possessory interest

in chattels, and consisting in wrongfully depriving him of that possession against his will.

That night, I sent Mrs. Lang 'out West,' so she could not be subpœnaed, and awaited the morrow with anxiety.

The case of 'The State against Hornitay' was called. So well and favourably known were the accused and the dead man that two days were occupied in getting a jury. On the third day, the district attorney opened his case by ridiculing the prisoner's account of the homicide, and closed his address by declaring that 'manufactured evidence would be presented to show conspiracy.' He reminded the jury that the dead man was not present to put his defamers to shame.

The weakness of the prosecution was seen when the calling of witnesses began. Nothing beyond the police version was presented. Hornitay's office boy, Couch, had been subpœnaed and was in the court-room, but the district attorney feared to call him. Couch was a clever lad and, acting on hints from me, had befogged his interrogators into believing that he was holding back something he would feel compelled to tell under oath.

The district attorney closed the case of the state on the afternoon of the fourth day, without having called a score of citizens by whom he had proposed to establish the high character of the deceased. He announced that these men would be held to rebut evidence that he understood would be presented by the defence reflecting upon Lang's good name.

In his brief address to the jury, following the district attorney's remarks, Hornitay's counsel—the famous George Bungay—staked the life of his client on proving a conspiracy to rob the prisoner and justifying resistance to a felonious trespass. He utterly ignored the element of his client's personal peril; but put in the testimony, and recalled the Chief of Police, to re-read his version of Hornitay's statement. He next got in the evidence taken before the coroner; then called Couch, the office boy, and led up to the star witness, Roberts.

Roberts was sworn. His appearance had been improved by a new suit of clothes, and was that of an industrious working-man. He told his story well, without prompting; but when he reached the point in his confession where he described how he had taken the money from the body of his dead employer, Bungay held up his hand and shouted, in a voice that reverberated throughout the court-room, as he waved a hand to the prosecuting official:

'Take the witness!'

The district attorney rose with sublime confidence. He would demolish this star witness for the defence with one question. In his most insinuating manner, he asked:

'What did you do with that money?'

'I gave it to Mrs. Lang!' was the prompt rejoinder.

Ah, it was *she* who, standing over the dead body of her husband, had taken the bills from Roberts!

I was as much surprised as the district attorney; but, now, I understood the situation and he did not. He

only comprehended that this admission established Counsellor Bungay's allegation of conspiracy on the part of Lang.

The prosecutor glared at the witness ; his lips moved but they uttered no sound. For a full minute, a woman's honour and a man's life hung in the balance. But both were saved when the district attorney dropped into his chair—the word '*Where ?*' hovering upon his lips, but unspoken.

Had he asked that question and had Roberts told the whole truth, the case would have become a vulgar shooting affray over a woman and our client would have gone to the gallows.

XVII

JOHN STIRLING'S STORY

After the anxiety and hard work of the Hornitay trial, I went to Saratoga Springs for a week's rest. One evening, I was seated upon the porch of John Stirling's cottage there, in the garden of the Grand Union Hotel. I had known Stirling as a cotton and grain broker when I was a downtown reporter for the *Tribune*, and I recalled a statement he had made to me, years before, that he owed success in his commercial activities to dreams, under which form he admitted 'control' by a 'familiar spirit.' I felt convinced that his casual statement hid a 'story' and I determined to get it on this occasion.

Here it is, in John Stirling's words:

'I was a member of the Cotton and Produce Exchanges twelve years ago. I was unmarried and led a lonely life in an uptown hotel. My friends were few. I didn't possess any sources of trustworthy information regarding the movements of stocks, grains or cotton; but, from some intuitional source within me, I had premonitions of every violent decline in the market and of every sudden rise. For several years I kept this secret to myself—occasionally backing my own confidence in the "influence," whatever it was, but never daring to advise customers. After keeping

a record for many months and finding my information invariably correct, I called one of my most speculative clients into my private office and said :

'" I seem to be receiving information from time to time that is infallible. If you won't ask me where it comes from and will agree only to act upon it moderately until personally convinced, I will share this information with you."

'He promised. I kept my word, but business developed in other channels so that I lost sight of my " personally conducted " customer for six months. At the end of that period, he came to me and said, " My health has broken ; Dr. Fordyce Barker orders me to go where I cannot speculate. Now, through your advice, I have made profits in your books of $182,000. I have broken faith with you, for I have carried an account elsewhere. I have invariably lost money on all information received from anybody but you. I believe you to be both a lucky and an honest man. Here's what I am going to do. This is a certified cheque for $50,000. I place it in your hands without any conditions. I will take your receipt and leave it among my papers ; but I shall endorse upon its back that, in the event of my death and consequent failure to return to New York, your statement of the account must be accepted by my executor without dispute. I will add a codicil to my will to the same effect, so that you shall not be involved in a lawsuit."

'I declined, peremptorily. The proposition was quite different from an ordinary discretionary account, because I detected the fear of death in the man's voice.

My customer strode from the office, leaving the cheque and promising to return later in the day for my answer. When one o'clock arrived, I went round into Beaver Street, to Delmonico's, for luncheon. I was in a brown study. Strongly as I was minded to decline the trust, I felt an influence urging me to accept it. My judgment rebelled against psychic dictation. Remember, I had been raised a Scotch Presbyterian, and knew nothing about occult science. I was at loggerheads with myself.

'That was the strangest meal I ever tried to eat. The restaurant was crowded, but at the small table I occupied, the chair opposite me remained unfilled. Several persons came my way, but after a glance at the chair, they bowed and passed on. They acted as if the seat already had an occupant! I suddenly recognized that the overmastering influence came from this chair. I left the restaurant and as I walked back to the office repeated again and again, "I will not!" But when I arrived, I went to the ledger and with my own hand reopened a special account with my former customer. The cheque was placed to his credit.

'The man came in at three o'clock, took my receipt, made the peculiar endorsement thereon in my presence, and shaking me warmly by the hand, said:

'"Perhaps this is farewell. I felt sure you would oblige me."

'"What made you think so?" I asked, merely to say something.

'"Because I took luncheon—my other self took luncheon—with you."

'He was gone before I was able to recall the strange incidents of the half-hour at the restaurant table. I hurried to the door, but he had disappeared. Had I caught him, I would have returned his cheque.

'He had not left any address at which I could communicate with him. I stopped at the Hoffman House, where he had lived, on my way uptown that afternoon. The clerk answered that the guest had gone abroad. I tried to forget the episode.

'I began to have a remarkable series of dreams. This mysterious customer appeared to me in my sleep, not every night, but at intervals of a week or ten days. The market was very feverish and I was more than usually cautious. The scene of my dream-drama was always my office. My absent customer would enter and say, in his solemn manner, "Buy 1000 barrels of pork!" "Sell 50,000 bushels of wheat!" On rare occasions, he would give an order in railroad shares, in which I did not deal.

'This went on for three months before I awakened to a realization that these dream-orders would have resulted profitably, in every instance. I followed the "instruction," next time, and bought all the lard I could safely carry,—not on my customer's account, remember, but on my own. I was not dishonest in this. I reasoned that an executor, or any court he might invoke, despite my client's covenant, would look with disfavour upon an explanation that I had made the purchase on the instigation of a dream. I should be treated as an impostor and cheat. No. If I made a loss, I'd take it myself. But I swear to you, that lard

showed a profit of $18,000 in a fortnight's time. This success both surprised and vexed me. To whom did the profits belong? After some thought, I decided to divide them. As I had taken the risks of speculation, obviously the entire profits did not belong to my absent customer, who had not ventured any money. Accordingly, I placed $9000, less my legal commission, to the credit of my "Special," as I now mentally described him.

'The next time the man visited me in my sleep, he was quite earnest when he said, "Do as I tell you; don't be afraid to use my money." To shorten this part of the narrative, I may say that I kept a detailed account of the transactions, and at the end of three years the "Special" account showed profits of more than $300,000, after deducting all commissions, which were not small in the aggregate.

'Attention to this trust, surrounded as it was with mystery, told upon my health. I worried about myself. I had never received a word in writing from my absent customer. Finally, I deposited the original $50,000 to his credit in the Chemical Bank and invested the profits—$308,549.87, to be precise—in Government bonds, which I enclosed in an envelope with a letter setting forth the facts, but not mentioning the dreams. Then I placed the bundle in a Broadway safe-deposit vault.

'I needed a change and decided to revisit my birthplace, Dundee, where many of my relatives still lived. The moment I got to the open sea, my health began to improve. My dreams ceased, and I almost forgot my

strange customer and his bundle of bonds in the steel vault in New York.'

There John Stirling stopped, and did not show any signs of continuing. My curiosity was so great that I asked :

'Did the man ever get the money?'

'Ah, you were not to ask questions,' was the calm rebuke.

'Pardon me : I merely wished to ascertain if you ever solved the mystery of the telepathic dreams,' I hastened to explain.

'I shall let you judge.'

'I went to Dundee,' resumed John Stirling. 'After an absence of a quarter of a century, I returned to the town of my birth. My "familiar spirit" and I parted company upon the Atlantic. When I got ashore, I missed his visitations and fully expected them to be resumed ; but at the home of my boyhood, my mind shook itself clear of my dream-companion.

'Among the associates of early days, I missed one face that I earnestly desired to see. No, not a woman's face. My schoolfellow, Andrew Bruce, had been, in the absence of any brother, all that a brother could have been to me ; but he had studied medicine and had left Dundee, I was told, to accept the position of chief visiting physician at the famous Morningside Asylum, Edinburgh. I took train for that city especially to see Bruce. I reached his home, quite unannounced, as he was about to enter a gig to make his daily visit to the asylum. He was overjoyed to see me and

insisted that I accompany him. We passed a delightful half-hour together. When we drew up at the institution, I desired to wait in the office while he made his round of calls in the various wards; but acting on a sudden impulse, Dr. Bruce said:

'"No; come with me. You will not see anything disagreeable. Now that I think of it, I believe you can be of use. We have a patient here from the States who is a mystery. He says he will only talk to fellow-countrymen. I want you to sit down and get his history. It is highly important in the study of his case."

'After endless corridors had been traversed and countless doors had opened and closed, we reached a ward in one of the wings apart from the main building. We entered a bright room and at a window, gazing outward upon a pretty landscape, stood the man I was to meet. His back was toward us, but Dr. Bruce attracted his attention by saying:

'"Mr. Clark, I have brought a New York friend to see you."

'The patient turned slowly and with considerable dignity of manner extended his hand. I was astounded. My mysterious client stood before me—the form and face that had been my dream-visitors for so long. Although my recognition of him was instantaneous, the man did not appear to know me. He looked at me calmly and asked me to be seated; but Dr. Bruce drew me apart and asked:

'"Did you ever meet him in New York?"

'"Yes, occasionally," I said. "But I didn't know him as Clark."

'"He told me that was the name under which he wished to be registered, but his real name is——" and Bruce whispered it to me correctly. There could be no mistake.

'"How long has he been here?" I asked.

'"About two years," replied the alienist. "He came to me from Paris with a letter from his physician. He pays five guineas a week and insists upon remaining. He is no more eccentric than several Americans I have met. He asserts that seclusion and silence are essential for the accomplishment of a serious psychic experiment he is making. He has the privilege of the grounds and I would give him a permit to visit the city at any time; but he will not leave his ward. He demands that an exact record be kept of his stay here. This is done to humour him. Men with illusions should never be thwarted in any reasonable wish they express: humouring them is a large factor in their successful treatment."

'"What is this man's delusion?"

'"He believes he can project his astral self to any part of the earth," Bruce said. "For example, he believed for a long while that he had a broker in New York buying and selling cotton and grain upon orders 'projected' to him. Curious phase, isn't it?"

'"Does he keep a record of these transactions?" I asked eagerly.

'"Yes; he has a book on the window-ledge in which he has set down all his telepathic orders. Perhaps he'll show it to you. I shall leave you together for half an hour."

'The instant the door had closed behind the doctor and we were alone, I stepped to the side of my former client, called him by his real name, and said:

'"John Stirling has found you at last."

'"Yes, I know," he replied calmly. "I was expecting you."

'The man's face was a study. Not a trace of surprise. He acted as if we had met every day during the long years. Without suggestion from me, he stepped to the window-ledge and returning with the memorandum-book mentioned by the physician, handed it to me.

'"Everything depends upon you," he said. "I have confidence in your good faith, but some of my messages may have suffered psychic interference. Disturbing influences exist in the etheric media through which I transmit my thoughts to you. Confidentially, I received this mysterious information from a source wholly unknown to me. While it has continued, I have relied upon it implicitly: but the supreme test was whether I could re-transmit it to you. Tell me, have I succeeded?"

'I told him the sum standing to his credit at his bank in New York. Next, I explained why I had bought bonds with his profits in the absence of orders and placed them in a safe-deposit box, leaving the key with a trust company in his name. My information about the money did not interest him. Waving my explanation aside, he said:

'"You are surprised to find me here? I am not insane; but I deliberately chose this hermitage in which to lead the life of a *yogi*. It has proved to be

the best place in which to test my theory of mental duality. Floyd B. Wilson is right: self-communion is the only path to power. If a man would sway or direct other men, he must be greatest when alone."

'I listened with such curiosity that I forgot the book I held in my hand. But soon my calmer judgment demanded proof, and I turned to the record before me. That would set all doubt at rest. As I opened the thin volume, the man at my side exclaimed:

'"Be careful, now! Every cherished belief of mine hangs upon your word."

'I opened the book at the transactions of the previous March. There was the memorable deal in wheat, all purchases set down in correct order. I could not be mistaken: every important date and detail was too firmly impressed upon my memory. Having satisfied myself concerning the accuracy of the memoranda, I turned to the front of the book. There the most wonderful part of the revelation was disclosed. Information imparted to me in dreams but not acted on was here written out in language similar to that in which I had received it. Do you comprehend? *The intangible guide that had originally been directing me had gone over to my client.* It had inspired—theosophists say "controlled"—me through him. His sources of information were those I had enjoyed in the beginning; but, for some inexplicable reason, the "control" had passed from me to him. This meant thought transference across the Atlantic to my client and thence back to me in New York. Utterly incredible, I agree with you; but such is the logic of

the case. Was it not strange that I, John Stirling—a lifelong disbeliever in all things supernatural or psychic —had gone to a mad-house to discover what ought to have been patent to me?

'"I am convinced," I said to my friend. "Yours is the most remarkable psychic achievement in the history of mankind. And it is susceptible of absolute proof. Here is the demonstration: You are under lock and key in Edinburgh, yet your orders were always received by me in New York on the days they were sent. Every dollar of your money in the Equitable Safe Deposit vaults was made from your $50,000 margin. You are independent for life, and now that your most interesting experiment has resulted to your satisfaction, you should not remain here another hour."

'"You are right, Stirling. I shall leave to-morrow."

'When Dr. Bruce returned, I took my "familiar spirit" by the hand and said *au revoir*. I fully expected to come for him the following day. But, as the doctor and I drove homeward, I repeated the strange story. He was a Scotch Covenanter and did not draw any line between theosophy and madness. As my faith was based upon proofs I could not dispute, I am sure Dr. Bruce aligned me with the mentally unsound.

'Some unfortunate complications followed. I remained in Edinburgh three weeks: when I left, with my client, Dr. Bruce and I were no longer friends.

'In London, on my endorsement, the New Yorker drew two thousand pounds from his account, with which, at my instance, he bought a pretty villa at Bellagio, on Lake Como. There I installed him, with

an English valet and a matronly French housekeeper. He had never been in Rome; we went there for a month. Then to Venice—where the catastrophe occurred.

'We were at the Danieli, a fashionable hotel at the mouth of the Grand Canal, and had adjoining rooms. One morning, I was startled by a pistol shot. Entering my travelling companion's apartment, I found him dead upon the floor. A package bearing my name lay on the table. There, also, was an open letter, addressed to me. The package contained a will, properly executed before the American consul, leaving me everything my friend possessed. The letter contained these words:

'"My Dear Stirling:—I had intended to wait a while before taking leave of the world and of you; but, during the past week, I have had visitations from beyond and have been advised by my familiar spirit to get off the earth. After one has solved the mystery of human life, has demonstrated to his own satisfaction —and to that of one friend in whom he thoroughly believes—the double identity of man, why should he desire to live longer? No, old associate, I am through! Everything I have is yours.

'"Affectionately,

'"Marcus Antonius."'

'So he died a crazy man at last!' I exclaimed.

'Yes, I fear so; and his familiar spirit died with him. The signature to that letter would indicate that he thought himself an ancient Roman, who had been practically ordered by a superior to take his own life. He hadn't opened his veins, but had employed a more

rapid modern method. Needless to say, I destroyed that letter. It would have invalidated the will. All I retained of his gifts was the little place at Bellagio. By persistent advertising, I found some remote relatives of his in a Mississippi valley town and apportioned the money among them in such a way as to make them comfortable for life. Oh, yes; I gave bequests, in my friend's name, to the Societies of Psychical Research in Boston and London.

'Now you know why I am a believer in familiar spirits,' concluded John Stirling.

HIS SHIP CAME IN

My stay at Saratoga was rudely interrupted next morning by a telegram ordering me to Essex County, where a revolt had occurred among the inmates of the poor-farm—a paupers' rebellion! Shades of Masaniello and Spartacus—what a good story!

Dwellers in that sphere of the forgotten had communicated their grievances to the State Commissioner of Charities at Albany and he had asked the *Herald* to investigate the complaints, instead of doing the work himself. Whallonsburg was a village of no pretensions, hugging the Adirondack foothills for warmth. It was well supplied with churches, but not a pastor had visited the exiled paupers only three miles distant from the courthouse. Leaving the town, the road skirted the brow of a range of hills, and far below was a gurgling creek that looked fish-wise. The driver of the buckboard turned off the main road through a gateless entrance to a Potter's Field, placed where all

passers-by could see each newly made grave and guess which of their former neighbours had gone to a more hospitable world than this one. How characteristic of perfunctory charity to place a pauper's burying-ground at the entrance to his final earthly dwelling-place!

Straight ahead was the rambling infirmary, partly of brick but largely of frame—shabby, unpainted, neglected. The keeper welcomed me and, proud of his economies, boasted that the County of Essex fed its paupers at an average cost of $1.17 per week. I went among these forlorn men and women waiting to die—the socially condemned. The only reading matter I saw was a greasy Bible. Not a citizen had sent any papers or magazines; nobody had placed a box at the post-office or railroad station where reading matter might be left for these friendless people. The beds were terrible to look upon; accommodations at city police-stations for midnight 'drunks' were better. In an upstairs room were eight aged women. One of them, doddering in a broken rocker, looked up as I entered and asked:

'Are you a doctor? There's something the matter with this poor old head of mine.'

I told her there was much the matter with mine, also—that it ached for her. She was much comforted to know that another fellow-mortal suffered.

From the women's ward, I descended to an open yard, deep with mud, to visit the wooden shed in which the boys were quartered. A red-haired urchin of ten especially attracted my notice. Patting him on the

shoulder, I asked his name. He gave it, and told me he was motherless and fatherless. He hadn't a relative, so had to live at the poor-farm. The boy's words touched my heart. When I left the miserable shed, in which a score of children were herded, and started across the muddy yard, I felt a tug at my coat. My little friend stood beside me, his eyes fixed upon mine so pitifully that I asked :

' What can I do for you, dear little chap ? '

' I want you to kiss me,' he answered.

' Gladly ; but why ? '

' I never was kissed in my life ! '

Journalism did much more for him. When I described that incident, I named the friendless lad. As a result, the little fellow was adopted by a childless family near Saratoga. He has been well raised, given an education and made heir to his devoted ' parents.'

His ship came in that day.

XVIII

SMASHING PHILADELPHIA'S 'TAMMANY'

In October, 1879, I was sent to Philadelphia, under special instructions from James Gordon Bennett, to expose the political corruption in the Republican organization that dominated the city. He thought it would be the work of a few weeks, or months at most.

Political power in the Quaker City was centred in the Gas Trust, an organization invested with the management of the municipal plant for lighting the city. Its members were chosen by Select and Common Councils, a large majority of the members of these bodies owing their places to the gas trustees, who, on account of their employees, were omnipotent in every ward. Having created the sources of their appointment, these trustees virtually chose themselves. The Gas Trust was self-perpetuating. Not in the palmiest days of Tweed was a small cabal of politicians so securely entrenched. It had the employment of more than 11,000 workmen in various branches of gas production and supply. These men were chattels. They were moved about from ward to ward, whenever need arose to maintain or to regain dominance in any particular locality. Not a ton of gas coal was brought to Philadelphia on which conniving railroads did not surrender a rebate to persons unknown. Not a foot

of gas pipe was purchased without an overcharge. Lime, coke, retorts, wagons, machinery of all kinds were pretexts for 'graft.' As was afterwards disclosed, bills for many of these purchases made outside the corrupt ring were boldly increased by hundreds and thousands of dollars.

The chief of this secret, powerful cabal was a tall, mild-mannered Irishman past middle age, who had come to this country as a weaver and had begun work at a loom in a cellar. He wielded the power of millions when the New York *Herald* intervened. A long fight developed. Not an encouraging word came from any newspaper in the town. Rufus E. Shapley, who had fallen out with the ringsters, became a staunch coadjutor. A young lawyer named Pattison, in the office of Lewis C. Cassidy, secured the Democratic nomination for city comptroller. He was unknown, and the fact that he was a Democrat caused the Republican cabal to ignore him; but backed by the ceaseless energy of the *Herald* and its exposure of Republican corruption, he was elected, to the amazement of everybody. Robert E. Pattison began at once to perform the true office of city comptroller by demanding vouchers for all bills and throwing out those for which none existed. On November 6, 1880, after more than a year's agitation—during which the *Herald's* correspondent had been threatened with arrest and deluged with menacing letters—a call was issued by E. Dunbar Lockwood for a meeting to organize a citizens' committee to grapple with the Gas Trust ring. This was the germ of the Committee of One Hundred

—by comparison, a far more effective and unselfish popular body than our much-vaunted Committee of Seventy in New York; for, as time proved, there were less than half a dozen office-seekers in the whole group.

In the struggle that followed, the *Herald* led vigorously. Frequently, when its issue contained an exposure of convincing character, I ordered 10,000 extra copies, which were distributed at Mr. Bennett's expense. The crusade was a costly one and attended with much perplexity and discouragement, and perhaps some personal danger. Attempts were made to reach my employer, whether at home or abroad, and convince him that I was actuated by motives of personal spite, or failure to receive political favours demanded. My managing editor was not in the secret of Mr. Bennett's instructions and was persuaded to send one of the most capable men on his staff, Mr. J. I. C. Clarke, to Philadelphia to interview 'Boss' McManes. This had the effect of rousing the honest citizens to renewed vigour. Ignorance of the knowledge that Mr. Bennett had inspired the entire campaign was the weak point of my enemies. One of these, a desperate character named 'Billy' McMullen, was especially swearing vengeance upon me if the 'persecution' of his friends did not cease.

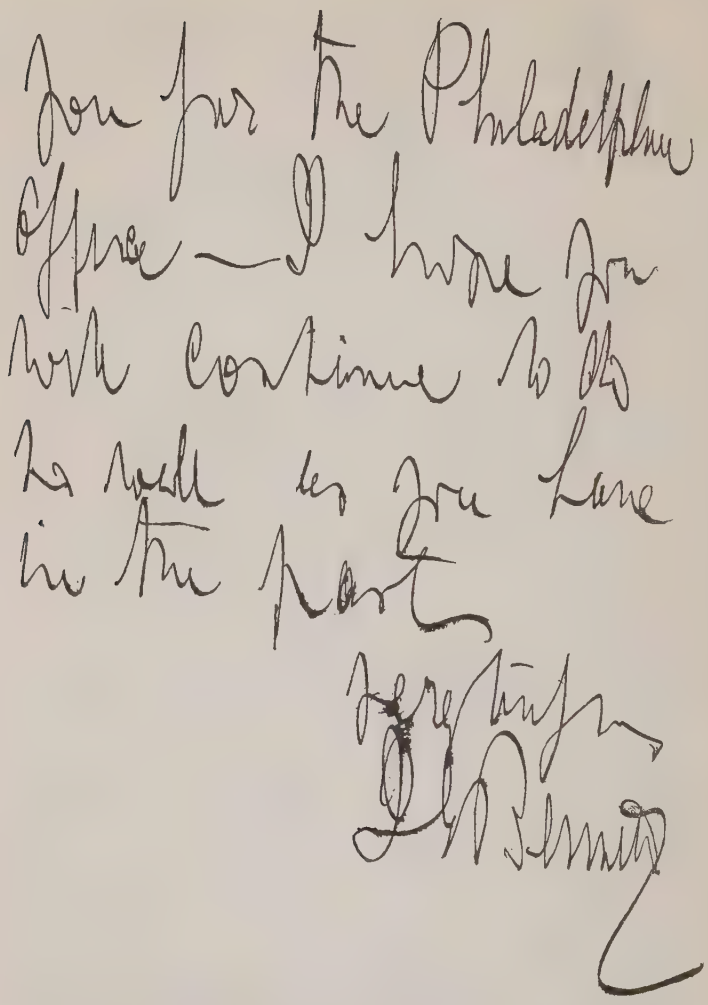
As underhanded methods to influence Mr. Bennett did not succeed,—he wrote to me from Paris cordially approving of everything I had done,—the cabal tried another scheme to get rid of me. On an order from the *Herald* office, made at the suggestion of Representative Perry Belmont to Charles Nordhoff, at

120 AVENUE DES CHAMPS-ELYSEES

Paris 19. 1871

Dear Mr Charles.

Yours
of April just has been
received — I congratulate
you upon your success
and myself — in having obliged



A Characteristic Note from James Gordon Bennett

Washington, I had an interview with an adventurer named Manthrop, for the use, as I assumed, of a Congressional committee investigating charges that certain senators were connected with a scheme to compel payment of claims against Peru. This I forwarded to New York in the expectation that it would be transmitted thence to Washington. To my amazement, the confidential matter was printed the following morning, owing to the unfortunate condition of the night editor, who overlooked my note accompanying the manuscript. A firm of shyster lawyers in Philadelphia, affiliated with the ringsters, at once communicated with a senator mentioned by Manthrop and induced him to bring a suit for criminal libel. I narrowly avoided arrest by hurrying to a magistrate's office with a bondsman and giving bail. The senator disclaimed unfriendliness to me when my counsel, Mr. Shapley, explained the facts; but after consultation with his friends (my political enemies) he persisted in going to trial to secure what he was pleased to call a vindication. The Gas Trust cabal was jubilant. Senator McPherson, of New Jersey, ultimately realized that he was being used for the purpose of sending the obnoxious *Herald* correspondent to jail and thus stopping further disclosures of corruption. Like Tweed and his associates, the Gas Trust 'only wanted to be let alone.' Instead of the hoped-for imprisonment, the trial ended in a fine which was promptly paid. The campaign continued with renewed vigour.

By this time, the exposures had extended to other branches of municipal administration, especially to that

of the Blockley Almshouse, where several thousand city paupers—among whom were 1200 insane patients—were systematically ill-fed and abused. In a fire at that institution, many insane people were burned to death, because of inadequate precautions. The superintendent had embezzled thousands of dollars, although allowed to keep very little of it himself. He fled the country. Contracting engineers and others connected with the Gas Trust were either driven out of town or sent to jail.

In marked contrast to the tragic events of the reform crusade, which lasted years instead of months, was an experience with one Cornelius Walbrun. In examining a mass of vouchers and letters obtained in an 'underground' manner from the office of the Gas Trust, I encountered the name of this gentleman, a retired contractor, familiarly referred to as 'Cooney.' I made mention of him one day, adding that he was not involved in any irregularities. The next day, Mr. Walbrun, a short, red-faced man of middle age, came into the *Herald* bureau and announced his intention to bring suit for libel against the newspaper because his name had been 'associated with the rascals of the Gas Trust.' My clerk was seated on the other side of the room and I pretended to give him some instructions. Then I turned to my visitor and said:

'How have I libelled you by mentioning your dealing with these gas trustees?'

'How?' the visitor fairly shouted. 'Because S—— is a thief, I know him to be. He wanted me to certify a crooked bill for goods I had supplied. When I

refused, he said: "No matter, Cooney; we can fix the bill afterwards." And I suppose he did. There's B—— (mentioning the name of a chief engineer), he's also a crook. I can put him in jail. And as to the Boss himself, I know how he got his riches——'

'Please wait a minute,' I interrupted, looking over at the clerk as I inquired, 'Have you got all that down, Joe?'

'Yes, sir,' replied the young man.

'What's that?' exclaimed Walbrun. 'You don't mean you are going to print what I have just said?'

'We shall find it very valuable in the suit you intend to bring.'

'Oh! see here; I'll call off that suit if you'll give me those notes.'

'Put them in the safe, Joe,' I said, as the visitor departed, taking his injured innocence with him.

A SECRET DULY REPORTED

My long stay in Philadelphia was not all storm and stress. I attended the state conventions of both parties. The Democrats of Pennsylvania were in a very demoralized condition in the 'eighties, owing to the existence of a feud between Senator Wallace and former Speaker Randall, two strong, equally ambitious and incorruptible men. A state convention of their party was to meet at Harrisburg, and anxiety as to the course of the Pennsylvania Democracy—afterwards miraculously led to political control in the Keystone State of Republicanism by Governor Pattison—was general throughout the United States. I was at

Harrisburg to report the convention and especially to ascertain the terms of peace between the two leaders, if made.

During the afternoon preceding convention day, time hung heavily on my hands. I hired a hack and with a companion visited several public institutions. I was particularly interested at the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, where I witnessed a remarkable exhibition of a super-cultivated sense. A young woman, deaf and dumb, could write down my conversation with a friend by watching our lips (lip-reading is more familiar now than it was then). We made several tests, in one instance standing fifty feet apart and talking in whispers.

That night I learned from W. U. Hensel, afterwards attorney-general but then editor of the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, that a public reconciliation would take place between Randall and Wallace. It was to be staged on a balcony at the rear of the convention hall, in plain view of all delegates. Wallace and Randall were to enter the balcony from opposite sides, advance to its centre, shake hands and, while the 1200 delegates were cheering what to most of them would be a supreme and gratifying surprise, hold their conference absolutely alone.

A thrilling, picturesque scene, affording excellent material for graphic description, was sure to occur; but how was I to learn what words were exchanged between the two statesmen?

In my despatch to New York that night, I featured the forthcoming reunification of the Pennsylvania Democracy, and enlarged on the unusual character of

the demonstration that was to signalize the burying of all differences between the two strongest men of that party in the Commonwealth. The characteristics of Randall and Wallace were well known to me from personal acquaintance at Washington. Although strictly honest, they believed in the Jacksonian doctrine that the spoils of office belonged to them. Therefore an agreement on state patronage was inevitable.

As I walked to the Lochiel House from the telegraph office, my mind reverted to the 'banner' scholar at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. I knew the convention hall, from previous occasions. The balcony upon which the 'love feast' would occur was thirty feet from the front seats in the first gallery, at the rear of the vast apartment. If I could get that woman ensconced in the corner of the main gallery, I might secure the substance of the bargain!

With the aid of a cab, persuasion and liberal compensation, a demure woman occupied the gallery seat nearest to the balcony when the convention opened. She was to write, by sight, what the state leaders said. Nobody in the hall knew of her presence and purpose, except myself. She was keenly alert, but innocent of any political knowledge.

The rush of the assembling multitude did not disturb her, because she could not hear it. Suddenly, the great crowd rose to its feet and faced the rear of the hall. The moment had come. A whirlwind of applause greeted the two statesmen, both commanding figures. It was a thrilling scene for those who comprehended its full purport.

The little woman in the gallery, near the chief actors in this political drama, said nothing, heard nothing, but saw every movement of the lips of the rivals for party supremacy in the Commonwealth. With the exception of a few names that she could not read clearly because they were unknown to her, she committed to paper the terms concluded at that conference. Some of the blank spaces left by the interpreter were filled by subsequent hustling, and some were not ; but this woman wrote an almost verbatim report of what the men said, the patronage each agreed to control, and the attitude they would take in the approaching Democratic National Convention. The state ticket named that day swept the Commonwealth and landed the young lawyer of Philadelphia, the honest City Comptroller, Robert E. Pattison, in the office of Governor of Pennsylvania—the first Democratic state executive in thirty years.

XIX

POLITICS AND SPECTRES AT WASHINGTON

While at Washington again, in 1885–6, I had an apartment for several months in the 'Dolly Madison' mansion, Jackson Square, and took my meals at the Arlington Hotel near by. I slept in the bedchamber of that charming Lady of the White House, but never saw her apparition, as other tenants had claimed. The building has since become the home of the Cosmos Club.

Two blocks eastward, at 1415 H Street, in its own large grounds, stood the antiquated Kennedy mansion, at that time a fashionable boarding-house, where lived several United States Senators and some beautiful women whose presence at the capital was a subject of conjecture. As a news centre, the house appealed to me and I ensconced myself therein. The rooms were spacious; the building had been occupied successively by ministers of three foreign powers, but had been surrendered in each case for some unexplained reason.

My room was on the second floor, at the front corner overlooking the yard. The Court of Claims, directly across H Street, had before it a flaring electric light—an important fact in this adventure.

My office hours rarely ended before 2.30 a.m. As we had a direct wire, news could be sent until that

hour. President Cleveland had a habit of giving out important documents so late that I had dubbed his tenure 'The Midnight Administration.'

On one such night, when a Message from the President had tumbled into every news bureau in Washington between 12 and 1 a.m., demanding comment and explanation, I went to my lodgings at three, completely used up. I did not require a light, because the big electrode on the opposite pavement brightly illumined the apartment through its unscreened windows. I fell asleep at once.

An hour later, I sat up in bed, conscious that someone had entered the room. By the stream of light that came in through the window, I distinctly saw the figure of a very small woman, standing at a table in the centre of the apartment, fumbling over a mass of papers. Not frightened in the slightest degree, I assumed that my door must have been left unlocked and that this aged person, unconscious of my return, had entered to seek some article left during daytime cleaning. This reasoning was based upon the fact that I had previously encountered the same woman at night in the halls or on the stairway, and had taken it for granted that she was a member of the household help. She wore a brown calico dress, such as our grandmothers affected: a black stripe, half an inch wide, ran down the waist and skirt, in which, at intervals of an inch, were red berries—like those of wintergreen. A poke bonnet of similar material, loosely tied at the neck, was pushed back so that the pale, pinched face was visible.

'Have you lost anything?' I asked.

Unstartled by my inquiry, the tiny woman passed round the table and, as I sprang to the floor, her apparition faded into the wall on the garden side of the room ! I then investigated. The door was locked ; the window was closed. A large closet contained only my clothes. I again recalled the number of times, late at night, when I had seen this same figure. Mental reflection concerning the supernatural kept me awake the rest of the night, and I appeared at the breakfast table about eight o'clock, a most unusual hour for me. I showed signs of loss of sleep.

Among other distinguished people about that board was a retired New York banker, Mr. S. Augustus Peabody, nephew of George Peabody, the philanthropist. He was there as the guest of a United States Senator.

Boarders who regularly mustered for breakfast commented on the fact of my presence ; some intimated that I must have had a bad night. After a good deal of jesting, I mentioned the visit from the Little Old Woman in Brown. I related exactly what had occurred. More badinage was indulged in at my expense—considerable *double entendre*, even—which was very easy to endure.

The gravity of the mistress of the house, however, was unmistakable. At a sign from her, as she left the table, I joined her in the reception-room. There she admitted to me that the apparition I had seen and so accurately described ' belonged on the premises.' Baron Fava, she explained, had given up his lease of the building, as the Italian Legation, because of this

ghostly visitant. The Chinese Minister had done the same thing. She, who did not believe in ghosts, had taken the great house at a reasonable rental, and begged I would say no more about the experience.

'The Little Woman in Brown goes with this house,' she concluded. 'I cannot get rid of her.'

When I returned to the breakfast table, other themes had arisen; but Mr. Peabody, who sat directly opposite to me, still looked grave and at the first lull in the conversation, inquired:

'Do you believe in the supernatural, Mr. Chambers?'

'I do not,' was my prompt reply. 'What I saw was doubtless due to overwork.'

'Perhaps: but let me tell you of my experience at a country house in Flushing.'

Amid silence, the New York banker began:

'I was born and raised in New York. Beginning as clerk in a broker's office, I attained a seat on the Stock Exchange when I was twenty-five; made a fortune in the market, became a banker, and at fifty was about to enjoy life when my wife sickened and died, leaving to my care two sons. I decided to close my city home earlier than usual and go to the country for seclusion. Consulting my real-estate agents, they brought the Winter mansion at Flushing to my attention. I inspected it and signed a lease for the summer at $2500. It appeared to be an ideal place in which to pass a period of mourning. Within a week, I was established at the new home, with my sons, a housekeeper, cook, several maids, gardener and groom.

'I couldn't account for it, but from the first the

house had a depressing effect upon me. It wasn't exactly dread that prevented me from going about its large apartments at night ; but my boys, who had never shown timidity elsewhere, refused to walk through the halls if unlighted. Two of the under-servants complained to the housekeeper of hearing strange noises. These incidents did not worry me, for I was a scoffer at the supernatural.

'Returning from the city one night, I was met at the door by the butler, who assured me that burglars were in the building. In a voice quivering with fear, one of the maids described a struggle between two or more men, heard not seen, in an upper room. My two boys, with their nurse, were locked in the kitchen.

'Going to my room for a revolver, I hurried to the attic from which the sounds were said to have come. It was empty. Not the slightest evidence of a struggle was apparent. Much vexed, I scolded the housekeeper, a woman of mature years and discretion, and cautioned her against listening to idle tales from servants. While talking to this woman, I heard a horse driven at high speed from the yard and was told my coachman was going for a doctor. An apparition in his quarters, over the carriage-house, had thrown his wife into hysterics.

'When I went to bed at midnight, after extinguishing the gas—it was before the electric age—an explosion occurred near my head, like that of a pistol. Could it be an attempt on my life ? Hastily relighting the gas, I examined all the rooms on that floor. Every door was locked and every closet empty. By that time,

servants were knocking on my door and calling my name. They had heard the loud report and feared I had been murdered or had killed myself. No hallucination, I assure you.

'Thereafter, inexplicable incidents were frequent. If I ascended or descended the stairs in the dark, I felt the presence of *something* following me. I was annoyed rather than afraid. For example, as I passed the door of a large closet I heard muffled sounds within, as if an inanimate body were sinking to the floor in a heap. I threw the door open. Empty.

'Each night had its weird and unnatural occurrence. Servant after servant left; the manager of an agency in New York abandoned the task of keeping me in help.

'I decided to make inquiries about the place. Dr. Thomas Hyatt lived in the first house below the grounds, toward the railroad station. I called on him and was shown into an office, where the physician sat behind a flat-top desk. He was a small man, with a clean-shaven face. His pop-eyes were covered by a pair of horn-spectacles that hung from large ears.

'"I am your neighbour, doctor," I began. "I occupy the Winter house adjoining your property."

'"Ah!" was his only answer, surprisedly.

'"Do you know the history of that house—anything curious about it?"

'"Ah?" again, but interrogatively.

'"Can you explain why it has remained unoccupied for five years, as I have lately learned?"

'"H'm!" The doctor tapped his bell and told a

servant to summon Mrs. Hyatt. Silence was broken by the entrance of a small, nervous woman, walking upon tip-toes. I remember her very distinctly indeed. Her frock of black watered silk was shiny with wear; small curls of grey hair, freshly released from crimping papers, dangled about her temples. She wasn't exactly like any human creature I had ever seen; but the doctor introduced me, and, reseating ourselves, he began:

'"I can only tell you my experience——"

'"Yes, Thomas," interjected the lady. "*You* went to the house next door one night last February."

'I looked the speaker in the face. She had been listening, outside! Why her curiosity?

'"A blustery, sleety night," said the physician. "Much sickness existed hereabout, and I had come home from a round of professional calls. The hour was late; I was chilled to the bone. Hardly had I seated myself before a fire in the grate, here"—pointing—"when the door-bell rang. My wife, sitting where she now is, urged me not to answer the summons. While I hesitated, the bell sounded again. From a sense of professional duty, I went to the door and opened it.

'"In the storm stood a tall man, enveloped in a shawl. A slouch hat obscured the top of his face and a brown beard covered his cheeks. He was a most unprepossessing person; but he exclaimed:

'"'Come, in the name of God, to the house next door and do something for my poor wife. She is dying.'

'"'You cannot mean the Winter place?' I asked.

'"'I suppose so. We moved in to-day and the excitement has prostrated my wife. Do come, at once!'

'"He seemed extremely distressed. I hesitated no longer, but got into my greatcoat, pulled a cap over my ears and went out with him. We walked along the street. The gate of the adjacent property stood ajar, although it had been padlocked when I passed in the afternoon. We hurried up the path through the grounds. A thin coating of sleet lay on the snow. My guide was in the lead when we reached the front door and threw it open. Inside, darkness. Noticing my disinclination to enter, the stranger explained that he had not been able to get the gas turned on. He lighted the way up the stairs with matches and I was conducted to a door leading to the large room at the front."

'"The one I occupy!" I exclaimed.

'"I entered the apartment," continued the doctor, rising and pointing towards various objects as he visualized and named them. "It was large and dimly lighted by an oil lamp standing upon a mantel. On the left, was a dead wall, a large clothes-press against it. Directly ahead of my line of sight was a window, and ten feet to the right, another window. Between them, a bureau. In the side wall, was a third window. Then came the mantelpiece to which I have referred, a fireless grate beneath it. To me, the important object in the room was a bed. Thereon lay my patient.

'"Throwing off my coat and taking the lamp from

the mantel in my left hand, I approached the sufferer. A glance confirmed the hopeless character of the woman's illness. She was girlish in appearance, with a wealth of beautiful brown hair that framed a wan face. Her blue eyes were wide open and wore a stare of terror. I had no time for diagnosis, but decided it was a case of tuberculosis—with death only a matter of hours. I spoke to the fragile creature; she only stared at me, but did not answer. I could not detect the presence of a pulse. Her body was cold, the chill of death was already upon her.

' " I asked for brandy, for hot-water bags. Not an emergency remedy was at hand. Replacing the lamp, I opened my pocket-case and gave a hypodermic of digitalis to stimulate heart action. I ordered a fire built in the grate. I wrote a prescription for a powerful tonic and putting the paper upon the mantel, at the side of the lamp, I said to the man, who had been closely watching me:

' " ' At daylight, go to the pharmacy two blocks up the street and get this filled. Give a tablespoonful every quarter hour.'

' " Promising to return at eight in the morning, I left the apartment. As before, matches were lighted to guide me down the dusty stairway. Mrs. Hyatt awaited my return; she had grown very anxious. Well, I overslept; nine o'clock had struck before I hurried out to attend my new patient—doubtful if I should find her alive. It was a fine morning, clear and crisp—the ground frozen hard as horn. Imagine my annoyance to find the iron gate of the Winter drive-

way padlocked, as it had been for years. I couldn't scale the sharp palings of the fence or gate. But it was my duty to get in, somehow. The agent of the property had an office near by, and I went there.

'"'Let me into the Winter house,' I demanded. 'I have a patient there.'

'"'A what!' exclaimed the agent.

'"'A patient. I attended the wife of the new tenant last night. She's a very sick woman and I promised to return this morning, but cannot get into the grounds.'

'"'The property hasn't been occupied for four years,' he said, looking at me curiously.

'"'I won't argue,' I returned. 'Kindly send someone with the keys.'

'" A clerk accompanied me. We crossed the icy street and pried off the padlock, instead of unlocking it. A thin layer of snow on the path to the front door bore the footprints of one person entering the grounds, and one person leaving. Can you explain how that strange man came to my house, or returned to the one in which I left him? We unlocked the front door. I called attention to the matches upon the stairway! Advancing along the hall, after turning at the head of the steps, the clerk threw open the front bedchamber —the room you occupy, Mr. Peabody. It was empty; and, in the bright sunlight, the dust of years lay upon its floor and window-sills.

'" Now, sir," continued Dr. Hyatt, rising and speaking with quivering voice, " we are in that room again. I have entered from the hall, there "—turning

and pointing to an imaginary door directly behind where he stood. "I designate the objects as they are indelibly fixed in eye-memory. It is the same room, and yet not the same. There are the windows. Between them should stand a bureau—vanished. Against the wall, a wardrobe—also gone. Here at my right ought to be a bed, in which was my patient, for at its side, standing by the fireless grate, I wrote a prescription, placed it upon this mantel, and—by the ever-living God, *it is here!*"'

XX

THE BIRNEY CASE

After Congress adjourned, I returned to the home office for general work.

I had never quite forgotten Thomas Gately, whose curious experience as a burglar, heretofore told,* had deeply impressed me. Five years had passed since we had had our talk in the corridor of the Criminal Court building, and I was sure he had earned full respite. I had hoped to hear from him, but was unprepared for meeting him in the manner I did.

It was the fall season and I was temporarily acting as city editor while my superior was away on a belated vacation. Every newspaper in the city was exerting itself to unravel the mysterious murder of a young society man found stabbed to death in Washington Square. The motive did not appear to be robbery, although no watch was found upon the body—it was not known at first whether he had worn a watch that evening, or not. The police were hopeless, and every city editor in town was losing sleep from fear that a rival would 'beat' him with a solution of the crime. Four days and nights of this anxiety had passed without a clue.

Every member of the city staff was out on

* See Chapter XI.

assignment; the large glass-partitioned room was empty. James, the aged man at the door, came in, looked round to make sure I was alone, and whispered:

'A Mr. Gatling to see you; asked for you by name and says he has something important to tell you.'

'Gatling? Don't know him. What does he look like?' I asked.

'Looks bad—pale and wild-eyed.'

'Bring him in; he may have some news.' Experience had taught me to see the Devil himself, had he called.

An anæmic, timid man, uncertain of himself, followed James from the waiting-room. He removed his hat, far too deferentially, and after assuring himself of my identity, said:

'Do you remember Thomas Gately—the man who got five years for going to sleep at the wrong time?'

I certainly did and was glad to meet him again. Prison pallor was still visible on his cheeks, his fine grey eyes had lost their lustre, and the poor chap looked hungry. I motioned him to a chair, but, glancing about the room and at the door in the furtive way I had noticed in other released convicts, he whispered:

'I haven't forgotten that you came to see me at White Plains, and I'm here to return that kindness. I can explain the murder of the young society chap in Washington Square——'

'What! the Birney case? Come into another room, where we shan't be interrupted,' I said eagerly.

When we were alone, I rang a bell and sent an order to Sandy Spencer's, a restaurant under Knox's

hat-store, for a big sirloin steak, fried potatoes and a pot of coffee. While we were waiting for Gately's luncheon, he told the pathetic story of his imprisonment, of his mental distress during that isolation, and of his wife's death from a broken heart—and from malnutrition. Their baby had preceded its mother. Gately had earned eleven months' commutation for good conduct, only to regain his liberty a friendless, broken man. To encourage him, I told the story of Jerry McAuley, the manner in which we had met and his new start in life. The former proof-reader was not comforted, saying frankly that mission work did not appeal to him. After what he had suffered, he did not feel religious and he couldn't be a hypocrite. Twice, he began to talk to me about the murder ; but I stopped him, preferring to wait until his obvious hunger was appeased. I also wanted a stenographer to take down what he said.

He ate heartily but without gluttony or any breach of table manners. When we were ready, his first sentence—after a glance of suspicion at the stenographer—took away my breath.

'I was an involuntary witness of that murder last Thursday night. I was seated on a bench at the north side of Washington Square, a trifle drowsy but perfectly conscious, when my eyes were suddenly attracted by a flood of light, flashed into the darkness from the open front door of a large house facing the fashionable northern side of the square. Two young men in evening dress emerged from the doorway, descended the steps, crossed the street and came directly toward

where I was sitting. They were talking excitedly. I closed my eyes, pretending to be asleep. As the men passed almost within touch of me, one said to the other:

'"You are all wrong about that girl; I've known her for years and I tell you she's all right."

'"You're a poor fool: I'll force her to confess in your presence what she is. She's a vampire!"

'"Bah! You lie!"

'Instantly, the young fellow thus denounced struck a savage blow at his companion that caught him in the open shirt front of the left breast. He fell to the pavement in a heap. The blow appeared to be with the fist; but, instinctively, I knew it to be a knife thrust. It was murder!

'Without agitation, though a near-by electric street-light showed everything, the murderer regained the weapon from the prostrate form of the victim, thrust his hands into his overcoat pocket, and walked up Fifth Avenue. I was afraid to slip away and still more to remain. I daren't approach the corpse—a released convict would have had a swell chance if arrested—so I slunk away toward my lodgings beyond Sixth Avenue. They're not aristocratic lodgings—I sleep on a cot in a room with six other poor devils.

'When I got there, I sat for an hour on the stairs in pitch darkness, trying to decide what I ought to do. If I hadn't been an ex-convict, I'd have gone to the superintendent of police. But I needn't go into the risks of taking a step like that, with you. You know what an ex-convict has to look out for. Still, I couldn't reach a decision that night.

'I had some pretty horrible dreams. It was late when I woke on Friday morning. My room-mates had gone. I opened the windows—you need air in a place like that, and you like to open windows after you've been shut up in jail for four years. The newsboys were crying "extra!" in the street. I ran down for a paper. It had large headlines announcing the murder. I slipped back to my room and read what they had to say about it. No arrest had been made. The dead man had been identified as Horace Birney, grandson of a railroad king and possessor of large wealth. Not a word about his companion. Here's the cutting!' He drew a soiled newspaper-clipping from his pocket, and read it out:

'"Horace Birney, well-known man about town and member of many social clubs, was found dead in Washington Square early this morning by Officer Kennedy of the Ninth Precinct—clearly a case of murder. Examination at the station-house by Police-Sergeant Brown revealed a knife wound, penetrating the heart. Death must have been instantaneous. Object was robbery, for Birney's watch was missing."

'Robbery? There wasn't any robbery. I saw him struck, saw him fall and saw the other fellow go away. Some homeless wretch, more or less like myself, must have stumbled across the body and looted it. But how could the body have lain so long before it was discovered by the officer? The path is a thoroughfare from South Fifth Avenue. The electric light probably went out. That's the only explanation.

'There isn't much in that paper—nothing about the party; but in another I found this:

'"Mr. Birney attended a reception at the house of Mrs. George Ballington, Washington Square, North. She is the widow of a recently deceased hotel manager who amassed a large fortune in the popular chain of taverns reaching from the Pacific coast to Massachusetts Bay, and whose boast was that he could travel from Boston to Omaha and sleep every night in one of his own beds. The murdered man left Mrs. Ballington's house about one o'clock in the company of a popular Wall Street broker, Arthur Jameson. When seen at his office to-day, Mr. Jameson was greatly shocked to learn of his friend's tragic death. He admitted being at Mrs. Ballington's affair, casually meeting Mr. Birney at the door as they were both leaving, descending the front steps in his company and exchanging some words with him about the darkness of the night. But they had separated at the corner of Fifth Avenue. He had walked to his club, more than half a mile uptown, where he had written a letter and then gone to his bachelor apartment. The hour was so late that the club was deserted, and Mr. Jameson did not remember having met anybody except the porter at the door, who would probably remember the visit.

'"The police theory is that young Birney had started across the square, en route to the Bleeker Street station of the L road, when he was set upon and murdered by two or more of the human vultures that find nightly lodgings upon benches in that park. Robbery was the motive. Detectives are running out several clues that may capture the murderer or murderers before night. They confess to some elements of mystery about the case."

'They always do that, Mr. Chambers. You

remember what a deal of mystery they found in my case, five years ago? This time I'm the mystified one. Robbery of the body has me guessing. Could the murderer have returned to secure possession of an incriminating letter? Or did a night prowler "go through" the corpse? You see, that point must be cleared up before I can accuse Jameson of the crime; otherwise, he'll just turn on me and have me arrested as the murderer on my admission that I was in the locality. I haven't any corroborative evidence, my statement is improbable, and no motive is known for Jameson's act. Yes, the quarrel was evidently about a woman; but who she was, where she had crossed the lines of those two lives, and why Jameson was so intent on protecting his companion from the dangerous creature that he would take his life to ensure that result, is more than I can understand.'

'Have you done anything to solve the mystery?' I asked.

'I attended the funeral on the bare possibility of seeing the woman for whom Birney lost his life. Under the guise of a florist's assistant and by spending five dollars borrowed from my last friend for a wreath, I managed to get past a girl at the door and into the room where the casket stood. People were taking final leave and I identified the face of the dead man. I was deliberately slow in arranging the flowers and observed every woman in the apartment. Standing near a mirror that reached from floor to ceiling was a tall young woman in deep black. Her back was toward me but her features were reflected in the mirror and I saw she was weeping. Nobody seemed to know

her. She stood apart from everybody and, as the house became crowded, she occupied an inconspicuous seat at the rear of the drawing-room. I waited outside until the services ended, watching for this woman.

'The Birney homestead, where the dead man lived with his widowed mother and two sisters, was on Forty-sixth Street, near Fifth Avenue. When the "woman in black" appeared, I followed her to her home. She walked to a Madison Avenue car and rode to Forty-second Street, where she got off, darted into the Grand Central Station, made two laps around the crowded rotunda, escaped through the baggage-room at the eastern side, ascended to the platform of the Third Avenue L, boarded a shuttle car, crossed the bridge at Forty-second Street and Third Avenue to the up-track and took a train to Fifty-third Street station. There she alighted and walked to a house in Fiftieth Street, near Park Avenue. Her efforts to avoid being followed showed that she wasn't the unsophisticated creature she appeared to be; but why did she think she might be under observation? Did she know or surmise the murderer's identity?

'By cautious inquiries of the janitor of the apartments, I learned that the woman occupied the third floor, with her mother. It was one of the old-fashioned walk-up structures, but I nearly lost my breath when I read on a card, over the usual letter-box in the entrance hall, the words: "Mrs. Katherine Birney."

'It took me two days to solve the mystery of the name on the letter-box. The handsome woman I followed home from the funeral is a natural sister of

the dead man. Jameson's ignorance of that family secret impelled him to resent the defence of the girl's character by Birney. Strange thing, life, isn't it?'

At this point, I took up the story, for while we were still in council, so to speak, word came from Police Headquarters that two sneak thieves had been caught on Thompson Street in the act of robbery and when they were searched at the station-house, Horace Birney's watch had been found on one of them. There could not be a mistake. Descriptions and engraved facsimiles of the watch-case had been posted in every police station between Albany and Atlantic Highlands. If these two thieves had robbed the dead body, they confirmed Gately's story.

'Come, we'll go to Headquarters,' I said. 'You must tell what you know to Superintendent Byrnes.'

We drove to the Central Office, in Mulberry Street. I had known the superintendent as captain and inspector—the latter title most cherished to the day of his death—and was shown directly into the presence of the most analytical mind I have ever come across. Very briefly, I told him how I had first met Gately as a proof-reader on the *Tribune* nine years before, how he had lost his job, and, being unable to get another, had yielded to the temptation to enter a house in Tremont for robbery, had fallen asleep therein, been tied up by another burglar (who assumed him to be the master of the house), had thus been captured and given five years by Recorder Hacket. Byrnes listened impassively.

Gately was then brought in and repeated his story

about the Birney murder, keeping back nothing. I watched the superintendent's face closely. He affected not to believe the narrative, but he sent to the Prince Street station-house and had the prisoner in possession of Birney's watch hurried to Headquarters. Meanwhile, George McCluskey had looked up the fellow's police record, which showed that he was in jail for assault on the night of the murder and had been discharged on suspended sentence only the day before his arrest for burglary. The man insisted that he had bought the 'ticker' from a pal, who swore he had found it hanging by its chain on a fence, 'where some swell full of booze must have left it.' I learned this new phase of the case in the Detective Office. Parting with Gately at the street corner, I cautioned him that he would be followed. The poor fellow expected it, and thanked me that he was not locked up. I advised him to get acquainted with his 'shadow.' That night, he met me by appointment at Lynch's, in the International Hotel on Park Row, where the Syndicate skyscraper now stands.

'The bull and I are friends,' he began. 'I went straight up to him, told him I knew he was a Central Office man, and invited him to take something. I didn't say a word about the Birney case. He's inclined to be sociable and hasn't tried to pump me. I'm growing fond of detective work and with your help, Mr. Editor, I hope to qualify as a detective and share in the $5000 reward offered for the discovery of the murderer of Horace Birney. My unsupported testimony won't convict him; but Hopkins—that's

my "shadow"—assures me I have enough skill and resourcefulness to be a detective.'

I was summoned to Headquarters two days later and when ushered into the superintendent's room was informed that Jameson had been sent for.

The broker's coolness when he came was marvellous. He wore a tall silk hat, similar to the one Gately had described. He said he had expected to be interrogated, as the last person in whose company the deceased had been seen. He talked freely about the shock occasioned by Birney's tragic death. He rehearsed the casual meeting as the two men left Mrs. Ballington's. Not a question was asked him. When his statement had been taken down, Byrnes touched a bell and a young officer entered. Both men rose, the superintendent bowed and said gravely:

'This officer has a warrant for your arrest, Mr. Jameson: you will please accompany him.'

The suspect's nerve did not desert him. Although his cheeks blanched, his lips did not quiver as he replied, 'At your service, Mr. Superintendent.'

An hour later, the arrest was the talk of the city.

Meanwhile, the 'woman in black' had been brought from the Fiftieth Street apartment house to Police Headquarters, where Detective McCluskey bluntly told her of Jameson's arrest, insinuating that the prisoner had made a partial confession and that her name had come into the case. As was hoped, she broke down, and wept violently. She then took from a small hand-bag several trinkets that she claimed to have had from

Birney, and, to our complete confusion, made this amazing admission :

' I witnessed the murder ! I had learned that Birney and Jameson were to attend that reception and feared trouble if they met. I had hoped to intercept Mr. Birney and beg him not to attend. Failing, I had waited nearly three hours for him to take his departure. When I saw the two men cross the street and the blow struck, I waited until a tramp asleep on a near-by bench awakened and slouched away. Running to the prostrate man, supposing him only insensible, I was horror-stricken to find him dead. In my excitement, I took from one of his fingers a ring I myself had given him—a ring my mother had worn for many years. The watch had fallen out of the pocket and hung by its chain ; I took it, without thought of its value, as a memento of a brother whose relationship could never be acknowledged.'

After the others had recovered from the surprise caused by this revelation—a relationship with the dead man that Gately had discovered but not imparted to anybody except Byrnes and myself—the girl continued :

' Frantically, I sought a policeman ; but suddenly the consciousness of the situation in which I should be placed rushed over me, and I went home. I was afraid to keep the watch, and hung it by its chain on an iron fence in University Place. Mr. Jameson dealt the blow that killed my—brother.'

On the testimony of Miss Charlotte Birney, the grand jury indicted Arthur Jameson for the murder of Horace Birney. At the trial, this girl was the

principal witness for the state. Gately's testimony was not given. Owing to a defence manufactured by able counsel, and the sworn statement of the prisoner upon the stand that an altercation had occurred in which he had believed his life endangered, he 'hung the jury' and escaped with a life sentence.

His conduct on the witness stand favourably impressed the jury from the fact that he admitted the quarrel had arisen about a woman, but he positively refused to mention her name. It was an heroic, grand-stand play when he said, theatrically, 'If my freedom depends on mentioning the lady's name, I shall not make that sacrifice of my honour!' You can imagine how that sounded to me, who knew that the lady to whom he referred was the one he had so vilely slandered and who, without knowing the fact, had regretfully given the testimony relied upon by the prosecuting attorney. The jury, however, did not know that secret, which could not be got before them without putting Gately on the stand—a procedure too dangerous, it was thought, to be ventured. The prisoner's counsel, however, paid an eloquent tribute to his client's *noblesse oblige* and high sense of honour while facing a verdict that might send him to the gallows. It was the finest display of 'bunk' ever seen or heard of in a New York court.

As part of his reward for his services, Thomas Gately received a pardon from the governor restoring his citizenship, $1000 from a purse contributed by Birney's associates in the Juniper Club, and, most highly prized, an appointment on probation as a

member of the detective force, where he performed faithful and efficient service for twelve years—becoming an inspector and proving himself a foe to evil-doers, a friend of humanity and the sincere servant of the citizens of the American metropolis. Through the influence of Chief of Police Thomas Byrnes, he was offered and accepted the important post of superintendent of police in one of the large cities of the Middle West, where he is at this time.

XXI

AMBITION ATTAINED AT THIRTY-FIVE

At the close of the summer season of 1886, while actively employed on full-page articles from the sea-coast for the Sunday *Herald*, I was brought into the office to write editorial paragraphs—a most unwelcome, irksome task, at that time. Although Dr. Hepworth, who made up the editorial page, left out most of my squibs, I hung on because I had learned that Mr. Bennett was coming over in October. He was a delightful chief when near at hand; but he could be a very disagreeable master when he was on one side of the ocean and his employee on the other.

A few days after his arrival in New York, the 'Commodore' sent for me. He was standing before a high desk, at the corner of Ann Street and Broadway, gazing up Park Row. With a foreboding impatience, he said:

'I've been trying to get the truth about the circulation of the *World*. My business department has been on the job, but its people assure me our circulation still leads. I feel they are mistaken, or—deceiving me. How can I get the facts?'

'If the figures cannot be secured by "underground" from the *World*, the only way to get what you want is to send a man to all the news-stands between here and

Harlem Bridge. He ought to walk, to avoid attention.'

'An excellent suggestion!' exclaimed the proprietor. 'But can I believe the reports? I must have somebody *who isn't afraid to tell me the truth*. I want *you* to do this.'

Despite the compliment, I went away in a dissatisfied state of mind; what had been said was not calculated to put me in better mood. Orders were imperative in the *Herald* office, however. So, starting at Cooper Institute at seven o'clock next morning, I spent four days afoot. Stands not connected with shops then closed at eleven o'clock, leaving me less than half of each day in which to work. My plan was to buy a paper, engage the dealer in conversation and ascertain the sales of *Worlds* and *Heralds*. These figures were set down in a book, with location of stand and name of dealer. After the leg work, an entire day was needed to tabulate the results. The showing was unfavourable to the *Herald*. When I presented the report,—covering many pages—Mr. Bennett went over every line. After half an hour's silence, very awkward to me because my chief was standing at his high desk, which precluded me from taking a chair, he turned and said:

'Your work is thoroughly done. I am much pleased. The statement is exactly what I expected.' With a few words of thanks, I started to leave the room, when Mr. Bennett asked: 'What time is it?'

Glancing across the street to the spire of St. Paul's Chapel, I replied, 'Three o'clock.'

'I shall put you in charge of this office at four. Come back at that hour.'

Then followed the most thrilling sixty minutes of my life. A score of times, while trudging through the mud or rain gathering the figures for my report, I had resolved to resign—twelve years' faithful service was not appreciated. I was receiving a salary of $5000 a year; but to be asked to perform semi-menial work, such as that in which I had just been engaged, hurt my pride. But Mr. Bennett had his own way of doing things. I had been tried, and, as a reward, was to realize the wildest ambition of my life. The top of my profession at thirty-five—Managing Editor of the New York *Herald*.

Descending the spiral stairs to Ann Street, I crossed Broadway to St. Paul's Churchyard and spent the intervening hour walking round that block until the clock showed a few minutes of four, when I returned to the *Herald* office. Taking me by the arm, Mr. Bennett conducted me into an adjoining apartment and seated me at the desk occupied at various times by Frederick Hudson, Thomas B. Connery and Edward Flynn, managing editors who preceded me. That night, the 'Commodore' took me to the composing-room and informed Foreman Henderson that I was to 'make up' the editorial page—an adroit way of giving me revenge on Dr. Hepworth, who had taken delight in 'killing' most of my editorial paragraphs.

The 'Commodore' remained in New York a fortnight, during which time every conceivable extravagance in news-buying was employed. But the circula-

tion did not grow. Without saying farewell, Mr. Bennett went aboard a French liner one night and I only learnt of his departure next day by a letter brought ashore by the pilot. In tone, the communication of eight closely written pages was meant to be encouraging; it gave me plenty of latitude—especially charging me to 'shake up' the editorial page—but indicated clearly that my chief had personally abandoned the task of regaining lost circulation. That responsibility had been transferred to my shoulders, where it belonged.

Wireless telegraphy did not exist in 1886, but there were several cables, any one of which was liable to get at white heat if circulation didn't grow. In short, if the moribund concern didn't 'get a move on' somebody would get my job. For years, I had believed in what are best described as 'freak features' for attracting comment—criticisms preferably to praise. Affecting a jollity I did not feel, I scattered over the editorial page (November 25) a dozen small paragraphs, concocted from the college cries at various institutions of alleged learning with which I was more or less familiar. Two samples will suffice:

'We are the stuff,
We are the stuff!
That's what the people say.'

'Hurrah! hurrah! Who's the stuff?
The *Herald's* the proper stuff—
So the people say!'

The fact was the people weren't saying anything of the kind; they were studiously leaving the dear old

Herald alone and seeking new favourites. Some of the squibs were even more audacious than those quoted above, virtually saying ' the old *Herald* has waked up ' —has quit the Rip Van Winkle class. In taking this step, I burned every bridge behind me. I knew it meant a final fight with Dr. Hepworth and was not sure my chief would sustain me.

Although I intended to go down, if I had to, under full sail, I had cast an anchor to windward. To every prominent college man known to me within the day's circulation radius, I sent a whooping telegram before I went home that night, calling special attention to the college shouts in the next morning's *Herald*, explaining what I hoped to accomplish and asking for an expression of approval or condemnation. Most of those to whom I appealed replied in laudatory messages, which I printed the following day. Meanwhile, the city's afternoon journals and some of the morning papers had sarcastic editorials about the sanity of the *Herald's* new executive editor. The laugh was on them when several college presidents next day rejoiced with me at the ' awakening of the *Herald*.'

The audacity of the trick to obtain comment and thus to secure advertising space aroused curiosity among the readers of other newspapers to see the ' rotten sheet,' as one of the critics described the ' stuff ' edition. When I observed how the little penny whistles of American journalism ranted and whined in their piping voices at the *Herald*, and saw that the circulation showed an increase of 7200 in a week, I knew I had done the proper thing. Dr. Hepworth came to

protest. Fighting for my life, I made short work of him. I asked him if he had ever heard the word 'circulation' and knew I was responsible for the *Herald's* figures? He had cabled to Paris before he saw me; but my message explaining my reasons for the 'stuff' paragraphs had gone the previous night. G. G. Howland, who gloried in the title of general manager, but didn't manage anything, looked owl-wise and was correspondingly uncomprehending.

For a fortnight the *Herald*, which had completely dropped out of the exchanges, was commented on (sometimes ridiculed) far and wide. I reprinted the most critical paragraphs. The local newspapers 'shut up' after the publication of endorsements from college men. The circulation began to move upward, slowly but steadily—the most satisfactory kind of growth. That was a busy winter. 'Freaks' in headings and 'human interest' treatment of news matter were the orders every night. An experiment in the use of the first personal pronoun led to the discovery that some reporters tell a story much better in that form than in the third person.

The next conflict with a member of the staff occurred when a man engaged to write editorial matter was asked to review a new biography of Shelley. He swelled up and said that he had not been hired to do reviewing—considered it 'beneath his dignity.' I passed over the matter by calling my stenographer and dictating the review myself; but the editorial writer committed the error of cabling Mr. Bennett that he

had refused to obey an order from me to review a book. He was ' fired ' by a return message.

Never was an employer more solicitous for the health of his men than Mr. Bennett. I literally lived in the office, getting there at noon and rarely leaving before the paper went to press at 2.30 a.m. I didn't take any holidays. Of these facts my chief appeared to be informed, and in frequent letters cautioned me not to work too hard. That winter of 1886–7 was one of much freedom because the proprietor made a cruise in the *Namouna* to the Far East. He visited Java, the Straits Settlements, India and Ceylon. I had no trouble with anybody ; the messages from distant points were all kindly and encouraging.

A MYSTERY EXPLAINED

Some managing editors are born with ' a nose for news,' others achieve ' beats ' ; but few men in that position of responsibility can boast of having a great news feature literally thrust upon them. That is exactly what happened to me on a memorable occasion.

A mystery of mysteries in the newspaper world for years was how the *Herald* scored its remarkable ' beat ' in 1887 by printing President Cleveland's Message in full on the morning of the day it was sent to Congress. Other New York journals had brief extracts from the Message in second editions, but a censorious public credited them with stealing the matter from their enterprising contemporary. Here are the facts, told for the first time :

Important news events generally occur on dull nights,

as I have said. On just such an occasion, the general manager of the Associated Press, at that time Mr. Smith, rushed into the editorial rooms of the *Herald* to say he had information that we had surreptitiously obtained a copy of the Cleveland Message, to be read to Congress on the following day, and intended to print it in the morning—anticipating by some hours its actual delivery. He argued that the Associated Press was custodian of the Message, entrusted to it in confidence for issue to its customers the next day. He would not state where he got his information about the *Herald's* alleged enterprise.

'But it is absolutely certain!' he insisted.

'Indeed!' I replied.

'You must not do this. You are a member of the Associated Press, and the honour of that organization is pledged not to circulate the Message until to-morrow afternoon.'

'Well, really!' was my diplomatic rejoinder. I was completely mystified, but inclined to await developments. 'What your organization may have undertaken to do or not to do is of little consequence to this journal, and, I assure you, will not influence it.'

'But you have the Message in this office and are putting it in type.'

'Suppose we have the Message; what then?' I excused myself, ostensibly to consult with the night editor, but in reality to catch my breath and decide what to do, for Mr. G. Washington Smith had been hoaxed. The *Herald* did not have and did not expect to have the President's Message ahead of its distribution

by the Associated Press. After a few turns in the library-room, I returned to Manager Smith, saying that plans already made for the night could not be changed, even if the Association were ' beaten.'

' Very well,' exclaimed the visitor, in high dudgeon. ' My only recourse is to send out the Message to-night, even at the expense of breaking faith with the President. All our customers must be properly protected.'

This was what had been hoped for. Foreman Henderson was directed to be in readiness to set an extra page at a late hour, as a Message from the President was coming.

At one o'clock in it came ! I carried the ' flimsy ' to the composing-room and sat down beside the copy-cutter to sub-head it, sheet by sheet, as it went out. Result, the *Herald* had a full page of Cleveland's Message corrected and in the forme by two o'clock. Other offices, unprepared to handle so much copy, unannounced and at so late an hour, had only disconnected paragraphs from the documents—which we playfully accused them of pilfering from us.

XXII

STARTING THE PARIS 'HERALD'

In May, 1887, a cablegram from Colombo, Ceylon, read as follows: 'Take Saturday's French steamer for Havre, await me in Paris; put Meighan on your desk until return.'

Reaching Paris, I found a message from Aden: 'Take charge of *Galignani's Messenger;* have bought it. Order plenty American news from home office; shake up London.' Events that ensued really belong to the Comedy of Journalism—because Mr. Bennett had not bought the antiquated Anglo-French journal, although he thought he had.

That evening, I walked into the *Galignani* office, which was in the *Matin* building, introduced myself to Editors Fox and Robillard, showed them my orders, hung up my coat and sat down at a vacant desk. Summoning the foreman, M. Maignard, I asked for proofs of all 'standing matter'; also, samples of all display type capable of use for headings. New York was cabled to send 2000 words to '*Galignani*, Paris.' London was told to double its service by private wire. Ex-Mayor A. Oakey Hall, the *Herald's* London correspondent, was told to duplicate, over the *Galignani* wire, all matter prepared for New York. In two hours, the dull place was humming with activity. Evening

papers contained suggestions for two good 'stories.' *Galignani* hadn't any reporters, so I assigned myself to one of the articles and asked Mr. King, a sub-editor, to attend to the other. He was greatly shocked, but obeyed. We secured our information and wrote the articles during lulls in the arrival of telegraphic matter. The home office responded gallantly; London was behind America—the special wire always worked badly, because messages were received on an antiquated telegraph machine.

Next morning, a fifty-year reader of *Galignani* would not have recognized the sheet. My editorial predecessor, William Makepeace Thackeray, would have been startled had it been delivered at his present abode. From an American viewpoint, 'spread heads' on the first page were quite temperate, but they gave the purport of the news underneath. Captions like 'Latest from Berlin' or 'Yesterday in America' were missing. The editorial matter was reduced to one column. A lot of 'canned leaders,' contracted for by the month, were thrown into the waste-basket. To show the worthlessness of the 'non-committal' paragraphs found upon the galleys, I asked the office boy to write a few himself. He was a London cockney; I told him to discuss a cabman's strike in the British capital, and the sudden rise in the price of meat at the Parisian *halles centrales*. With editing, which amounted to re-writing, the boy's work was excellent. I never had so much fun in my life.

This *charivari* continued, nightly, for two weeks before the supposed proprietor reached Paris. Bills

were large, but Mr. Bennett never did anything in a small way. Meanwhile, I was acquiring information about the cost of producing a daily newspaper of moderate circulation in Paris. Investigation of the advertising, which consisted chiefly of Swiss and French resorts, showed that many of the accounts had been drawn against months in advance. Paris advertising amounted to almost nothing. The *Matin* printed *Galignani* and appropriated all its special cablegrams, we receiving nothing of a news character in return.

Mr. Bennett arrived in fine spirits. Copies of the new *Galignani* had reached him at Brindisi, Genoa and Nice, and he seemed pleased with them, although he refrained from saying so. An employee of *Galignani's* had suggested to me that the will of the founder of the ancient journal be examined. I spoke to Mr. Bennett about the matter. He called his *avocat*, who admitted he had not gone beyond the statement of the Brothers Jeancourt, then owners of the property. A visit to the Registrar of Wills revealed a clause in the will of the founder positively forbidding that the name of the paper should pass out of the family.

What was to be done? Mr. Bennett had agreed to pay a large sum for the property, assuming that he was buying 'lock, stock and barrel,' namely, title, plant, and good-will. On the contrary, he was getting only a lot of badly worn type and a collection of advertising contracts, at low rates, many of which had been drawn upon a year ahead. Characteristically, the American decided to drop the enterprise.

'If you are intent on having a newspaper in Paris,' I volunteered, 'start one.'

'What will it cost?'

'Seven thousand five hundred and sixty-six francs and seventy-five centimes per week,' I answered promptly.

'How do you know?'

I was prepared for that question and drew the following memorandum from my pocket: 'Composition, 1760; editors, 1395 (this does not include the services of myself or your Paris staff); telegraph operator, 100; *tirage* (printing), 500; *départ* (mailing and circulation), 410; postage, 182; paper (4500 copies), 582.75; counting-room, 410; cabling, 875; London special wire, 917.50; rent, 192; gas, 170; petty expenses (average), 60; and *gérant* (publisher, who stands for the libels), 12.50.' And I passed the memorandum across the table at which we sat.

'How much will a plant cost?'

'The type will have to be bought in London, also the cases,' I answered. (Needless to say, this was before the advent of the linotype, which has revolutionized the production of the daily newspaper.) 'Its cost, installed, types laid, will be $7325. I know a large *imprimerie* on Rue Coq Héron where quarters can be rented for 6000 francs per year. The deposit and piping for gas will cost 425 francs. Telephone, 300 francs annually.'

'I am satisfied,' said the 'Commodore.' 'I'll wire Jack Henderson, foreman in New York, to come over

by first steamer. How long will it take to get a special wire to London?'

'That isn't an easy task; but I should say two weeks. There is a good deal of British red tape. I can go to London, engage the printers, buy the types——'

'Very well; don't go to *Galignani* to-night; stop all special cabling.'

The old journal was very near not making its appearance next morning, as all news sources were cut off. I never entered the office of *Galignani* again. Instead, I had on my hands the contract to start an entirely new enterprise. After I had secured the London wire, rented an office, hired printers, bought the outfit of type, cases, stands and gas fixtures, Mr. Bennett handed me a weekly credit at Rothschild's and jumped into a cab for St. Lazare railway station, *en route* to New York—as John A. Cockerill wittily said: 'To edit his Paris paper by cable.' When the excitement of his departure had passed, I glanced at my credit with the greatest banking house in Europe. The cheques, dated one week apart, called for exactly 7566.75 francs each!

The first number of the Paris *Herald* appeared on the date promised and was sold out. Although my hours often exceeded eighteen out of the twenty-four, I enjoyed the work. My weekly estimate was only once exceeded and that by 200 francs, which I personally paid and never mentioned.

To attract immediate attention, some distinguishing novelties were imperative.

One of the most familiar figures on the Grand

Boulevard was an elderly woman seated in front of a chocolate shop, at the corner of the Avenue de l'Opéra, opposite the Grand Hotel—literally at 'the centre of the world.' Hers was the face of a *bourgeoise*, shrewd, calculating, observant of the passing throng. She was plainly but neatly dressed; a widow's cap was upon her head and an ample apron covered most of her woollen skirt. But the memorable features of her appearance were two wooden pegs where her feet ought to have been—pathetic accessories that made their mute appeal for public sympathy. They were the visible evidence of her good faith. She was not an ordinary mendicant, for she never held out a hand or asked for alms. When I had speech with her, she talked intelligently of many of the famous *boulevardiers* who had made gifts to her and pointed out King Leopold of Belgium, who happened to be passing, and, a few minutes later, Dom Pedro, the self-exiled Emperor of Brazil. Of course, the faces of these two monarchs were familiar to every Parisian during the summer of 1887; their Majesties were constantly seen upon the Boulevard. In addition she mentioned, with reassuring familiarity, the names of famous authors, playwrights, actors, critics and editors. But I noticed that, although many pitying glances were cast in her direction, she received from the passing multitudes only an occasional copper coin.

I have said I am a believer in 'freaks' as a means of commanding popular attention. I had tried the experiment in New York, when circulation refused to

respond to unusual expenditures of money in legitimate but routine news gathering, and had assured myself of its success. In quest of the unusual, I now decided to engage this characteristic Parisian feature as a 'special writer' for the budding enterprise. The woman readily agreed to accept a salary of two louis a week.

When the newspaper was flashed upon the English and American colonies, it contained thrice every week thoroughly readable interviews with, or 'little journeys' to the homes of, such famous personages as Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, Alexandre Dumas, *fils*, General Boulanger, Jules Claretie, Paul de Cassagnac, Catulle Mendès, John Lemoine, Guy de Maupassant, Sarah Bernhardt, Maître Damange (the best known *avocat* in France, afterwards internationalized as counsel for Captain Dreyfus), Francisque Sarcey, Alphonse Daudet, Émile Zola, half a dozen *Académiciens* and several of the 'kings in exile' then in Paris. These articles were written by star reporters—except several that I secured myself—but they always bore the signature of 'The Old Woman on Two Sticks.' Her portrait was occasionally printed and, universally recognized, soon made this feature the talk of the town.

The change that came over the aged crone was magical. Attention was lavished upon the once-wretched creature seated on the less crowded side of the Boulevard des Capucines; hundreds of strollers crossed the Avenue to bestow a silver coin upon the woman who had become so famous. Money was showered into her broad and capacious lap. Especially

did our countrymen accept the inference that this unfortunate person, previously slighted, enjoyed the acquaintance of the most notable people in the French capital.

She knew no English ; but she began her day's work by beckoning to a tall Scotchwoman who kept the kiosk at the entrance of the Grand Hotel. A copy of the Paris-American journal in which she was starred was taken to her ; a polyglottic waiter from Henry's English café round the corner, in the Rue Daunou, appeared and, if she was ' in ' that morning, she listened with beatific satisfaction to a translation of ' her ' article into the vernacular. Her eyes gathered a radiance never previously seen in them, as the French rendition progressed. A golden halo mentally replaced her frayed head-covering and, I have been assured, a blush would suffuse her withered cheeks. For the first time, she knew the joy of living and being an object of admiration. She had been translated to another world.

When, one Saturday afternoon, I handed to my *protégée* her two golden coins, a change in her demeanour was noticeable. She did not put the money in her pocket and murmur her thanks ; on the contrary, she continued to jingle the coins in her open hand, staring into my face with a mercenary air. I understood, but waited for her to speak. She did.

' *Je demande dix louis d'or, chaque semaine !* '

To raise the woman's salary from eight to forty dollars was too much for the counting-room to contemplate. Like many another member of this busy world, my *pensionnaire* had her head swelled by

adulation. She had gone on strike! Her career as a 'journalist' came to an end.

But everybody knew the New York *Herald* had arrived in Paris.

LETTER FROM JAMES GORDON BENNETT

Nice, Feb. 23, 1888.

Dear Mr. Chambers:

I have been very much pleased with the late copies of the *Herald;* and I may say that the *Herald* never was brighter and younger than at present. It's not only that you and Mr. Meighan "catch your hare," but you cook it and dress it up well with the proper sauce afterwards. As I told you once, it's not having the first strawberries of the season in the shop that pays; but it's showing them well up in the front window that pays and brings people to your shop. That was A. T. Stewart's great forte in the dry-goods business, and my father's in the newspaper business.

With money, any d—— fool can get the news; but it takes a man of brains to know how to display and treat it after it arrives in the office.

You say in your letter just received that you will not rest till the *Herald* has regained the few thousands lost in circulation from increasing the price. These are brave words. So let me say in return that when the *Herald* is again at the daily average of 118,000, I will give Mr. Meighan and yourself a cheque for $3000 each; and I shall consider it the cheapest money I have ever spent upon the *Herald.*

With warm regards,

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) J. G. Bennett.

XXIII

AN AMERICAN EDITOR IN PARIS

Two American newspaper men, of whom I was one, were dining at Tortoni's, Boulevard des Italiens—a restaurant with a long history,—on the evening of May 25, 1887. Tortoni's of that period was on the second floor, opposite the Opéra Comique, and we sat at a table extending partly out of a window, resting upon a stone balcony.

While we were planning news features for New York, a puff of smoke issued from a window of the Opera House. It might be steam ; but it suggested fire. We gave it undivided attention. A few minutes later, simultaneously with a tongue of flame from the same window, were heard screams of women. When my companion and I reached the sidewalk, smoke and flames were pouring from the doomed building. The Opéra Comique was on fire !

It is not my purpose to tell the active work done between nine o'clock and two in the morning, which filled two pages of the New York *Herald* and was given local interest by cabled orders from me that reporters be sent to all New York theatres that night to take the time required to empty them. Five hours' difference of time made this possible. The whole business was merely 'in the night's work' : but it

called forth a letter to me from John R. Robertson, manager of the London *Daily News*, saying, 'The New York *Herald* of May 26 is a miracle.' London journals had half a column.

The Opéra Comique stood alone. Narrow streets upon its sides furnished access to a court, where was the main entrance. Back in the square on which the playhouse fronted, was a small restaurant. Adjacent thereto was the entrance to a mews, or series of stables, guarded by two heavy gates.

The *pompiers* could do nothing to stay the progress of the flames within the building. When the unfortunate members of the audience had jammed the exits to such a degree that men and women within could not be dragged from the impacted mass, my companion at dinner, Inman Barnard, discovered a small door in the eastern wall of the burning structure. Persistent assaults failed to break it open. Mr. Barnard remembered the gates to the stable-yard. Calling for help, he ran there ; one of the gates was lifted from its hinges and, used as a battering ram, soon burst open the door.

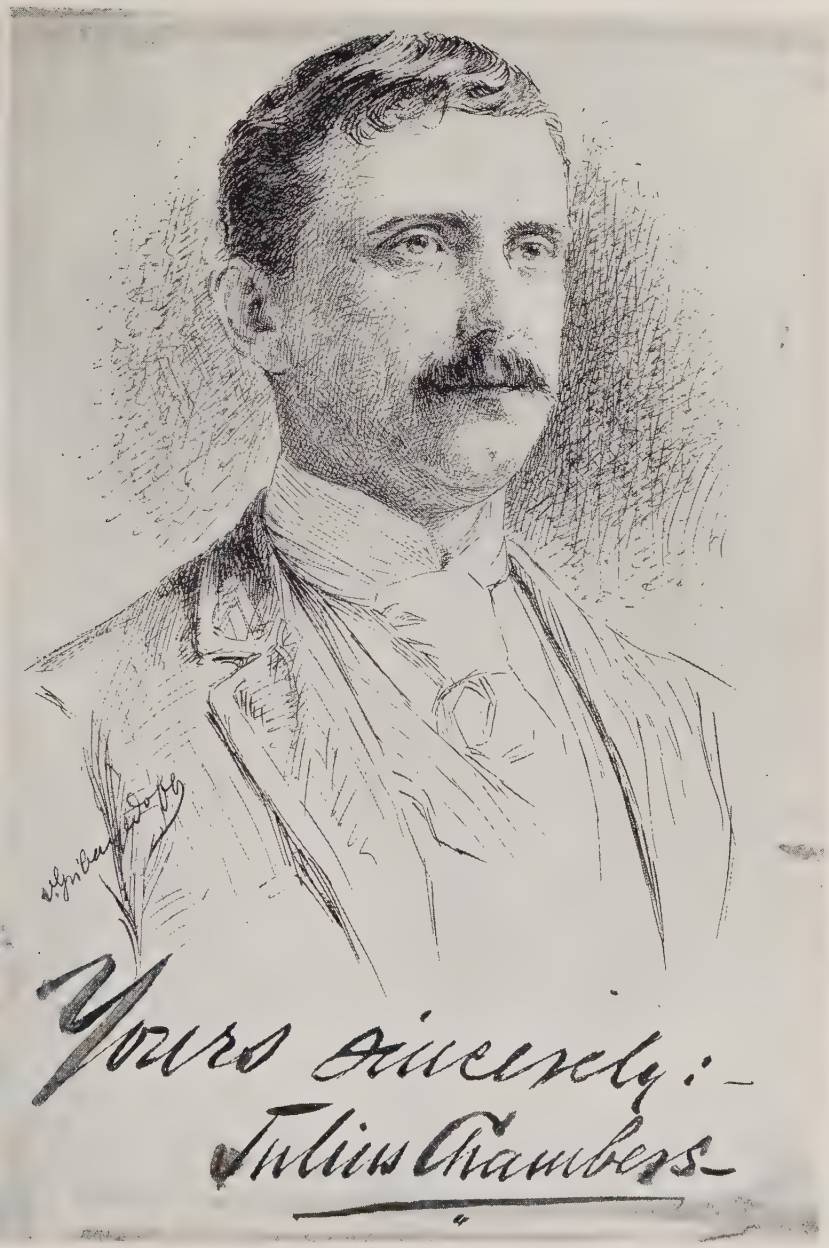
Within, the rescuers encountered a foot's thickness of disused scenery, through which a passage was cut with pocket-knives. The way led directly upon the stage, where a score of ballet girls were found writhing in various degrees of asphyxiation. Carried into the air, most of them recovered. Some of the rescued were crazed with fright and, like horses burning in a stable, resisted their saviours. These girls were the last persons to escape from the building.

Americans familiar with the Boulevard at that

period will remember a famous, very high-priced restaurant near the Opéra Comique, the Café Anglais. (It has since passed, with its white-marble-top tables and its *menu* that had no prices attached.) As the dead were carried out, after the fire had been subdued, wagons could not be procured in sufficient number to transport the bodies to the Morgue. A beautiful dead girl in evening dress was taken into the café and placed upon one of the marble tables. Although she was evidently a person of wealth and refinement, she was never identified ; her companions had perished ! She had not been touched by fire, and probably died of fright. It was a sad incident and, merely because she looked as if she were an American girl, Emma Abbott, the American prima donna, stopping at the Hôtel de l'Athénée at the time, paid for her burial.

A month later, a well-known New York speculator, whom I shall call Hanrahan, belonging to the newly rich class and a member of one of my clubs, dropped into the *Herald* office. I took him to the Café Silvain for luncheon. Among other incidents of my stay in Paris, I related the pathetic story of the pretty girl in the Opéra Comique fire. Together, on the way back to the Avenue de l'Opéra, we walked up the Boulevard to the Café Anglais. I pointed out the table upon which the young woman's body had been placed. The Irish-American entered the restaurant and secured the number of the table. It was *Numéro huit*—which I had to translate for him.

Hanrahan paid his bill at the Grand Hotel that afternoon and left on the night express for Monte



PEN AND INK DRAWING MADE BY V. GRIBAYEDOFF IN 1890

Carlo. By wagering the maximum upon the black square in the centre of the first dozen on the roulette table, piling golden Louis *à cheval* and *sur les carrés*, he won an enormous sum of money. All Europe resounded with the story of his wonderful luck at the Casino; but I alone understood his partiality for the unpopular *Numéro huit, noir.*

Hanrahan and I met several years later in London, as will be learned in a subsequent chapter.*

Editing and publishing a daily newspaper in Paris kept me employed until six o'clock every morning. With my associate, Mr. Inman Barnard—Mr. Bennett's secretary—I generally made a straight line afoot, as cabs were not to be had at that hour, from the dingy office of the *Herald* in the Rue Coq Héron to the Hammam bath, behind the Grand Opera House, where, after coffee and a rub down, we turned in and slept until noon.

One morning we had followed this routine. We had the same alcove, Barnard occupying the couch on one side and I the other one.

I awakened at one o'clock and seeing Barnard, as I thought, asleep across the alcove, I bumped him hard in the back with my knee and shook him by the shoulders.

Instead of the rosy countenance of the nephew of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a large round face, covered with white beard, confronted me. Even in the half-light of the alcove, the visage was familiar

* See Chapter XXVII.

to me—as it was to every *boulevardier* in the French capital. The Emperor of Brazil was constantly to be seen upon the streets, as I have already mentioned.

My confusion was so great that I believe I addressed him as Mr. Emperor or Mr. Pedro; but I managed to explain that a friend had been occupying his couch when I went to sleep.

'I understand, perfectly,' said his Majesty, in English, sitting up. 'I am grateful to you for awakening me, because I have an engagement this afternoon and should have overslept.' I thanked the emperor for pardoning my unintended rudeness; and, as I moved away, Dom Pedro added: 'Do not think of it again, young man; remember me as a friend.'

Could anybody since Chesterfield have been more gracious in an embarrassing situation?

From Bignon's, where I had dined, I strolled one evening across the Avenue de l'Opéra and the Boulevard to the Grand Café for coffee and a cigar. I have already characterized this corner as the 'centre of the world,' and I was fond of sitting in my chair on the sidewalk to watch the passing throng. Suddenly, my attention was attracted to a man in an open Victoria beckoning to me: he was Jack Hastings, a long-while American resident of the Gay Capital. When I stepped to the kerb, he said:

'I've been looking for you. Jump in! I want you to go with me on an important matter.'

We were driven round the Rue Scribe to a narrow street in which is an English alehouse, frequented by

the racing element, largely British. It is known as *The Jockey*. My companion sprang from the carriage and led the way through the swinging doors. The place was unattractive and was crowded with horsy-looking men of all ages, discussing the races of the afternoon.

The new-comer ordered a bottle of champagne and three glasses.

Before I divined his purpose, Hastings stepped toward a window-seat and seizing the wrist of a young man as he was in the act of making a gesture to a companion, shook it violently. The stranger thus saluted by force was tall and perfectly dressed, and his moustaches were waxed to points. His cheeks blanched and his eyes flashed, but he did not utter a word. The American was one of the best pistol shots in Europe, as every sporting man in Paris knew.

'Glad to meet you, Hennesy! You'll take a drink with me?' His tone was imperative, not an ordinary invitation. 'Come!' and, retaining hold of the Gaelic-Frenchman's wrist, the speaker literally pulled his conscripted guest to the bar, upon which stood three bubbling glasses.

The young chap reached for a glass with the hand now released, took a sip and replaced the glass on the counter.

'Surprised not to have heard from you direct, as you are doing a lot of talking,' added the host in a sneering voice, not attempting to conceal his contempt for the other man. Clearly, the American was trying to insult the fellow, for the purpose of being challenged.

When we re-entered the waiting carriage, the *cocher* was directed to drive to the Bois. Although under much mental excitement, my companion was silent until we had turned from the Boulevard into the Rue Royale.

'Old chap, that looked like the prelude to a future meeting!' I ventured.

'Had to square myself; had to know where I stood,' was the reply. 'The fellow may challenge me yet. If he doesn't, he must shut up.'

'Surely, you had great provocation?' I queried.

'I certainly had; and as I intend that you shall act as my friend in any affair that grows out of this, you are entitled to know why I acted as I did.'

While the carriage rolled smoothly up the Champs Élysées and Avenue de la Grande Armée, I listened.

'I have spent most of my life in Paris. As you know, I am a bachelor; but I haven't affected the fast set, nor have I been identified with scandal. I am invited to the houses of many old families, as well as to the salons of artists and literary women—some of whom are not scrupulous about the characters of their guests. A month ago I was asked to one of these artistic gatherings, given by a popular *Bohémienne* living in a fine house near Parc Monceau. I asked a clever and pretty young member of the Théâtre Vaudeville company to go with me. The social elements varied to a degree that extended from Mme. Adam, the literary lioness of the hour, to the reigning freak dancer at the Folies Bergères. We had plenty of wine, some singing and, after midnight, dancing.

'My hostess sent word she wanted to talk to me and I excused myself from the young woman under my protection. I was gone only a few minutes, but when I returned to the conservatory, where I had left the charming girl, I found the fellow you have just seen with his arms round her, trying to kiss her. She resisted stoutly, but I was in time to put an end to a very unpleasant episode. In New York, one would have felt and acted differently; but at these gatherings there's a certain amount of license expected and taken. The young soubrette appeared to regard the matter as trivial, after all. She implored me not to make a scene. I was resentful, however, and resolved to take a revenge that will appear peculiar to most Americans. I said to myself, "I'll wait until I meet that man at another affair of this kind, and I'll make violent love to his girl." I swallowed my anger and my annoyance that I dared not, under French law, knock the fellow down. I waited. My opportunity came a week ago this very night.

'I was in the European Quarter at a rather fashionable affair. I went alone and, to my joy, saw the man who had acted so disgracefully to my little friend enter with a handsome woman on his arm.

'Here was my chance.

'When the lady was left by her escort, I went up and spoke to her, and induced her to believe she had been introduced to me on some previous occasion. Then, under pretext of getting her an ice, I gave her my arm. When we were in the hall, I threw my arm about her neck and kissed her. As I kissed her a

second time, Hennesy appeared. The lady screamed, although she had not previously manifested any indignation. She was his wife!'

'What a terrible mistake!' I exclaimed.

'A horrible *faux pas*—innocent as I was of such intent. The fellow glared at me, much as he did to-night, but said nothing. When I saw he wasn't going to speak, I merely suggested that he knew why I had offended and had his recourse. I also gave him my address. He took his wife home.

'I quite expected to receive a call from his seconds next morning. I deeply regretted the incident; but I was determined to meet it under the only code recognized by Frenchmen. One cannot strike an offender in Paris, as he would in England or America, and thus resent an insult at the moment of its occurrence. To do so might send a man to jail for two years. Therefore I had adopted the plan of revenge described. It is thoroughly French, though it doubtless appears disgraceful to you.'

'Was there much commotion in the house?' I asked.

'No; the incident escaped general observation. But this fellow's conduct during the past three days rendered to-night's act imperative. He has been uttering all kinds of threats against me at the Jockey Club and other places. I had to put myself in a position to brand him as a coward, or to force him to fight. That was why I asked you to accompany me; also, I may admit, I rely on you to send a correct account of the meeting, if it occur, to New York, as well as to use it here. What that cad will do, I neither

U.S.S. George Washington,

9 December, 1918.

My dear Mr. Chambers:

Your letter of December 3rd was most acceptable. It is very delightful to feel that I am going on my difficult errand with the support of your thought and judgment, and I thank you for yielding to the generous impulse to write.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

Woodrow Wilson

Mr. Julius Chambers,

255 West 97th St., New York.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT WILSON EN ROUTE TO THE PARIS PEACE CONFERENCE

know nor care. Now that you are informed of the entire affair, we'll go to the Cascade and have a cold bottle.'

There wasn't any duel.

The River Marne is now associated with the greatest battles of all history; but it was peaceful enough in the summer of 1887, when I spent many a Sunday afternoon bathing in its cold, clear waters at Joinville-le-Pont. On one occasion, I had for companion an American who fifteen years previously had been a student at L'École des Beaux Arts; but having failed to develop any ability as a painter, he had returned to New York, gone into trade with his father and become rich.

One takes a train at the Gare de Vincennes, facing the July column, and after a warm ride alights at a dingy little station on the brow of a hill overlooking the deep, placid Marne. Joinville is a snug village, famous for its ancient stone bridge. To the right, a broad avenue leads along the river bank through a vista of overhanging, interlocking boughs. Facing the bridge-end is an historic inn, *La Tête Noire*, past the doors of which French armies have marched to victory or defeat. In 1870, the triumphant Prussians swung across that bridge singing merrily about their success at Champney, only a few kilometres to the eastward.

After ordering *déjeuner à la fourchette* for two o'clock, we strolled across the bridge to a bathing place and spent an hour in the river. When we returned to the hotel, we found our table set on the

porch, from which vantage point we could watch the *canotiers*, girls and men, paddling on the river. Upstream from the stone viaduct is a bit of mid-river verdure called The Isle of Venus, where nestle a score of artists' cottages, from which come sounds of singing to mandoline or guitar. Ah! that isle is a lawless little Delos, where Idleness and Folly dwell!

Especially did I admire a pair-oar shell: two oarsmen on sliding seats, with a dainty bit of femininity at the tiller—the three dressed alike in Chinese silk. 'Twas a jolly crew, well assembled. Hardly had this trio shot past before there came into view a canoe for two, an unmistakably English girl kneeling in the bow, her waist of thread lace exposing the warm flesh of arms and shoulders.

While I was lighting my second cigar, my companion called attention to a woman approaching in a high dog-cart. She was driving: a coachman, in livery and with folded arms, sat erect in the rumble. But a part of the outfit that commanded immediate notice was a large St. Bernard dog occupying the seat at the driver's right.

Suddenly, my companion started and uttered an exclamation of surprise. While I had been mentally commending the way in which the woman handled the spirited black cob, her face had not been studied. As she involuntarily checked the foam-flecked horse, her eyes were fixed upon the man at my side, who had risen to his feet. She registered recognition, by a tremor in the lines. I saw she was not very young—somewhat beyond the thirty mark. Obviously, her first im-

pulse was to drive on ; but my companion dashed down the steps and saluted as the cob was pulled up. The two exchanged the hailing sign of the past. Without turning her head, she gave an order to her groom, who sprang from the rumble and took the head of the restless horse. The woman, no longer youthful, jumped into the arms of her American friend, as he exclaimed :

' Nanine ! the very same Nanine ! '

The *Parisienne* was conducted to our table, at which I had risen to welcome her. I was introduced : she rolled her big dark eyes at me.

The two old friends—ex-painter and former model —intently studied each other. She had married, she explained, and lived up the river toward Nogent. I could see that their memories were busy. The past revived itself.

He is a youngster with a mistaken passion for art, housed in the Quartier Latin, not because it is cheap, but to find ' atmosphere ' : she is a grisette, starting on a mistaken career. The man believes himself possessed of natural talent as a painter and knows no better until, one year after another, five of his canvases have been rejected at the Salon. Finally, separation from Art and Nanine occurs. Back in America, it is no longer ' life,' but success. Yet a thousand times has he recalled those happy, hopeful years in the fifth-floor apartment, with flowers and birds about the windows and Nanine for company.

As the waiter twists the cork from a magnum of

champagne, the two long-while associates in studio life fall to discussing—Art. They get on famously, owing to mutual ignorance. I feel like an intruder ; but they will not let me go. I know my companion despises art, as one always hates what he has tried unsuccessfully to master ; but how different with Nanine ! How could *she* forget posing as model for his Chloë ?—the one thrown out of the back door of the Salon ? Had not this man tried for three months to paint her face into a copy of Murillo's *Immaculate Conception ?* She couldn't believe he had wretchedly failed. Ye gods ! how blind is youth ! That was fifteen years ago. She visions herself in that sacred pose, draped only in the traditional strip of blue cambric. Good, patient girl : she thought her lover the peer of any artist of his day !

How her tongue runs to colour ! How merciless her criticism of pictures hung in the last Salon exhibition ! She shows no favour to the most renowned contemporary painter : he is *hors concours*, but that doesn't save him. I do not hear all she says ; only this :

' And there's Gérôme. I like his work, but how absurd to say it is so true—so accurate. The man who goes to Algeria for a saddle buckle ! *À bas !* Why, you know his much-praised canvas, *The Duel a ter the Masquerade ?* Of course you do—everybody does. In that picture, which the world calls *magnifique*, this Gérôme fellow makes a supreme blunder——'

' Indeed ! ' I involuntarily gasp.

' You recall the wounded man—the mortally hurt

clown on the snow?' She has turned to me and has grown impassioned, owing to the combined effects of the wine and art-enthusiasm. Her eyes are dilated; their dark brown pupils look straight into but far beyond mine. 'And,' she hurries on, 'you recall the bright red spot upon the snow made by the dying man's blood? *Mais oui?* Then I can explain to you the artist's mistake. He never saw a man bleed to death in the snow, as *I have*. Ah! he should have mixed green and chrome, with a dash of lake. If I had a palette, I could show you.'

'What are you chattering about, old pet?' asks my American companion, awakening from a reverie.

'I am talking of real pictures—of human life,' is her reply. 'I have learned much since we parted, John. You wonder how I know the heart's blood does not turn snow red. Strictly in the interest of true art, the art of the actual, I confess to you that I once knelt at a dying lover's side on a drear February dawn in the windy wood of Vincennes, and clung to his hand as long as it was warm. Ugh! there was a horrid sword wound in his breast. The snow was not red with *his* blood, as ignorant artists assume—it was stained a yellowish green. Ah! possibly salt tears of mine were added to that blot *sur la neige*, for I felt badly, very badly—as any girl will feel when a man is killed for love of her.' After a deep sigh, she tried to smile as, beckoning to the waiter, she said:

'Have my trap called.'

Rising hastily, she ran down the steps, forbidding either of us to follow, and mounting to her seat beside

her great brown canine companion, took the lines from the dog's mouth and, after an instant's delay for the groom, drove away.*

* Mariano Beluria, winner of the Prix de Rome when Nanine still retained vogue as a model, painted her in later years driving the same dog-cart in the Champs Élysées. The picture became the property of the late Mr. George C. Boldt.

XXIV

FROM THE 'HERALD' TO THE 'WORLD'

When the Paris edition was fairly launched, I returned to the *Herald's* managing-desk at home.

The memorable event of the spring of 1888, for New Yorkers, will always be the blizzard of March 11–13. The metropolis was isolated for several days. One managing editor got his Boston news by way of Ireland, sending orders therefor to Cape Ann by the Mackay-Bennett cable and receiving replies by the same circuitous route. Without gas or electricity during the storm, such copy as we had was handled by candle-light. I slept two nights on a table in the *Herald* office. The day before that blizzard commenced, dear old Walt Whitman, whom I had appointed 'poet laureate' of the *Herald*, sent me a charming little poem entitled *The First Violet of Spring*. I marked it for the editorial page and went home, earlier than usual. It was a beautiful, clear, frosty night. When the paper was on the streets next morning, the joke was on me. Town and country were in the grasp of the Storm King.

Naturally, I did not hear the last of *The First Violet* for many a day. Poor Walt felt badly about the incident, and when I last saw him, shortly before his death, he recurred to the upset of the Weather

Bureau. Again, when I stood beside his tomb as a pall-bearer, I tenderly recalled his self-abnegation and solicitude over the discomfiture of a poet and an editor by the powers of all-potent Nature.

One example of what I had to endure will suffice. The following poem, written in mock Walt Whitman style, appeared in a contemporary :

To 'J. C.,' Personal and Affectionate

'The weather to-day in New York City and its vicinity promises to be generally fair and cooler, preceded by partial cloudiness near the coast. To-morrow, it promises to be slightly warmer, and generally fair.'—Weather Report in the *Herald*, March 12, 1888.

NO VIOLETS FOR HIM

Roaring, imperial beauty, Julius, icicicicular, valvular, coruscating, diamond-sheened, sun-dazzling,
Montana blizzard, Dakota blizzard—blizzard from Buffaloland ;

Julius, weather-prophet, stormy-eyed, accurate ; arctic in sunshine, tropical amid the snows ;
Herald-governing, salary-raising Julius !

Lord of the cable, the wire, the thin, clammy type, millions of spray-like sheets :
No bananas, nor oranges, nor feathery pines, nor odorous pine cones ;

Nor mint juleps, fragrant with spices and fruit, cold with hurried, tumbling ice—
But Hyperborean night, sombre deadening night !

O Julius, with the weather-prophet's eye !

WALT WHITMAN.

Days afterward, when I obtained the original copy of this 'pome,' I recognized the handwriting of my old beloved friend, John Russell Young, dean of my profession in the United States.

Camden New Jersey
July 3 '85

Thanks best thanks Dear Mr Bennett & Dear Mr Chambers & all you Dear Herald boys — but have not sent you a line for a month — & probably will not any more — as I am ill from breaking out of old war-paralysis — I return the check & take my name from the roll.
Again best respects to Mr & all of you
Walt Whitman

x

The most heroic act of my career—outrivalling ' the very stuff of triumph ' experiment (to quote the words of President Wilson used thirty-two years later in a very different connection)—was the procuring and publishing in Mr. Bennett's own paper of a brutal, malicious and fallacious attack upon him by Jay Gould, prepared for the *Tribune* by a man soon after incarcerated as a lunatic, but refused to the *Herald* for publication. I was a very anxious editor that night, until a proof of the screed was obtained at one o'clock from Colonel Ashley W. Cole, city editor of the *Press* and an old *Herald* reporter. The letter was probably the most venomous and contemptible ever written, and was intended for publication in all the city journals except the one whose owner was attacked. Mr. Gould, as I have said, did not write it, but was induced to sign it while in a condition of rage over a commercial fight between the Western Union and the Mackay-Bennett cable lines. Obviously, to destroy utterly the effect of the letter, it must be printed without the omission of a word. Only one means existed by which to denounce its infamous character—the heading. The editorial page had gone to press, and would not have been effective. But the heading, half a column in length, was fully up to the Gould standard for abuse. Under the top line, ' The Corsair Raves,' followed the bitterest language I ever put upon paper : ' Jay Gould, the Pirate of Wall Street, Signs an Infamously False Personal Onslaught on the *Herald's* Proprietor.—Honoured by this Attack of a Sneak and a Coward.—Although Addressed to the Editor of the *Herald*, the Screed is Refused Us for Publication ; but We Secure

It and Print It in Full, to Show What Kind of an Animal Gould Is.—Isn't He a Skunk?'

That heading did the business: it wasn't 'nice,' but it was absolutely effective. The letter was forgotten. Needless to say, I had cabled to Paris what I had done; but some members of the staff, uncertain about the wisdom of my act, were shy of me until a hearty endorsement of my course came by wire from Charles Nordhoff at Washington. Mr. Bennett approved by cable and sent a fine letter commending my courage; a large cheque on the Chemical Bank was enclosed.

The incident during the following winter that caused me to leave Mr. Bennett's employ was typical. An offer had been made by Joseph Pulitzer, known to me since 1872, that I should join the *World;* but I had declined. One afternoon, weeks afterward, a cablegram arrived from the 'Commodore' abusing me for a 'bad night' at the office of the Paris edition. Mr. Ives, against whose appointment as Paris editor I had strenuously protested—even journeying to Vichy for the purpose—had gone on a spree; and I was charged with having selected him, which was untrue. Feeling very sore, I went over to Room No. 1, Astor House, for luncheon. John A. Cockerill, editor of the *World*, was there. After a few minutes' conversation, he handed me a cablegram from Mr. Pulitzer, dated from St. Moritz, saying: 'See Chambers again, renew offer of $250 per week and three years' contract.' Unfortunately, the proposition found me in an unhappy mood. I gave my word that if the offer were confirmed to me by cable that night, I would accept.

When I returned to my desk, a most conciliatory message from my chief lay thereon, announcing his departure for New York. It was the part of honour to await his arrival, and I did. When we met, he was very civil but made no mention of his injustice. I promptly told him of my promise to the *World*, but he did not take my words seriously and asked me to breakfast next morning at his house on Twenty-first Street. He taunted me with having suggested the appointment of Maurice Minton as city editor. This was true, for he had required me to put my recommendation into writing (three copies, one of which he kept and another he sent to Minton). When I turned my keys over to an editor who had been trying to get my job for a year and sent a note to that effect to Mr. Bennett—knowing how completely that would block an underhanded ambition—the 'Commodore' flew into a passion and with his own hand wrote an 'obituary,' as he described it, of his departing editor, but was persuaded by a meddlesome subordinate to suppress it. I have seen that manuscript and regret it was not printed. It was an attempt at satire that was not satirical, but thoroughly characteristic.

Thus closed more than fifteen years' devoted service, during which, literally, I had occupied every desk on the *Herald* and left at the top. I brought away many cherished memories of the 'Commodore' and of my associates. Mr. Bennett never shook hands with an employee; but, since I left him, we have met in several parts of the world and he has always held out a hand with cordiality. Now that he is gone for ever, I am

glad to write that he was the most brilliant editorial chief I have ever served. By nature, he was absolutely without malice. He endured torrents of savage abuse without a metaphoric roof overhead. Because, one dreadful winter (1874), he had given Delmonico an order to open twenty soup kitchens for the distressed poor of New York, he was assailed by newspapers friendly to organized charities and charged with responsibility for every crime that occurred. The thanks he received for spending $150,000 was the appearance in those journals of headings like this: 'Another of Bennett's Protégés Kills His Wife,' or 'One of Bennett's Thugs Robs a Bank.' At my suggestion, the largely fictitious benevolence of the professional charities was thoroughly investigated and three out of every five cases 'relieved' proved to be fraudulent. 'Dying mothers' were located in storage warehouses or on vacant lots! A crushing exposure was prepared from the secret ledgers, 'cooked' to account for disbursements, copies of which were obtained by purchase from employees of the so-called 'charities'; but Mr. Bennett would not sanction its publication because 'some poor devil might be helped by the associations.'

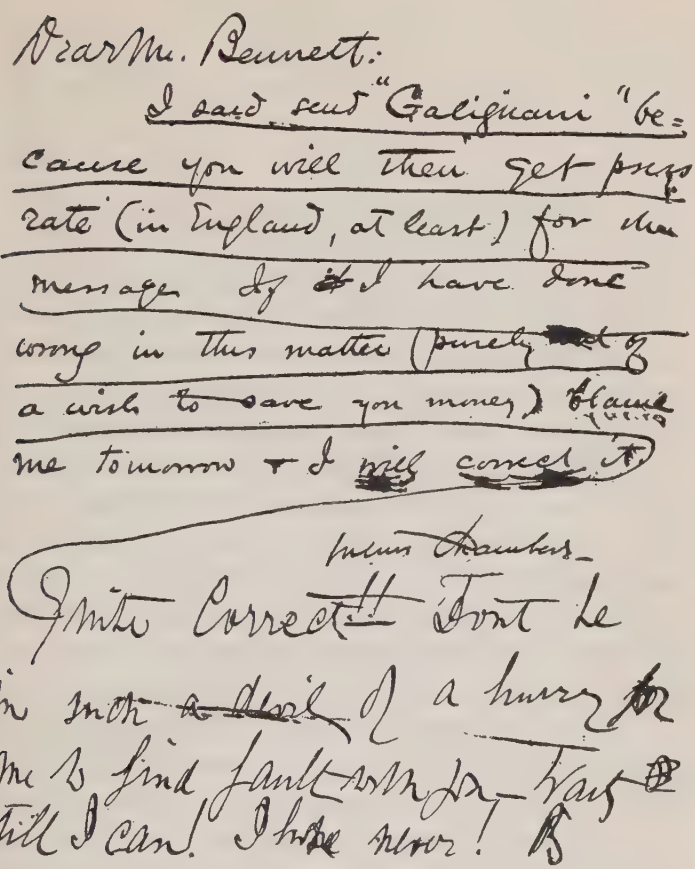
Attacks by John Kelly, Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall, who bought the antiquated *Express* to defame Bennett, were as bitter as that of Gould. Countless other exhibitions of savage jealousy occurred. The proprietor of the *Herald* was the constant object of attack as long as his newspaper was the greatest journalistic power in the United States; when it fell

into its decline, criticism ceased and an era of good feeling set in among contemporaries.

I may mention here that James Gordon Bennett was not only a newspaper proprietor, director and editor, but was on several occasions a successful correspondent. He witnessed the bombardment of Alexandria (July 11, 1882), from the deck of the *Namouna* and, steaming to Malta, cabled a brilliant account to New York. During the first insurrection in Cuba, the *Herald* was in sympathy with the revolutionists; but in the early days of the Spanish-American troubles of 1897–8, that culminated in war, he manifested a decided pro-Spanish leaning—which was inexplicable, because his Americanism was beyond question. It is not generally known that he served as a volunteer lieutenant in the United States Navy during the Civil War. I possess a rare photograph of him in his uniform.

Judged by the supreme test of what he accomplished, Mr. Bennett was great in many ways. But he was careless of fame. His official friendship was like a wax-taper—liable to be extinguished by the faintest breath of doubt or by intrusive external influence. The criticism of a fellow-clubman, or of the masseur who rubbed him down at the 'Hammam' (where I frequently had conferences with him on matters of the gravest importance relating to the *Herald*), often outweighed the mature judgment of any of his editors.

The following little exchange throws light on his personality. He was impulsive and sometimes quick to find fault unnecessarily; but he also knew how to be appreciative.


Dear Mr. Bennett:

I said send "Galignani" because you will then get prompt rate (in England, at least) for the message. I have done wrong in this matter (purely from a wish to save you money) blame me to-morrow & I will correct it.

James Chambers.

Jim's Correct!! Don't be in such a deuce of a hurry for me to find fault with Dr. Vaux & kill I can! I hate him!

He was a gentleman always; generous spasmodically, to the limit of extravagance; again, in business, shrewd and calculating. In his expansive moments, he was an Irishman; in his economies, a Scotsman. His crest was 'an owl on the moon'; but it might well have been a thistle, with the motto of Scotland—*Nemo me impune lacessit!*

XXV

SOME 'WORLD' EXPERIENCES

When I walked into the New York *World* office, not a dozen men on its staff were known to me. James A. Graham, city editor, and Mr. Fiske, night editor, my closest coadjutors, were strangers. Many difficulties beset me until I acquired some knowledge of the characteristics of the different editors and reporters. My first shock occurred when I directed a member of the staff to go to West Virginia and get details of the latest outbreak of the Hatfield feud. The trip did not promise to be a pleasant one; but, to my surprise, the prospective correspondent suggested that another man, whom he named, would do better. Brought up under the Draconian law—'Obey orders, or quit!'—I was perceptibly astonished. I merely said: 'You have your orders.' The man went to Cockerill, but was told that my authority was absolute. He departed on the assignment and was entirely successful. But I learned before long that organization and discipline were not favoured by the proprietor, who thought the best results were attained by playing man against man.

The first case of electrocution in New York State occurred that year (1889) at Auburn prison. The law made the publication of details of an execution a misdemeanour, and somebody had to decide what was

to be done. Believing the statute unconstitutional, as abridging the liberties of the press, nearly all the managing editors in the city defied the law and printed every obtainable detail. I sent a piece of the electric cable connecting the condemned man with the dynamo as a souvenir to the Whitechapel Club, Chicago, which on a past occasion had entertained me at dinner sitting under a noose and wearing a black cap that 'was said' to have covered the face of a murderer hanged at Joliet. Quaint, frolicsome chaps were the Whitechapellers of that period. I wonder how many of them are alive? Also, if the club still exists, how they will endure lives of total abstinence?

The chief historical event of the year was the Washington Centenary celebration, April 29–May 1. Instead of publishing a perfunctory narrative of Washington's journey from Mt. Vernon to New York, I directed W. L. Crounse, Washington correspondent, to hire a four-horse stage, ship it by boat to Mt. Vernon, and, starting at the same hour of the same day (one hundred years' interregnum), to drive to Elizabethport over the same route, day by day, stopping for meals and for the night where the First President had taken food and rest—likewise stimulants, if current history did not malign. Four days of very interesting reading matter was the product. The *World* party joined President Harrison at Elizabethport and came to the city with him.

First intelligence of the terrible Johnstown disaster (July, 1889) arrived late at night. The cloudburst that caused the breaking of the dam far up in the

mountains had occurred at nightfall; but all telegraphic communication with the stricken town having been destroyed, New York newspapers did not learn of the calamity until eleven o'clock. Every available man about the office was sent West by the three trunk lines. Mr. Farrelly was taken from a copy desk and given charge of the force. To gain time, an Albany correspondent was ordered to Pittsburg by the New York Central and was first to reach the news field next evening. He was young and too inexperienced to improve his supreme opportunity, although he subsequently rendered efficient service under direction. The sacrifice of 4000 lives was not known until the following day—the town was completely blotted out.

A semi-humorous episode developed from that first day's work. Knowing Johnstown—having visited it during a strike—I gathered up the disconnected Associated Press dispatches and rewrote them into a semblance of sequential unity. One message, obviously imaginative, described a usual gathering at the post office for the evening mail, while great black clouds hovered over the eastern hills. A townsman was reported saying to another, 'Big storm in the mountains?' 'Yes, looks that way: we shall have a heavy shower before long.' At that point in copy, I added with my blue pencil, 'But it had rained before at Johnstown.' Two weeks later, when the news-vane had veered to another point of the compass, I received a cablegram especially commending the first night's dispatch from Johnstown and directing that a $200 cheque be sent to the correspondent who had written

the message carrying the phrase, 'But it had rained before at Johnstown.' That money never was drawn.

The small corners to right and left of the front-page title of an American newspaper are called its 'ears.' The idea occurred to me one night to use the right-hand ear for a summary of the weather predictions. Every buyer of the morning's *World* could see at a glance what the forecast was for the day. This led to serious controversy with G. W. Turner, the publisher, although we afterwards became fast friends. Recalling my experience with the Washington Weather Bureau, readers will comprehend that I never 'backed it in the betting' after *The First Violet* mishap on Blizzard Eve. Mr. Turner contended that the ears belonged to the business office. During several days in which the argument continued, nearly every other newspaper in the country adopted the idea and put the *World* in Coventry. It had to trail after a thousand American journals that had appropriated my initiative.

A successful exploit of that period was Nellie Bly's trip round the world, to beat the eighty-day record of Phileas Fogg, Jules Verne's hero. The suggestion was Mr. Turner's; but most of the details of the journey fell to me. I arranged for the call of the young lady on M. Verne, at Amiens. When 'Miss Bly' was on her way home across the United States, I collected a score of distinguished citizens of New York and went in a private car to Philadelphia to meet her.

The Sullivan-Kilrain prize fight was a great seller.

I sent Vincent Cook, a first-class reporter and an equally good sparrer, to New Orleans to report the battle. A special wire was laid from the nearest Louisiana village to the ring-side, and G. H. Dickinson, an expert telegraphist, was in charge of it. When word came that the direct line was in working order, this was the first message sent over it :

Cook, Ringside : Every man in this office is at quarters—editors, printers, pressmen stand by to serve you to-night. Send one million words ! God and the Devil be with you.—Chambers.

Over that special wire, we received and printed a page account next morning.

' CZAR REED '

I may tell here how Thomas B. Reed was made ' Czar Reed.'

Washington is a city of many experiences. When I had returned there in 1886, I was expected to fill the sixth column on the editorial page of the *Herald* every day with *Gossip of the Capital.* This was not a difficult task at first, but as my sources of supply became exhausted it was by no means easy.

Among my personal friends was big Thomas B. Reed, of Maine, obviously a coming man on the Republican side of the House of Representatives. John G. Carlisle was Speaker, by the will of the Democratic majority. He and Reed had entered Congress in the same year. Reed was unquestionably the leader of the minority. Cannon was strong, but Reed, by sheer avoirdupois and grey matter, overrode every-

body in his party. Like a large Roman candle, he dazzled the judgment of the 'old guard,' which included Cannon, Kelley, Payne, Dalzel and Bingham. Of these men, Cannon was the best politician. Reed had made his appearance in the Forty-fifth Congress (1876), but he never made a 'touchdown' that Cannon didn't kick a goal from the twenty-five yard line. Reed's fearlessness in tackling every 'player' who showed a disposition to 'run round the end' identified him, however, as 'captain of the House team.'

When the House of Representatives of the Fifty-first Congress organized in December, 1889, with the narrow majority of 164 Republicans to 161 Democrats, Reed of Maine was elected Speaker. He insisted upon a new code of House Rules, which was adopted not without misgivings on the part of many of his associates; but the Democrats assisted in passing them, probably under a premonition that he would embarrass their opponents. This is exactly what he did. No sooner was he seated than he began to 'slam things.'

About this time, a London journal, criticizing the Speaker of the House of Commons, explained that he was 'suffering from listener's gout.' The phrase was so original that I asked the new Speaker at Washington what the malady was.

'God knows!' he exclaimed. 'I'll never have it!'

Meanwhile, I had become managing editor of the *World*.

One afternoon, as I had foreseen, the House was thrown into an uproar when the Speaker insisted on counting a quorum by including all members present

in the chamber, whether or not they answered to their names at roll-call. Men of both parties denounced this course as 'despotic.' I had sent a special correspondent, Henry L. Nelson, to Washington to describe just such an outbreak—foreshadowed for some days. Mr. Nelson wired a graphic and rather sensational account of the demonstration against the Speaker, siding with the critics who were ruffled by the rulings. Several members had denounced the arbitrary conduct as undemocratic, even Russian, in character.

This dispatch being the news feature of the night, I undertook the construction of its 'spread head,' as was my custom on special occasions. For the top line, I wrote the words—REED, THE RUSSIAN. The compositor did not follow instructions, as marked, regarding the size of type, but used a larger font. Consequently the words more than filled the line and the proof came to me thus: REED, THE RUSS.

A new top line had to be invented at once, for the page was waiting to go to the stereotyper. After several trials, I hit upon the two words that have become indelibly engrafted upon American political history:

CZAR REED—in letters an inch high.

The title made a national hit; it was taken up by Republican and Democratic editors in all parts of the country. Speaker Reed was immensely pleased—his Gargantuan body fairly shook with merriment when I next met him. The only protest came from Mr. Nelson, who complained that the Czar head had

'dwarfed and submerged his entire article.' I jollied him over the wire, in response; but he was right. The title endured, while his specious protests against the Reed Rules were soon forgotten.

A WILD WEST ADVENTURE

The Deadwood coach was ready to start from the last post-house on the road to Cheyenne. Six spirited young horses had replaced the team that had brought us the previous twenty miles. The manager of the station called together the passengers who had been stretching their legs or resting a foot upon the bar-rail and shouted:

'A band of hostiles is on the warpath between here and Cheyenne. You have with you a couple of cow-punchers and an old trapper—dead shots. I have a Winchester for each of you.'

This sounded very ominous; but I uttered not a word when the carbine was handed to me. One youngster among the passengers, whose lips were white, said he loved adventure; but his looks belied his speech. I knew the coach carried a rich mail from the mining camp. A treasure chest was lashed to the top of the coach and an Indian stalker sat upon it, with two repeating rifles across his knees. The cowboys, long-haired and hatless, were already seated inside, pushing cartridges into the magazines of their carbines.

Prospects of an Indian attack had not affected the driver; he held his restless, six-horse team with as firm a hand as if on a pleasure jaunt. Save that he moved

his two holsters from his hips to his abdomen, I saw no preparations for trouble. Inside, the coach was an arsenal ; alertness therein contrasted with the stolid manner of the old trapper, who at the last moment rolled and lighted a cigarette.

The word of command was given. We took our places and were off.

All went well for quite a distance. I could see through a small window under the driver's footboard that the game little horses, on a dead run, were approaching the bridge over Lame Johnny Creek. The Red Cañon, where trouble would occur, if at all, was less than a mile ahead—much less. Hardly were we across the frail bridge, than I saw the leaders throw their ears apeak—*they smelled Injuns !*

Rain had been threatening, and the storm burst with all the suddenness of a mountain region ; but we in the coach dared not close its windows. The driver's long whip lashed the leaders, that had slackened their gait. A few minutes later, we dashed into the Red Cañon. Nothing happened, although we were very ready. But as we emerged from the gorge, a fusillade calculated to appal the stoutest heart greeted us. More than two score painted savages, mounted upon wonderfully swift ponies and armed with repeating weapons, were in full chase.

Freight of human life and treasure was in gravest danger.

How my paternal ancestor, the pioneer of 1726, would have enjoyed this ' scrap ' !

Knotting his lines, the driver placed them between his knees, and drew two revolvers nearly as big as Gatling guns, with which he killed every savage that attempted to head off the now frantic team. For every bullet, a dead Indian! Riderless ponies soon galloped at the sides of the coach. So intently was I watching the deadly skill of the driver and the trapper, whose marksmanship could be studied from the windows, that I forgot to shoot.

I had it from the driver, later, that 'the old man,' as he described the trapper, calmly looked into the muzzles of twenty-odd Remingtons, choosing which of his assailants had lived long enough. The cowboys appeared to be pumping lead from their Winchesters with a rapidity that promised to annihilate our pursuers; but, alas, constant swerving of the ponies bestridden by the almost naked Indians often balked their aims. They did not worry over the odds against them, however, until their ammunition gave out.

Detecting that fact, the savages became bolder and began to circle around us. Our gallant team was doing its utmost to drag the lumbering vehicle to safety; but capture and slaughter seemed inevitable. To the last moment, the plucky driver had protected the leaders and wheelers; but now, shot in both shoulders, he drove with the lines in his teeth. The old trapper had been hit. Stretched prone upon the roof of the stage, resting his shattered left arm upon the treasure chest, he was taking his last shot before death and the scalping knife.

The situation was hopeless.

From a clump of trees, far to the right and near Panther Run, emerged a small troop of mounted men. Led by a stalwart figure on a white horse, the riders came toward us with a cyclonic rush, over boulders and through quagmire. They had heard the noise of battle and, caring naught for the number of the foe, hurried to the rescue of beleaguered fellow-mortals. How glorious, this chivalry of the plains! Following their intrepid chieftain, the dozen plainsmen broke through the encircling savages, divided, and whirling about, dispersed the band. Unwounded Indians fled in all directions: the dead lay where they had fallen.

Our horses galloped onward, practically unguided, for the driver had tossed the lines over the handle to the brake before he fell fainting into the boot.

Cheyenne was dead ahead, just round the turn of the road. Team, coach and horsemen swept into the town together. The treasure was intact, the United States mail was saved, and all surplus lead the guards, driver or passengers carried about their persons had not reached vital spots.

From the dust raised by the cavalcade came the leader of the van—he to whom we owed our rescue from a desperate situation. Riding close to the coach window at which I sat, this man of charmed life extended his gloved hand to me—the hand of William F. Cody.

Meanwhile, ten thousand theretofore breathless spectators in the vast array of stalls and boxes voiced

appreciation of this feat of dauntless courage and consummate skill.*

* It may be as well to state that this experience occurred right in the City of New York, during an afternoon performance of 'Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show' at Ambrose Park, and this is exactly the manner in which I reported it.

XXVI

BLAINE AND THE PRESIDENCY

In Paris once more, on a vacation. Night Channel service was exceptionally bad in October, 1889, and noon had struck before I reached the Hôtel Holland, in the Place Vendôme. A friend was waiting for me and we ordered breakfast. He possessed the newspaper instinct and had put me on the track of many a good story aforetime. He was on his way back to New York after a tour in Italy.

'I was ill last week at the Hôtel Cavour, in Milan,' he began, almost as soon as we were seated. 'I summoned a doctor who fixed me up; but during our conversation, this physician told me Senator Blaine had been a patient of his when in Milan last year. For two weeks, Dr. Fornoni assured me, Mr. Blaine was in a highly distressing mental and physical condition. Not only was he irrational, but he was so much so that he repeatedly wrote letters refusing a nomination for the Presidency of the United States, which the doctor and Mrs. Blaine suppressed.'

'But a letter was sent to National Chairman Jones,' I interrupted; 'and by that act Mr. Blaine threw away the Presidency to Benjamin Harrison.'

'True; and that is the curious part of the affair,' returned my companion. 'When Mr. Blaine went to

Florence, some time later, an American physician there permitted him to write what will be known in history as "The Florence Letter." Dr. Fornoni insists that a great injury was done to Senator Blaine.'

'This is a state secret of the first magnitude!' I exclaimed. 'I leave for Milan to-night.'

Here was suggested the first reasonable solution of the mysterious and unexpected retirement of James G. Blaine from the presidential candidacy in the previous year. The former Speaker of the House of Representatives, Secretary of State and United States Senator was probably the most conspicuous figure in American political life, and the information promised to be of the highest general interest.

We walked to the Hôtel Splendide, where I bought a ticket for Milan and a *wagon-lit* for the eight o'clock train. It meant the abandonment of my vacation, and I hadn't taken a day's rest for five months—nothing unusual to a working journalist.

Daylight found me at Basle, that Clapham Junction of the Continent; at Lucerne for luncheon and in the St. Gothard Pass and its tunnel late in the afternoon. The train rolled into the Central station, Milan, after dark. Driving to the Hôtel Cavour, I went to bed and summoned Dr. Fornoni, 26 Corso Vittorio Emmanuele. I was said to be threatened with pneumonia! During the half-dozen professional visits paid to me, all the sad circumstances of Mr. Blaine's illness in Milan, never whispered in the United States, were learned.

The senator had suffered a chill in the St. Gothard

tunnel; a stroke of paralysis had followed at the Hôtel Cavour. After partial recovery, the invalid had passed most of his time trying to write letters. He would practise writing his name for hours at a time. The manner in which these communications were suppressed by the ever-vigilant Mrs. Blaine and the physician has been mentioned. These were all the facts to be learned at Milan.

The trail of the statesman led to Venice, across the battlefield of Solferino and past Lake Garda. A gondola carried me from the railroad station to the Hôtel Danieli, where the Milanese physician had sent his patient in search of warm breezes from the Adriatic. Nothing had occurred at Venice. Mr. Blaine had felt so much encouraged that he insisted on proceeding to the beautiful city on the Arno, a town older than Rome. Thither led my chase. The Po was in flood, but was crossed on a new steel bridge that mocked a mile's width of muddy, foaming water. Bologna at dusk; Florence at midnight.

Dr. Baldwin, an American physician, occupied one of the prettiest modern villas of the ancient city of the Guelphs and Ghibellines. When I called at his house, at noon, he was absent but momentarily expected. Hardly had I walked to the window of his salon, before I saw the alert, athletic man of forty coming up the pebbly path toward the house door. I was glad to have a look at him before he saw me, for in the half-minute that intervened I changed all my plans for the interview. A busy, nervous man can never be reasoned

into giving information ; he must be taken by storm, or the correspondent will fail.

'I am Dr. Baldwin,' said the American, entering at a bound and tossing a soft black hat upon a couch.

'Are you the physician who took it upon himself to advise Mr. Blaine to renounce the Presidency and to blast the hopes of thousands of Americans like myself who have given half our lives to his service?' It was necessary to keep talking to create the proper atmosphere.

'I am,' was the calm, confident rejoinder.

'Then, sir, I say to you I have travelled from New York to hear you give an explanation that will be satisfactory to the millions of American people who wanted to seat Mr. Blaine in the White House—and would have done so. I hope you have a reasonable justification for such a national disappointment, even though your judgment may have been at fault.' This last phrase touched the right chord.

'I did right, sir,' was the firm reply, as Dr. Baldwin strode toward a large sofa by the window that gave upon a fountain. 'Come, sit down, and I will guarantee to convince you, so that you will be able to tell the people of America the absolute truth—not half the truth, but all.'

For more than an hour, I listened spellbound to the recital of the days and nights of melancholia, despair and utter self-effacement suffered in Florence, by a man I had known intimately since December, 1874, when, as Speaker of the House, he took his first great upward step.

The doctor mentioned the name of the hotel at which the sad incident had occurred; but I had learned it at Venice from the Danieli interpreter. It was the Hôtel de Londres and Washington, overlooking the coffee-coloured Arno.

'A presidential nomination would have been Mr. Blaine's death-warrant,' was the summing up of Dr. Baldwin.

I drove back to the hotel at which the Blaine family had stopped and where I was staying, and had a talk with Signor Gobo, its manager. By the aid of influences more potent than argument, I was taken to the parlour in which Senator Blaine had passed the most miserable weeks of his life. There stood the table at which he was wont to sit for days, writing, writing, always writing—or trying to write! It was the table upon which Mr. Blaine had composed a letter refusing to be 'King of the United States,' Gobo gravely informed me.

It was a small, round, cheap affair and answered to Dr. Baldwin's description of its red leather top. I offered to buy the article, but the manager demanded 100 lire ($20). It wasn't worth $5.

With a pang of regret that I had learned facts which I would rather never have known, but which belonged to American political history, I spent the night in writing my long letter.

The physician assuredly thought he was right; but Mr. Blaine lived many years afterwards, and became Secretary of State under President Harrison,—an office as laborious as that of Chief Executive, and an

honour given to him grudgingly by a man who believed himself of Divine selection.

JAMES GORDON BENNETT AND JOSEPH PULITZER

My *World* experience was, in many respects, the most remarkable of my life. I had served under two other chiefs of the period, whose methods differed radically from Mr. Pulitzer's. Whitelaw Reid, for example, always decided questions of news-policy by precedent—reasoned out a problem with extreme care. James Gordon Bennett, Jr., by contrast, decided intuitively. He lacked the inventive mind of Pulitzer, but his news-sense was infallible. He had opened Africa to civilization—beginning with the Livingstone expedition from Zanzibar to Ujiji and following it with Stanley's Congo exploration. These exploits were news-makers of highest quality.

If a project were proposed to Mr. Bennett, he decided instantly. His correspondent started on the quest by the first train or steamer, or never.

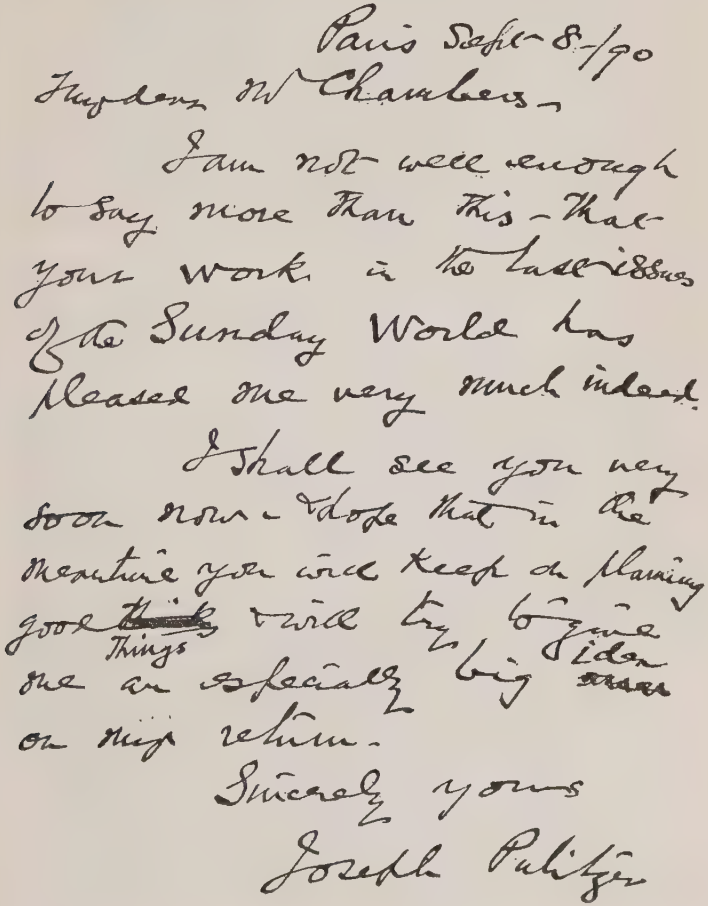
Among many incidents, I recall especially that during a series of severely critical editorial articles on President Hayes, Senator Blaine rose in the chamber and bitterly attacked Hayes. The 'Commodore' was notified, at Nice, and cabled back: 'Stand by the President, as against Blaine.' I recalled that when a British steamship captain had taken passengers, officers and crew of the French liner *L'Amérique* from their vessel in mid-ocean and had refused to permit Captain Lamaryea to return to his own ship, but had put a salvage crew aboard that took the steamer into

Queenstown, Mr. Bennett decided that the British skipper did right and that *L'Amérique* was lawful prize. He based his decision, in that instance, on an experience in his own yacht: it was not a case of intuition.

Mr. Bennett possessed wonderful capacity for imparting enthusiasm to an employee when dispatching him on a difficult or hazardous mission. Mr. Pulitzer never attempted anything of the kind. He always strove to improve upon suggestions made to him, but never exclaimed—'Excellent! Jump for it!' With Bennett, success justified any expenditure. Liberal as was Pulitzer, he kept strict watch over the weekly pay-rolls and expense bills. That was natural to a man who had not inherited a fortune, but made his own.

To the men in his employ, Mr. Pulitzer was considerate, but he rarely praised. He adopted the Bennett system of espionage, which begets much falsehood and occasions some injustice. A reporter whom I saved from peremptory discharge, ordered by cable because of his failure on the Johnstown flood, afterwards became a constant letter-writer to Mr. Pulitzer, and some of his messages, which Tracey Greaves, the *World's* London correspondent, repeated to me, were gorged with malicious misrepresentations and deliberate falsehoods. Thank God, I never wrote a letter of criticism about a man under my direction without showing it to him and advising him to send an explanation by the same mail—even to hand a duplicate to me for enclosure in my letter.

An editor frequently has to decide in a very brief space of time whether or not to print a news feature that looks dangerous. Intuition and experience alone can guide him. One of the most impetuous workers I ever knew, Joseph Pulitzer was in constant fear of over-zeal. 'Activity and Accuracy' were two words



Paris Sept 8/90

Hayden W Chambers

I am not well enough to say more than this - that your work in the last issues of the Sunday World has pleased me very much indeed.

I shall see you very soon now - & hope that in the meantime you will keep on planning good ~~Things~~ things & will try to give me an especially big one on my return.

Sincerely yours

Joseph Pulitzer

most frequently upon his lips; and yet he seemed to fear men who were too full of energy. This was paradoxical.

The summer before his death (which occurred in October, 1911), I had a long talk with Mr. Pulitzer on the porch of the Louisburg Hotel at Bar Harbour. He was bearded like a Jew of Kiev. He imparted much information regarding certain associates on the *World* that would have been very valuable had it reached me at the right time.

The following characteristic letter, written at an early stage of our business relations, shows his close interest in the details of *World* affairs, and illustrates his methods and mental attitude.

Personal 78 Rue de Courcelles
Paris, Feb. 10, '89.

My Dear Mr. Chambers,

I am delighted with your work.

If you do not receive many letters from me don't think me unappreciative of yours; there is not a line you have yet written that has not interested me. But I am a poor letter-writer at best, and for the last three months have been very far from my best—at least in a physical sense.

I hope you are beginning to like your new surroundings, or rather that they no longer seem new but more like home—and a good permanent home too. Never fear of troubling me with any suggestion concerning either the welfare of the paper or your own; and nothing, looking to the elevation and improvement of the paper, is too small to mention.

Of course it is impossible for me to reply to all your suggestions; but I will take up a few.

First. The improvement of the copy-reading force

is a very old theme—I have spoken about it and tried to do something dozens of times. The reply usually was, the difficulty of getting the right men and the disinclination of the right men to take that post. I feel more strongly even than you the desirability of improvement in this direction. We should have the *very best* men that can possibly be had to read copy, for they really perform a very large and important share of editing the paper—at least they should, if they had brains and judgment enough.

Second. You can have either Minton or Lyman—whoever seems most valuable to you—if you can harmoniously sandwich him into the mechanism of the paper.

Not ——, as he has the big head—that disease ruins the best talent.

Third. We should have the best man in the country at the head of the Washington Bureau. Try to find him; but not Oberly who is a politician only. Our man must have both character and capacity, with a news instinct above the ordinary.

Fourth. Your suggestions about a library and maps are excellent and you ought to get every book of reference you desire. Send me the list and if you do not get them it will be the fault of my secretary who writes these lines, and has already been instructed to procure the African sheets for you from Peterman. When we get into the new building and have the necessary room I expect to have pretty much everything on earth in the way of globes, maps, library.

Fifth. I wish you could put your bright mind on the subject of novels and stories of fiction. Try to interest yourself in the idea as I have long believed in it, though unable to do much. If you talk to Mr. Turner and Mr. Cockerill they may possibly remember my suggestions. As I am not able to read and have not

read a novel in years and the whole idea depends upon the success of hitting the right stories, I can do no more than suggest.

Send a bright reporter, specially instructed to regard himself on a *private* mission and not to let his purpose be known, to the libraries, the publishers, the bookstores and the most competent men generally, to secure for my *private use* only, say, the dozen novels or books of any kind that have been most read during the last year. Then, say, another dozen that have been most read during the last fifty years. You might cable me the gist of this result.

Sixth. I want to do something handsome for Klein, either send him money or a nice present. Please suggest something to me exactly.

Seventh. The first false step—nay, the first sign of a false step on the part of —— should find him promptly dismissed. No personal liking should interfere with this. We must not have drunkards about the office.

Eighth. I believe a little less politics and a few more thrilling stories from real life, even if they contain some ghosts and blood and thunder, might be advisable.

Which of the Chicago papers did you arrange with? I hope the *Tribune*. In haste,

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) Joseph Pulitzer.

The deaths of Joseph Pulitzer and James Gordon Bennett were irreparable losses to American journalism. Mr. Bennett was slightly the elder, but he maintained his health until his last illness, while Mr. Pulitzer had been ailing for twenty years. Loss of eyesight had strengthened Pulitzer's keenness of memory

and sharpened his marvellous powers of cross-examination. He would have become a remarkable jury lawyer had he gone to the Bar. Great as were his afflictions, he bore them philosophically. He left many charitable bequests and gave the city a beautiful fountain. His three sons succeeded to the ownership of the *World*.

Mr. Bennett committed his three newspapers, the *Herald*, *Telegram* and Paris *Herald*, to a board of three directors ;* one of the triumvirate, Mr. Stillman, preceded the ' Commodore ' to the grave. The editor's will directed that a ' Home for Aged Newspaper Men ' be directed and maintained from a fund set aside for the purpose.

* The subsequent sale of the newspaper properties to Mr. Frank A. Munsey, of the New York *Sun*, is sufficiently familiar. After a period of experimental conjunction, the name of the New York *Herald* lives again, unyoked and unabsorbed, while the *Sun* has ceased to shine in the mornings and become an evening luminary only.

XXVII

A MASTER OF THE SPIRIT WORLD

Again at Nice, after an absence of thirteen years! Nearness to Monte Carlo has much to do with the attractiveness of the French resort. At the hotel where I was stopping, I renewed an acquaintance with an interesting Briton, whom I may call Sir Harold Rigby. Although I had met him aboard Mr. Bennett's yacht years before, his manner was reserved at first, and I might never have known the true charm of his personality but for an unusual incident. The revelation came quite unexpectedly. We had motored to Monaco, *en route* to the Casino at Monte Carlo, when Rigby suddenly inquired:

'Would you care to meet the Prince of Monaco?'

'Indeed I would,' I replied.

'*À droite: conduisez-nous là!*' Sir Harold shouted to the chauffeur, pointing to the castle-crowned rock that juts into the sea. We turned from the cunning toy town, with its shaving-like trees and its red-roofed houses. In a few minutes, we came to a stop under the *porte-cochère* of the ancient pirate lair of the Grimaldis. After a brief delay, we were accorded audience.

I expected a certain amount of pomp and formality. On the contrary, the prince greeted Sir Harold most

democratically, gave me his hand when I was presented, and motioned to us to be seated, as he asked:

'Do you take Scotch, Irish or cognac?'

This established an *entente cordiale* at once. We moved to a balcony overlooking the ever-blue Mediterranean. The prince pointed out familiar points, especially Ventimiglia headland—very memorable to me, owing to an unforgettable but long past episode.

As we took leave, Sir Harold asked: 'He never returned, your Highness?'

'Never! I'm rid of him. Your man knew his business. *Bon voyage!*'

As we were taking coffee together that evening at the Hôtel des Anglais, Nice, Sir Harold suddenly diverted the conversation into a new channel.

'It is quite possible you did not catch my final inquiry when we parted from the prince?'

'On the contrary, I did overhear your question, and have wondered what its significance could have been.'

'As you may know, I am the youngest son of the Earl of ——,' he began, without further suggestion. 'I was knighted for services as British Commissioner at the Chicago Exposition. As I was without prospects in life, the law was thought to be the proper destiny for me. While I was a bencher at Lincoln's Inn—for I hadn't money enough to take a suite in the Temple—I became acquainted with a remarkable young chap who had quarters next to mine. Alexander Umpleby, for that was his name, was worse off for money than I. He was son of a land-poor family in

Devonshire. The only criticism I could make of him was that he insisted upon discoursing to me about the new philosophies. He certainly was informed about every phase of psychics. Possibly because I knew nothing about psychics, his talk appeared highly learned.

'Bit by bit, I gleaned some knowledge of Umpleby's early life. He had been sent to Harrow when quite young, and thence to Cambridge, where he studied architecture; but the family resources had given out and he had finally chosen the law for his life's work. One night, as we sat in the semi-gloom of my lodgings, Umpleby suddenly exclaimed, "Rigby, I actually believe I possess the power to exorcise a disembodied spirit!" This was very startling, but I accepted his statement as an indication of the progress disease was making in his mind, and let his words go at that value.

'During the winter that followed I had an invitation from Lord Brentwood,* one of the beer-barons of Burton-on-Trent, to make a cruise in the Mediterranean aboard his yacht. We anchored off Monte Carlo one fine afternoon, and went ashore. After we had lost a few sovereigns at the tables, Brentwood asked me if I would like to meet the Prince of Monaco, from whom M. Blanc acquired the gambling concession. Honestly, I was indifferent; but it seemed the correct thing to acquiesce. We took a team and in half an hour alighted under the same *porte-cochère* where you and I drove this afternoon. Brentwood's name appeared to be well known, for we were shown

* This is not the name actually mentioned.

into a quaint study at the landward side of the castle. His Highness put us at our ease by pushing a bottle of brandy toward each of us, without calling on his butler, who stood at hand. The man pulled corks from a couple of sodas, and we were enjoying the cool drink when the prince said:

'"You will pardon me, gentlemen, if I am less sociable than I'd wish to be; but I passed a very bad night. I wanted to be alone, and slept in the tower room, forgetting that for more than two centuries uncanny tales have been associated therewith. I certainly saw the ghost of the Grimaldis!"

'"Too bad; you ought to have it laid," I said, merely to hear myself talk.

'"I will give the sum of a grand *coup* at M. Blanc's to get rid of it!" the prince came back, with much feeling.

'"I can have it done for you," I rejoined, remembering Umpleby, but especially desiring to give his Highness as good as he sent.

'"I take you!" the prince said. "How will you do this?"

'"I am acquainted with a professional ghost-layer in London who has successfully rid several of the old abbeys and castles in the United Kingdom of their ancestral ghosts. I guarantee that Professor Umpleby will remove his Ghostship." I had got into such deep water that I had to keep going.

'"Telegraph to your man at once!" the prince commanded. Ringing a bell, he summoned his secretary. The young man brought the prince his cheque-

book on the Crédit Lyonnais. Up to that moment, I had not taken the matter seriously; but, receiving a cheque for five thousand francs, I could not doubt that his Highness was in earnest. I had gone too far to retreat; therefore I bowed and said:

'"I shall wire Professor Umpleby on my return to Nice, and if he is unable to come I shall at once return to you this cheque."

'"I don't want the cheque back; I want to be rid of the cursed apparition in the old tower room!"

'Lord Brentwood had been a silent listener to the conversation, and when we re-entered our carriage he expressed anxiety regarding my undertaking. Candidly, I was much more worried than he was; but I dissembled, affecting complete confidence in my London associate.

'A two-hundred-word message went to Alexander Umpleby, Hall 9, Lincoln's Inn, that evening. Therein, I insisted that he must put his knowledge to practical use. As I had been promised fifty thousand francs in the event of success and had received ten per cent in advance, I offered him half the total sum if he could "lay" the ghost in the castle at Monaco. To my infinite relief, a reply arrived at noon the following day announcing the wizard's departure for Nice that evening.

'Two days later, Professor Umpleby was installed in the haunted chamber, and at the end of a month had discovered the secret of the apparition. By removing the cause, he did away with the ghost for ever. At the end of three months, the prince was so well satisfied

that he paid over the stipulated sum to me in a draft on Coutts' Bank, and I divided with my companion. Umpleby was so elated over his success that he had a letter-heading engraved and addressed communications to the chiefs of all noble families in the United Kingdom credited with possessing ghostly familiars. He met with some rebuffs. I remember one from Lord Charles Beresford, to whom a letter had been sent offering to remove the time-respected "Beresford ghost" that always appears before some member of the family dies. The bluff rear-admiral insisted that he preferred a ghost that was known, to one that might succeed it, if driven away.

'However, Umpleby has opened an office on Red Lion Street, just out of Oxford Street, and has undertaken to develop a science he declares is only in its infancy.'

This was the end of Rigby's statement, which, I confess, afterwards impressed me more than it did at the time.

Two months later, I strolled into the café of the Hotel Savoy, where I was staying in London. I heard my name called, and discovered, not far away, a New Yorker well known to me. We had met in Paris, but our acquaintance was due chiefly to club fellowship, which had inspired an intimacy that never could have arisen otherwise. Hanrahan was one of the telephone millionaires, who made an unpleasant display of his wealth everywhere except at the Juniper Club, where that sort of boorishness would not have been tolerated. When the great European war burst upon the world,

I may anticipate to say, Hanrahan was among the first to get into the stock market as a holder of 'war babies,' and increased his fortune many times over.

On this occasion of our meeting, we had a highball together, and before it was finished he told me he had bought a great place in New Jersey—'a reg'lar castle,' as he described it. He had just returned from the Continent, where he had ordered antique furniture by the shipload to embellish it. The occasion seemed ripe to banter him, so I said:

'You will have an armoury, of course?'

'I have seen to that; have bought fifty suits of mail and will have the figures mounted in less than a month,' he replied.

'You ought to have a portrait gallery of famous ancestors,' I added facetiously.

'Attended to!' retorted Hanrahan. 'Gave an order in Brussels for thirty-two life-size portraits of my male forbears for as many generations. They will be artificially aged and on the walls at Limerick Hook within six months.'

'Where did you say?'

'The great house stands facing a lake at Tuxedo—don't you see?—on a rocky headland. Therefore, "Limerick Hook."'

Hanrahan had rather the better of me; but a fine card was still in reserve. The moment had come; I led it fearlessly.

'Excellent, so far; but you must have a haunted chamber!'

'Must I?' he asked, in utmost seriousness.

'No castle is complete without one,' I replied with a positiveness that carried conviction to my listener. 'It is an easy matter, in these days of advanced psychic research, to get a ghostly tenant.'

'In that case, I want a spectre,' he replied.

The man believed me implicitly, largely owing to my reputation as a traveller. I had gone far enough with my joking and was about to confess, when Alexander Umpleby recurred to me. How could anybody forget such a name?

'I know a professor of the occult who will give you complete satisfaction,' I said.

'Can you call him on the telephone?' Hanrahan demanded.

'It would be best for me to see him first and impress him with the distinction that professional employment by you will bring, in the event of successful achievement.'

'Well, old chap, I'll make it worth your while to visit him at once, because I am off to-morrow night to Monte Carlo, to "hear the wheel sing"—and to try to repeat my success on Number 8.'

Here the conversation was interrupted by the arrival of two friends of Hanrahan, and I got away.

Escaping from the big hotel by the Strand entrance, I took a cab for Red Lion Street. As the hansom turned into the narrow thoroughfare, I told the cabby to drive slowly, because I was looking for a doorplate. In the second block I stopped the vehicle before a small house, nestled among shops, on the door of which I saw a brass plate of imposing proportions.

Alighting, I struck a match and read this : ' Alexander Umpleby, M.S.W., Ghost Layer to H.S.H. the Prince of Monaco.'

Without delay, the bell was answered by a boy in blue livery who showed me into a waiting-room, took my card—upon which I had written, ' Introduced by Sir Harold Rigby '—and soon returned to conduct me to the ' Master of the Spirit World.'

Professor Umpleby remained seated behind a flat-top desk ; but courteously motioned me to a chair that the boy had pushed up. He was of heavy build and clean-shaven, but wore his hair long, like cranks to be met with in the United States. His was an entirely different figure from what I had expected to see. When I mentioned Rigby's name, his face brightened and he evinced the utmost interest.

As briefly as possible, I set forth the wants of my New York friend, following the narrative by a declaration that Sir Harold had recounted to me his remarkable success at Monaco—a triumph that I observed he mentioned upon his doorplate. Umpleby smiled grimly, as he said :

' Sir Harold could not have told you the correct version. At Monaco, I *removed* a ghost. Restoration of a spectre, once exorcised, is a different feat. I fear your friend cannot have his haunted chamber.'

' Sir Harold told me exactly what had been done ; but, knowing little about the occult, I reasoned that a man wise enough to lay a ghost could raise one.'

' No objection can be urged to your reasoning ; but the field is a wholly different one. Much deeper

research would be required, much longer time, and——'

'The cost would be greater, I infer?' was my interruption.

'Exactly.'

'The cost will be of little concern to my friend, if you can do the job,' I replied. 'I was about to suggest that as you had removed the spectre at Monaco you might be able to call it back from the vasty——'

'Please desist!' exclaimed Umpleby, rising to indicate that the interview must come to an end. 'I have an idea—you have just furnished it to me. You may say to your friend that I will install a spectre in his establishment, if such a marvel be possible. But I shall ask a fee of one thousand pounds to visit the States and examine his great house; that much in any event. If I am successful, I shall expect a further sum of two thousand pounds.'

'My friend will agree to those terms,' I hastened to say.

'Very well. See him early; 'phone me if he acquiesces, and I will give him the name of a notary who will draw the papers and attest our signatures. I must know before noon to-morrow, as I have an engagement to lay a ghost for one of the most distinguished noblemen of Scotland and should leave by an early evening train on the Great Northern railway. I have to wish you good night.'

And Professor Umpleby disappeared behind a black velvet curtain without further ceremony. I found the

page at my side, and he led the way to the door. My cab carried me back to the Savoy.

Hanrahan was still in the café and came to the table at which I seated myself. He sanctioned every promise I had made. Umpleby, notified by telephone, named a notary in Chancery Lane and appointed the hour of ten on the following morning for the signing of the contract.

A fortnight after that formal meeting at the notary's office, Umpleby and I left an afternoon train at the Tuxedo station in New Jersey and, entering a cab, drove to the Hanrahan property. The château soon came into view. The imposing limestone façade of the main structure was three stories in height, approached by broad terraces ornately set with box mazes, and was embellished by a porch, supported on fluted stone columns. Its south façade, similarly composed but with red brick between its broad windows, was one hundred and fifty feet in depth, including in its grouping a grand dining hall, a conservatory and an art gallery.

At the north-west corner was a Gothic chapel, with an octagonal campanile that stood apart from the dainty house of worship. The four structures on as many sides, although not entirely harmonious when considered as a whole, created a court upon which the chapel, with its mullioned windows of stained glass, fronted. Symmetry had been sacrificed in the north façade to introduce a bastioned tower as part of the structure. Umpleby's exclamation when he saw that tower encouraged me.

'I believe I can turn this trick!' said he.

He especially commended the architect who had designed the vast château and explained that the variations in the style were purposely made, to carry out the idea that additions had been built at different times, centuries apart, thus giving an antiquity to the entire structure not otherwise possible to impart to it.

The great building was crowded with workmen. Decorators, painters and upholsterers were busy everywhere.

Armed with a letter from the owner that authorized my companion to domicile himself in the château, we were permitted by the superintendent of the contractors to roam at will throughout the establishment. Umpleby secured a cot and bed-clothing, and took up his residence in a quaint apartment on the top floor of the north façade. I left him installed; confident but impervious to my curiosity. Hanrahan would not return for two months, at which time he expected everything to be in place in his new home—even to a spectre that walked by night.

When I opened my mail one morning, a month later, a letter from Umpleby requested my presence that night at the Hanrahan 'castle.' I went by a late train, hopeful that the anticipated fee had been earned. Umpleby met me at the station and advised that we walk to the château. During that stroll, my companion told me for the first time the story of his success at Monaco.

'On the top of the oldest tower of that Grimaldi castle, at a point where a wall joined a parapet,' began

Umpleby, using the technique of his early professional training, ' I discovered a niche in a re-entering angle, described in architecture as a machicolation, in which stood a figure of Herculean size—an alto-rilievo, covered with sheets of burnished gold. This tablet was so artfully placed that it was not visible from the only window that opened on the wall to which it was affixed. The huge figure had been adjusted with the precision of a sun-dial, so that the moon, on her thirteenth night, cast her rays directly upon the burnished surface at the exact angle to deflect a shadowy outline of the mailed figure into the window of a tower-room across the court of the castle. A stone corbel, built under the machicolation, prevented people crossing the courtyard below from detecting the sheen radiated by the glittering figure in sunlight or moonlight.'

' Whose figure do you suppose it to have been ? ' I asked, much interested.

' Probably that of Lucian Grimaldi, murdered in the castle of Monaco by his nephew about 1523,' replied the ghost raiser. ' The device was set up near the close of the seventeenth century as a deterrent to further assassinations. I learned the date of its erection by marks in Roman numerals at the base of the rilievo. If its purpose were as I surmise, it was efficacious, because every descendant of the Grimaldis since Lucian's day has died in bed or in battle. The original designer must not have been a devout man, or he would have chosen the figure of a cowled monk for his apparition. " Monaco " is derived from

monachus, and the coat of arms of the present ruler is a shield supported by two monks. The sublime heights to which the science of ghost raising had attained in the seventeenth century, as proved by this excellent example, commands my unqualified admiration.'

We trudged along in silence for several minutes, Umpleby evidently collecting his thoughts for the more important disclosures about to be uttered.

'I successfully removed from its niche the gold-encrusted alto-rilievo—a series of plates, dowelled one into the other—and carried the pieces to London, unknown to Sir Harold Rigby,' he resumed, having decided to tell me his precious secret. 'Architecturally, the engrafting of this relic of a barbarous age upon a modern château would have been a difficult task, did not the bell tower stand exactly where it does. I converted a blind window on the south-west face of that octagonal structure into a mock machicolation, protecting it from sight of anybody passing across the court at Limerick Hook by heavy bronze corbels, artificially aged. In that false niche, one dark night, I set up the armoured figure of burnished gold, untarnished by the storms of two centuries. From memory, I reproduced, as nearly as may be, the original screens of stone.'

We had now reached the château. The caretaker admitted us at the great door, and we found our way up the series of stone stairs and along groined corridors by the light of a candle that Umpleby carried.

Though I had never been in the apartment before, I was astonished at the antiquated effect given to the

tower-room. Candles soon burned in brass sconces at each side of a tall mirror that rose from the top of the mantel to the ceiling. My companion explained that he had removed all gas and electric light connections. The room actually possessed a ghostly atmosphere! A wide canopy bed, brought from an antique shop in New York, was in place, bolted to the floor so that its position could not be altered.

'The moment approaches in which we shall know whether or not I have been successful,' said Umpleby gravely, after a period of silence.

The ghost raiser stepped to the window and gazed on the clear, cloudless sky. The full face of the moon was peeping round a corner of the tower.

The magician next extinguished six candles in the sconces, after which, taking me by the arm, he drew me to a seat upon the side of the bed. Students of the supernatural will comprehend why we sat where we did. A bed is the proper vantage point from which to see a ghost, at the moment of awakening from troubled sleep—the more troubled the better. Silence reigned in the lofty apartment about to become, or not to become, 'The Haunted Chamber at Limerick Hook.'

Over the mantelpiece a figure of grey haze suddenly materialized. As our eyes grew accustomed to the absence of light, the shadowy outline became more and more distinct. With a slowness that appalled, an armoured figure gradually descended to the floor and stood clear of the wall. One could not doubt that he beheld an apparition, because the dark woodwork surrounding the fireplace, as well as the browns and

reds in the tapestry at the side of the mirror, were distinctly to be seen through the haze that shaped itself into a form once human and evidently of noble mien.

I was overcome with wonderment, not wholly devoid of fear.

In a whisper, as if the human voice might frighten away the apparently supernatural visitor, Umpleby explained the impossibility of changing the form of the spectre. It was the same that had haunted the ancient castle atop the rock at Monaco, and had to be taken as it was.

'Excellent!' I exclaimed. 'But how will you account for the armour his Ghostship wears? The Kings of Ireland did not dress that way.'

'"Every family has its particular apparition," I shall say to Mr. Hanrahan, was the calm reply. "Somewhere in the line of your valorous forbears was such a knight in armour."—This is the "familiar spirit" of the Hanrahans, don't you see?'

While we discussed the triumphant success of this Master of the Spirit World, the antique figure slowly approached the couch on which we sat and, amid its draperies, finally melted into nothingness.

A ghost had walked at Limerick Hook!

XXVIII

THE SANTIAGO SEA FIGHT THROUGH SPANISH EYES

The Spanish-American War had ended and victors and vanquished were *en route* to this country. The New York *World* had been prevented from having a correspondent aboard the returning ships, because Sylvester Scovel, its representative at Santiago, had quarrelled with General Shafter. Therefore it was imperative that somebody get aboard the *St. Louis* when she arrived and gather details of the voyage—especially of the conduct of the chief prisoner, Admiral de Cervera. It was not a task for a novice, as every other journal had a correspondent on the transport.

The admiral and 320 men, rescued from his destroyed fleet at Santiago de Cuba, were due to arrive at Portsmouth. I reached that city the day before the transformed American liner was sighted.

At New Hampshire's only port, all incoming vessels are boarded at its entrance by an official known as the harbour master, who lives in Newcastle, at the mouth of the harbour. I drove five miles to that village, installed myself at the only hotel and secured the co-operation of its proprietor, in order to get acquainted with the harbour master. That official was invited to the hotel and joined me in the café. Before

JULIUS CHAMBERS IN 1898

midnight, by means of stories and good cheer, I had thoroughly ingratiated myself with the retired ship-captain who held the important post. By one o'clock, I had secured an appointment as deputy harbour master, entitling me to go in the launch with my chief when the *St. Louis* arrived.

The remaining hours of that anxious night were passed by me at a window of my room overlooking the sea, watching for the lights of the big transport.

The *St. Louis* anchored off Newcastle Point the following day. The 'deputy harbour master,' wearing the cap and blue blouse of office, followed his chief up the *St. Louis*' gangway with all the assumption of authority he was able to affect. He explored every corner of the ship, as authorized to do; visited the deck state-room of the captive Spanish admiral, and obtained, by inquiry among the young officers of the *St. Louis*, a complete account of the voyage from Guantanamo. The supposed deputy harbour master then approached Cervera; but having been informed that Captain Goodrich, commander of the transport, had issued an order that nobody should speak to the unfortunate Spanish officer unless first addressed, an interview was not attempted. There was a hope that he might speak to me. He did.

The sad-faced man was gazing at a windmill behind Kittery, the arms of which were swinging exactly like those upon the little red towers of his native La Mancha, when, pointing shoreward, he asked:

'*Que terano es este?*' (What land is this?)

'Maine!' I answered.

The old admiral started; Captain Eulate, at his side, turned his pale, bandaged face in my direction. That word had been borne to their ears amid the fire and smoke at Santiago, as the Americans shouted: 'Remember the *Maine!*'

'*No itiendo*' (I don't understand), said Cervera, very slowly.

'*El Estado de Maine*' (the State of Maine), I explained.

'Ah!' sighed the captive; '*aora, Yo comprendo.*' (Now, I do understand.)

After a long day of anxiety, that ended at 1.30 a.m. with 'good-night!' on a 6000 word message—chased by an expert telegraphist who employed the utmost skill of his art—I went supperless to bed, because not an all-night restaurant existed at Portsmouth.

Four hundred Spanish officers, marines and sailors had been landed on Seavey's Island, where a stockade and barracks had been provided. Access to this prison reservation was only to be had on authorization of the commandant of the Kittery Navy Yard. I formed the plan of getting inside that enclosure and, with my knowledge of Spanish, interviewing the surviving junior officers of the Spanish ships sunk at Santiago.

I crossed the ferry to the Navy Yard and visited an old friend, Colonel James Forney, United States Marine Corps, and son of the late John W. Forney of Philadelphia, to secure his influence with the commandant to obtain the necessary permit. We called

upon Rear-Admiral Carpenter, but my request was brusquely refused. In a manner unexplained, the *World* had given offence to the commandant. Colonel Forney was much chagrined, but I assured him the matter was unimportant. A plan had occurred to me, probably based on my experience of the previous day. Many butchers' carts, loaded with meats, had been observed on the ferry boat, bound for the prison stockade. Why not become a butcher's assistant and gain access to the barracks on one of the wagons?

A great news story was to be had, if this could be achieved.

Inquiry at the first butcher-shop in Portsmouth secured the name of the contractor who supplied meats and vegetables to the Spanish prisoners. The place was easily found and I had speech with the proprietor. He was a thrifty, intelligent Bostonian; and, getting him aside, I frankly told him my plan and its object—omitting mention of the commandant's rebuff. He was assured of my willingness to pay $10 for the day's employment as a butcher's helper, provided I could accompany a driver on one of his delivery wagons inside the stockade and remain there until the same cart returned late in the afternoon. Under no circumstances would I disclose the means by which I had gained access to the Spaniards. He was as appreciative of newspaper enterprise as the Newcastle harbour master. The bargain was made. Hanging my coat and vest in 'my employer's' locker, I slipped into a blouse, exchanged my derby for a greasy cap, and

mounted beside a driver leaving with a load of quarters of beef.

The driver only knew that he was to leave me 'in charge' of the meat when delivered to the quartermaster, and that he was to return for me at five o'clock. The sergeant of marines at the gate made a memorandum that the butcher on cart No. 4 would remain inside the stockade until the five o'clock delivery was made, when he would come out on No. 4. How very simple!

Nothing was easier than to lose myself among the long rows of barracks. Knowledge of Spanish enabled me to find the quarters of the officers. (Admiral Cervera and Captain Eulate had remained aboard the transport and sailed that morning for Annapolis.)

I confidently hoped to visualize mentally, through Spanish eyes, the first open-sea engagement of modern armoured warships—the greatest naval battle prior to the Jutland encounter in the North Sea—and to learn at first hand the feelings of brave men amid a shower of shells of large and small calibre. Let Lieutenant Carlos Boado-Suances, of the *Pluton*, describe his experiences aboard that torpedo-boat destroyer:

'Admiral Cervera expected to lose most of his ships; but, hoping the *Cristobal Colon* would escape, he transferred his flag from her to the *Maria Teresa*, that he might share the dangers of the less fortunate. As his flagship steamed out from under Moro Castle, he signalled to the vessels in his wake, "Dear Boys, your admiral prays for a speedy victory." The torpedo boats were to shelter themselves behind the armoured

cruisers until the American ships closed in ; then, heading for the nearest enemy, they were to discharge their torpedoes. But that plan failed, because in five minutes we were in the infernal regions ! The nearest American battleship, *Iowa*, was 2500 yards—one and a half miles—away. Life anywhere aboard the *Pluton* was not worth an *ochavi*. Our little unarmoured craft had no place of shelter. One feels safer on the far side of a turret, or with a conning-tower between him and an enemy ; but our men were just as safe on the open deck—safer, indeed, than below, for shells soon shattered our steam pipes and scalding water destroyed stokers and engineers. Not one of the seventy-two men aboard the *Pluton* expected to survive the battle, but we were confident we would take at least one American battleship down with us. Nobody showed a white streak. Ready as we were to die, however, not one of us was prepared for exactly what awaited us. We were shot to pieces before we got within half torpedo-striking distance. We were riddled, but couldn't deliver a blow in return. That young commander of the *Gloucester* (meaning Wainwright, who was on the *Maine* when she blew up in Havana harbour) is as brave as any man alive, but he did not destroy us. Shells of the *Brooklyn* and *Iowa* blew us to pieces.

' My chum and classmate, standing three feet from me, was struck in the breast by a small shell. His head and body separated and fell into the sea. The same shell struck the edge of the conning-tower and exploded. The concussion threw me on my hands and knees. The next instant, a very large shell struck the *Pluton's*

side and she careened violently, tossing me twenty feet along the deck. This was my salvation, for a shot from a rapid-fire gun struck the exact spot on which I had stood. It was only one of several miraculous escapes in the first few minutes. We had prepared torpedoes for firing, but we never were nearer than 2000 yards to a battleship or cruiser before our steering gear was smashed. We tried to get behind the *Oquendo*, not to save our lives but to await a chance to strike. The *Oquendo* used smoke-producing powder, solely to hide the *Pluton* and *Furor ;* but the smoke did not lie on the water ; it rose in fleecy clouds that rendered our position all the plainer to the enemy in the clear strip of blue water below. Large shells were fired at us so as to *ricochet* along the surface ; we could see them coming by the enormous splashes they made. They came straight. Finally, a shell from the *Brooklyn* tore the inside out of us. We had already swung our stern to the enemy in hope of escaping. We had a twenty-knot headway on at the time and this carried us ashore. We were utterly helpless in that storm of death.'

'The Americans sprang on *Pluton* and *Furor* like cats on two mice : we couldn't even bite,' interrupted a young lieutenant, with a bandaged head. 'The Americans were too quick. But we on the *Furor* fared worse than you—we were in the thickest of the fire.'

Although this was not intended for my ears and was tainted with jealousy because the speaker belonged to a rival crew, it was answered in a manner that would have done credit to Chesterfield :

'Perhaps each ship seemed to those aboard to be in the centre of fire.'

The two destroyers carried seventy-odd men each; forty-eight were killed on the *Pluton* and fifty-five on the *Furor*.

Lieutenant Antonio Lopez Cerou, a line officer on the *Infanta Maria Teresa*, had the honour of standing near Admiral Cervera during the fifty-seven minutes of the American onslaught. The *Maria Teresa* fired the first shot, and it was answered by the *Brooklyn* and *Iowa* simultaneously, proving that their gun crews were ready. He added that the *Oregon* seemed to rise from the sea on the *Teresa's* port bow, every gun on her sides darting daggers of flame.

'Of course, I never expected to survive,' said Lieutenant Cerou; 'but, really, as we steamed out of the harbour the prospect was far more encouraging than we had anticipated. The admiral ordered all our guns concentrated on the *Brooklyn*, for we believed if we could cripple her we could escape from the big battleships. Where the *Oregon* came from that morning I cannot explain; and how she travelled so fast after a 14,000 mile voyage is equally strange. I would not have believed any battleship afloat could chase our *Cristobal Colon*—a 21-knot armoured cruiser—sixty miles and then corner her. The *Texas* we had been told was *maleficado* ('bewitched'—he really meant 'hoodoed'). Also that her machinery went wrong at critical moments. We did not take her into serious account. It is not boasting when I tell you I had three escapes from death in as many minutes. The experi-

ence is quite as incredible to me as mention thereof can be to others. Once I passed behind the forward turret to get an order from the bridge when a shell carried away half the bridge, the wreckage throwing me to the deck. At that very instant a shell, probably a six-inch, passed directly over my head with a shriek like a ship's siren, killing the young officer who was conveying the order to me. I wasn't down two seconds, but when I arose two corpses were at my feet. Where they came from I haven't an idea. The men were not near me when I was thrown down.

'Being at the head of the line, we expected the American fire would be concentrated on us; the admiral tried to manœuvre so that we could close with and ram the *Brooklyn*. I am sure our noble Cervera would have willingly perished could he have destroyed Commodore Schley's flagship. But whenever we headed toward her, the *Brooklyn* swung far enough round to give us a broadside from her heaviest guns. We never got nearer than 1500 yards. One of her shells struck the deck, exploded and ripped up the planking, destroyed two rapid-fire guns, killed their crews and a dozen other men and carried panic everywhere. The *Vizcaya* worked her forward guns on the *Brooklyn*, whenever the latter turned, hoping to destroy her steering gear, after which Captain Eulate believed he could finish her.'

Lieutenant Antonio Margata, of the *Vizcaya*, was senior of his rank aboard that armoured cruiser and had visited New York in the preceding February. He was

a Catalan and I asked him to speak Castellano, but the Barcelona dialect could not be overcome.

'To us it appeared that the *Vizcaya* received the converging fire of at least two battleships and the cruiser *Brooklyn*,' said the lieutenant, speaking slowly. 'Our stokers and engineers kept our speed at maximum and we thought ourselves able to cope with the *Brooklyn*. We fought the *Iowa* abeam for twenty minutes, at 2000 yards' range. That was an experience! The Americans didn't appear to be in any hurry—except the *Oregon* in chase of the *Colon*. The *Iowa*, which we had been assured was slow, hung on our beam like a bull-dog and gave us at least two of every three shots her gunners fired. Her after-turret was firing at somebody behind us. Her 13-inch shells appeared to slide along the surface and hunt for a seam in our armour. They found our vulnerable spot—*le talon de Aquilles* (Achilles' heel), so to speak. Three of these monster projectiles penetrated the hull of the *Vizcaya* and exploded there before we ran for the shore. The carnage inside our hull was horrible. Fires started constantly; the iron bulkheads appeared to be aflame. Our discipline was perfect. We mastered all outbreaks of fire until the small ammunition magazine was exploded by a shell. Then the vessel became a furnace. While I was walking the deck, as we headed shoreward, I could hear the roar of the flames underneath above the voices of the artillery. *Vizcaya's* hull bellowed like a blast furnace! Discipline vanished; men sprang from that deck straight into the jaws of sharks. Even the hospital became an inferno. Several of our

desperately wounded had to be abandoned there and were burned.

'I did not see a man on our ship do a cowardly act, but by that time we were all crazy. After the *Vizcaya* was, say, 400 yards from the beach, a big projectile came through our port quarter, below the protected belt, and roamed at will about the gun deck. It may have been a solid shot, because it did not explode, but it killed a lot of our men with wreckage and splinters. As we ran aground at full speed, everything movable went by the board. Three hundred and twenty officers and men perished. With many others, I jumped into the sea, hoping to swim through the heavy surf; but I was too weak and should have drowned had not a boat from the *Ericsson* picked me up.'

The story of the chase of the *Cristobal Colon* was best described by Dr. Gabriel Cavaillery-Sause, who, with his assistant, Dr. Adolphe Niemere-Suasere, was surgeon on the cruiser that made such a strenuous effort to escape to westward.

'The *Colon* came out next to the last,' began the surgeon. 'It was the intention that she should keep behind the heavier armoured ships. She was hit only six times by large shells and would have got away had the conformation of the shore been different. The fine tactics of Commodore Schley in making for the great headland instead of following the *Colon* into the bay was what caught us. When the two cruisers came to close range, the *Oregon* was just behind ready to finish the poor *Colon*. Comparatively few men were killed on the *Colon*. No such scenes occurred

as were common on the *Maria Teresa*, where whole ranks of men were destroyed by the explosion of one shell. The *Colon* was not sent ashore because she was mortally hit, but because she was in a pen and couldn't get out.'

Verily, the chase of the *Cristobal Colon* by the *Brooklyn* and *Oregon* will remain the most spectacular incident of the Spanish-American War.

JOHN PAUL JONES

When the American troops returned from the war in Cuba to Montauk Point, I went there to interview General Shafter, who was to return on the transport *Mohawk*. Through the acquaintance of Major Jerome, who had campaigned in New Mexico with 'Pecos Bill,' as Shafter was known in the army, I became a member of the mess of the First Volunteer Cavalry. Although I slept in a tent provided by the *World*, I took my meals at the same table with Colonel Roosevelt and Lieut.-Col. Brodie. As my stay lasted a week, before the arrival of the *Mohawk* with General Shafter aboard, my acquaintance of twelve years' standing with the strenuous colonel was renewed.

One episode of those Montauk days is very memorable. Anxiety for success in my undertaking made me a poor sleeper. I arose at sunrise one beautiful morning and, in my pyjamas, set out for the beach to take a plunge in the ocean. Far away, I heard *réveillé* sounded. Turning my gaze shoreward, I saw a figure in khaki, mounted upon a horse galloping at full speed, coming toward me over the sand dunes, atop and be-

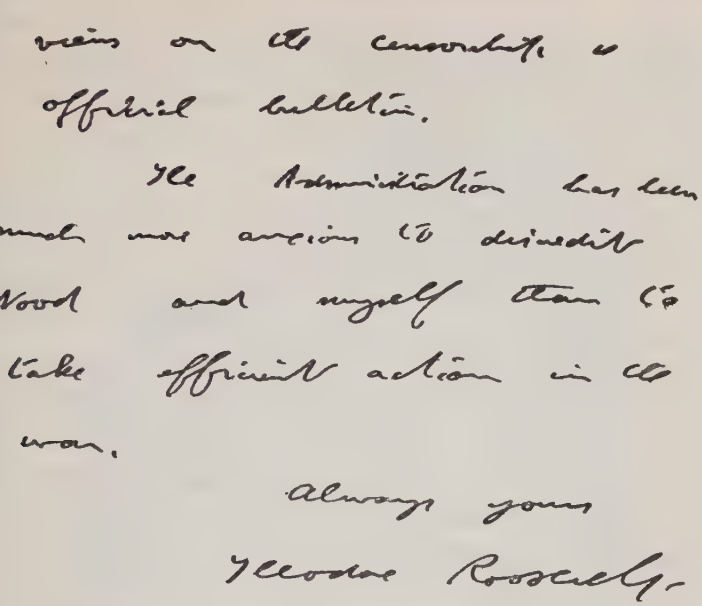
hind which horse and rider appeared and disappeared at intervals. Not within my vision was there another moving object except this horseman. He was Theodore Roosevelt, bound for his morning dip. He was in the water almost as soon as I was.

SAGAMORE HILL. May 15th 1917

Dear Chambers,

In the deluge of mail (now about 4000 letters & telegrams a week) your letter was swamped, and has only just come to the surface. Do anything you will! And do come in and let me see you sometime.

I loved your article on Carter & myself; and entirely sympathize with your


veins on the censorship & official bulletin.

The Administration has been much more anxious to discredit Wood and myself than to take efficient action in the war.

always yours
Theodore Roosevelt.

Already, at Montauk, the young colonel was addressed as 'Governor'; but he treated the matter as a joke. It was not believed that Senator Platt would sanction his nomination. He was, however, nominated and chosen Governor of New York, not by a thrilling majority but by a sufficiently large vote.

When the *Mohawk* arrived, Lieutenant Stayton put me aboard with the mail, and I secured an excellent full page interview with Shafter.

Eighteen months later, Colonel Roosevelt, when Governor, earnestly assisted me in a propaganda I inaugurated by publishing hundreds of letters in newspapers throughout the United States to create a popular movement for bringing to this country the body of

John Paul Jones, whom Commodore Schley had described to me as 'Captain of us all.' I personally drew a joint resolution, copies of which I sent to my Philadelphia friends, Senator Boies Penrose and Representative Harry H. Bingham, who introduced them in the Senate and House on December 4 and 6, 1899, respectively. They were adopted within a few days and received President McKinley's signature. These are the facts about this episode, for which Mr. Horace Porter received all credit, as American Ambassador at the time. I have a letter from him denying that I had found the grave—the very one from which the body was subsequently disinterred and identified by the sword and uniform in the leaden casket. To be instrumental in showing this long-neglected honour to 'Admiral' John Paul Jones—a title conferred upon him by the Empress Catherine of Russia and not by the Continental Congress—had been one of the cherished dreams of my life,—somewhat on a par with my trip to the source of the Mississippi. At my personal expense, I had employed a friend in Paris to search the Parisian journals contemporary with the funeral of Admiral Jones, and he had thereby located the grave, beyond question, in the Protestant cemetery as it existed in 1792. On the corner nearest the Gare du Nord stood a four-storied brick tenement, the basement of which was a wine-shop. To the right, was a two-story stucco and wooden structure, occupied by a frame-maker. This small house covered the original entrance to the ancient cemetery, and the grave of the American naval hero was located at a point forty

THE SPOT WHERE JOHN PAUL JONES' GRAVE, UNDER A PHOTOGRAPHER'S SHOP, IN THE RUE DES ECURIES SAINT MARTIN, TAKEN. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN SPECIALLY FOR JULIUS CHAMBERS. AUG. 16, 1899, BY CHAS. HEIKEL.

feet inside the pavement. I sent Charles Heikel, photographer, 136 Faubourg Saint Honoré, to make a picture of the site as it is to-day.

The joint resolution read as follows :

For the removal of the bones of John Paul Jones from Paris, France, and their reinterment in the United States :

Whereas, the bones of John Paul Jones, our first great sea-captain, rest in a neglected grave in Paris, the locality of which is now established ; be it

Resolved, That the Ambassador of the United States to France be directed by the President to promptly secure necessary permission to open the grave and to have the remains of the naval hero of the American Revolution properly prepared for removal to the United States.

Resolved, That a ship of war be detailed to receive the remains at a French port, with all the honours due to an Admiral, and they be brought to the port of New York, or such port as the Secretary of the Navy may designate.

Resolved, That a sufficient sum is hereby appropriated out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to meet the expense of disinterment in Paris, transfer to the United States and final entombment.

The body was brought to Annapolis, where a mausoleum will be its final resting place—a tardy recognition to the hero aboard the *Bon Homme Richard*, who, when summoned to surrender, answered : ' I've only begun to fight ! '

XXIX

I HEAR MURDER DONE

Back in New York, hard at work, I went home on December 20, a very cold night. Remembering some further instructions I had intended to give to the night editor in charge of the office in my absence, I took up the telephone. I lived on a street near Riverside Drive, but for some mechanical reason my central station was 'Morningside,' whence communication with Park Row was had over wires on the east side of Manhattan. My watch showed eleven o'clock. I called 'John, 10100,' which was then the telephonic address.

Apparently, I was promptly connected with the 'John' exchange, but the attendant at the switchboard did not notify me. Instead, I heard two people, a man and a woman, as their voices indicated, conversing excitedly in stage whispers. (Both persons must have been standing very near a disengaged transmitter.) Then followed ear-knowledge of the opening and closing of a lock, the creaking of a hinge, suggesting that one of the two whisperers had shut himself or herself in a closet. It was an even guess, but I felt that the person in hiding was a man.

Bang! A violent knock! But it was upon a different door; reverberation suggested one leading into a hall. Nobody responded. A crash of broken wood-

work announced that the applicant for admission had forced a way into the apartment.

'Why, John! what does this mean?'—in a woman's voice, its tremor ill-disguised.

'Ah! my lady! I've caught you, at last!' rejoined the intruder, striding into the apartment with a violence that slammed the broken door against the wall. 'Where is the man?'

'I don't understand!'—in the same insincere accents.

'I do: he's in that wardrobe!'

A hinge creaked again, the same hinge: the man in the closet stepped out.

'At your service, sir!' said a voice whose affected calmness had the shiver of fear, or shame.

'I knew it!' shouted the head of that mysterious household.

'Don't be a brute,' retorted he of the low speech. 'I'm here; settle with me. Let the woman alone!'

'You dog!' hissed the first speaker, springing at the offender—as I knew by the overturning of a table covered with bric-à-brac. In addition, the shock caused by the impact of two human bodies was distinctly audible to me. It was a mortal combat!

During a momentary lull, in which the heavy breathing of the infuriated man came to my ears, I heard the rustling of a woman's dress, as it swept across a rug or carpet. The opening and closing of a door followed.

An unfaithful wife had abandoned a lover to his fate!

Crash after crash of broken furniture attested the continuance of the battle.

Who were these men? And where? Unquestionably in a house where a telephone receiver had been left open: had the receiver been upon its hook no communication with that room would have existed. The breathing of the two men as they lay upon the floor was not interrupted by any cry for mercy: it was a fight to the death. Sobs of a woman—she who had fled and must now have returned—mingled with frantic appeals for forgiveness. One antagonist had overpowered the other: the woman's repentance indicated her lover's defeat.

'Ah! that's your game!' hissed the husband (as I imagined him). 'You'd use a gun on me, you dog!'

A moment later, came a pistol shot, sharp and crisp, followed by the sneering comment: 'You've got a dose of your own medicine!'

Then a hush that could be felt over the wire that tied me to that murder chamber. I was ear-witness to a ghastly crime!

Again whispers. A window was raised—perhaps to call the police? But no, the murderer was looking into the street to learn if the pistol shot had been heard outside.

Inference: the house stood in a populous neighbourhood, although the open window did not admit the rattle of the trolley cars, elevated trains or cabs. The sash was slowly closed.

I heard a match struck—the fight had been in the dark! A lover killed by a rival or husband: will the

match's light reveal the face of friend or stranger? And the body, what will be done with it?

'Are you through?' demanded central.

'Hold that wire for me!' I shouted. 'Ten dollars from me if you mark it! I'll be at your exchange in a few minutes.'

'A'right; you're on!'

The operator inserted a paper spile in the plug-hole from which ran the wire I had been using—and forgot the incident in the multiplicity of his duties.

When I arrived in a cab, I related the episode, omitting the shooting. The manager's theory was that I had been put on what telephonists call a 'phony wire'—one strung for a special occasion and afterwards abandoned. It was a 'lost wire,' he explained, and did not lead anywhere. But I knew that by some trick of wind or weather, it had taken me into a chamber of death.

After making tests, the young man reported that communication no longer existed with the house in which I had heard the voices; in explanation, he pointed to a thermometer outside the window.

'Make a memorandum of the temperature,' said he.

'Why so?'

'Cannot you understand *how* you got into that house over a dead wire?'

'No.'

'At a certain degree of cold, the house line from that telephone contracts sufficiently to "cut in" on the dead wire and connects us up—only while the cold lasts.'

'How does the thermometer stand?' I exclaimed, accurately comprehending the man's meaning.

'Exactly zero!'

* * * * *

The body of a young physician of social prominence, Henry Stanáge, brother of my friend Dr. Oscar Stanáge, lay dead at the side of a driveway in Central Park next morning. A pistol wound in the left temple explained the means of death; near by was a weapon with one chamber discharged. Evidence in support of suicide appeared so clear that a coroner's jury said so and disposed of the case in the public mind. But I knew otherwise, for I had examined the body and saw finger marks upon the throat. The young gallant bore the reputation of *un bon garçon*, though he never gossiped about his *bonnes fortunes*. He had died at the hands of 'my murderer.' His whereabouts on the previous night was undisclosed by any records in his office; and I knew how easily a man with a trusty coachman could have placed the body in his own coupé and, driving to a lonely place, have thrown it out.

The only clue I possessed was the abandoned wire, for, fortunately, this occurrence was before the date on which the unsightly street wires were put into underground conduits. I engaged a telephone expert to find the house of mystery and crime, hoping to secure a sensational and exclusive news feature for my journal, and, incidentally, to further the ends of justice.

The lineman was zealous but over-confident; at the

end of two weeks, he had lost an east-side wire in a cable box at the foot of Twelfth Street and East River. He thought the house was in Brooklyn : he sneered at suggestions from the telephone station manager.

'I didn't learn my trade through an ear-trumpet!' was his contemptuous rejoinder.

Another wire-expert was hired. I told him the complete story, feeling that perhaps I had not been sufficiently frank with the first man. He adopted the theory of the station operator, and added :

'An accidental crossing of the wires, caused by contraction, carried you into that murder chamber. We've only to wait until the thermometer registers the same degree——'

'Zero!' interjected the operator.

'Exactly ; then ring up that dead wire from the Morningside exchange and ask : "What is your number?" and the trick will be turned. You will have landed your game.'

How easy!

Although I retained the man during January, all of which time, day and night, he spent in lodgings close to Morningside exchange, there wasn't a moment in which the mercury fell to the proper point. The winter was unusually mild. There was a cold snap in February, and I literally lived in the telephone station. Nothing must thwart me.

One night, the weather moderated and I felt safe in paying a long-deferred dinner-call at a residence not far distant. While I was away, the mercury fell within one degree of zero and the telephone clerk sent me a

hurry call at the 'phone address I had left with him. In the warm house of my host, winter had been forgotten ; but on the street the night was bitterly cold. Possibly the hour had come ! Passing the first drug-store, I saw a thermometer outside its door.

Jupiter ! the reading was exactly zero ! Never did a cab so violate the speed ordinances, but fifteen precious minutes were wasted. I rushed into the Morningside exchange, took my familiar place at the switchboard, connected the dead wire and—rang.

No answer.

Stepping to the window to consult the glass outside —the very same to which my attention had been originally called—I saw the reading was two degrees above zero. There the silvery thread inside the tube hovered for an hour. Then, the mercury began to descend slowly—oh, how slowly !—into the bulb. Now, it was only half a degree above. I rang vigorously, but no answer came. Again and again I called. A glance at the weather-gauge explained. The mercury was climbing again. Another long wait : I had almost decided to give up the vigil for the night when I was thrilled by a sharp, decisive ring over the dead wire. I asked, in a voice tremulous with anxiety and hope :

' What number do you want ? '

' Who are you ? '—back came the question in answer.

' This is central : what number do you want ? '

' Are you Bryant exchange ? ' was the cautious inquiry, in clear tones, after a moment's hesitation.

' This is the exchange,' I equivocated.

' Ah ! you want to know what number is calling ? '

I knew the voice!

I was talking to the murderer of Dr. Stanáge—'my murderer,' as I often mentally designated him to separate him from anybody else's murderer. And wasn't he mine? Only one other living person knew of his criminal act,—the woman who had witnessed the killing and bought forgiveness with her silence.

'What is your number?' I asked.

'Find out!'—and the receiver was jerked into place.

At first thought, I imagined I had not learned anything; but taking stock of knowledge, I revised my conclusions.

In the first place, the house of mystery was connected with the Bryant exchange—therefore located in the Murray Hill district of Manhattan.

Secondly, it *was* reached by a wire that at some point hung in close proximity to an abandoned line.

Thirdly, the short house-wire probably hung over, not under, the long wire, because contraction on copper wire, with which house connections are made, is slight.

Fourthly, 'my murderer' was usually at the house at night.

Fifthly, the guilty man was on his guard—suspicious of inquiries. Probably he would be wary of the telephone in future. On the other hand, he dare not have it removed.

Lastly, the dead wire must be traced to the point of intersection; after that, the task would be easy.

I went to Philadelphia and consulted the chief 'trouble-man' in the United States. For twenty-five years he had been in the employ of the Western Union

Telegraph Company, the greatest corporation of its kind in the world, and had cleared up more mysteries than any special agent of the United States Treasury. George Reilly advised me to secure a position at the switchboard in the Bryant exchange and to listen for the *two* voices. He couldn't spare the time to undertake the work of tracing the dead wire, but this method was sure.

By the use of some influence I possessed with the telephone management, I secured a job at the exchange at $10 per week, and my address became 'Bryant; Official Nine-Oh!' When I had donned the headgear, I was as inconspicuous as any operator there. The worry of the job nearly crazed me for the first day; the steel band encircling my temples demagnetized my alleged brain. A fortnight passed, and I was no nearer a solution. Despair was overcoming me when I overheard a conversation between two adjacent operators that suggested a new field of investigation.

'Has Moxley tested the wires, as usual?'

'Not yet; he is due to-morrow.'

All customers on special wires were called once a month by an expert to ascertain if their lines were in good order: it was as much to the interest of the company as of customers to have the system perfect. Why not become Moxley's assistant, and listen for 'the voice'?

Again exerting a 'pull,' I appeared at the exchange as Moxley's 'helper'—not a position to turn one's head, but I did not care what was thought or said by former companions if I could succeed. My duties were

to carry the galvanometer and rheostat, but by dividing my wages with Moxley I secured his consent that I should test the wires, while he went to a matinée performance at a theatre near by. Moxley said he liked to encourage enthusiasm in beginners. He guaranteed to make me an expert ' trouble-man ' in three years !

' George Reilly is the best in America,' he said ; ' and Reilly began with me, as helper.'

That encouraged me, for I had met Reilly.

There were over seven hundred private lines and pay-stations. I worked arduously, always seeking ' the voice.' Sixty-three customers failed to answer when I called. I marked these ' torpids,' for subsequent investigation, hoping the one I sought was among them.

Having tested the private lines, I began making connections with the pay-stations in the district. A curious incident occurred.

I rang up a pay-station on Murray Hill, and heard the receiver taken from its hook ; but no reply came to my droning summons. I called again and again, ' Pay-station 1-216-4.' No reply.

Somebody was listening at the end of the wire ! For what could he or she be waiting ?

Warm as was the June day, I felt a chill in my spinal marrow. I heard a door unlocked and, an instant later, the squeaking of a hinge. The wire led into a closet !

Again I asked for a response ; but the receiver, wherever it might be, was replaced upon its hook, and —silence.

I left the building, called a cab and drove to the

pay-station with which I had tried to get into communication. It was on Fourth Avenue, not far from the Murray Hill Hotel. Showing my credentials to the pharmacist, I demanded to know why my testing call had been ignored.

The druggist was civil, but said he had observed during the previous summer that on very warm days communication with central was interrupted. He stoutly maintained the bell had not sounded. I called Bryant exchange without difficulty, but the man was not disturbed by this apparent refutation of his words. He pointed outside and said, as he turned to wait on a customer :

' You forget it is raining ; the weather is cooler.'

Here was another person making a factor of the weather ! There had been a cloudburst while I was in the cab ; intent on one idea, I had overlooked the rain. Now I understood and it clarified the situation. The first wire I had attempted to trace, from Morningside, doubtless passed *over* the abandoned line ; by similar reasoning, the wire that had led me into this Francesca's chamber by another route was strung *under* the one that came to the pharmacy. Zero weather contracted the metal in the first instance ; summer heat lengthened the line in the other. Contact was made at two different places—they might be miles apart.

The coefficient of this problem was unknown to me. The druggist had not observed the thermometer just prior to the shower, because he took readings for record only at nine, twelve and three o'clock.

I recalled the United States Signal Station atop the

Equitable Life Assurance Company's building, where Sergeant Dunn had devices that automatically recorded every change in the weather upon an unimpeachable tally-sheet.

The signal officer received me courteously. I asked the exact thermometrical reading before the heavy rainfall and, consulting the clever mechanism, he replied :

' Exactly ninety degrees, Fahrenheit.'

The degree of summer heat that set up contact with the lost wire was established. What a thermal gulf between zero and ninety degrees !

' This is not a job for a " quitter," ' I argued with myself. I must go on. I had located the section of the city in which ' my murderer ' lived. Why not begin at the druggist's shop and trace the line to its destination ? A rainbow's end never appears to be far away.

Sending for Moxley, ' king of trouble-men,' I told him of all discoveries to date. He looked wise and said the task was much simplified : he'd take ' a day off ' and clear up the mystery.

Although he gave a month to the task, he did not find the house, the man or the woman. But he was ready with explanations and showed me how, wholly by accident and not by their own foresight, the people at the other end of that wire were absolutely safe so long as they made no ' break.' This admission moderated my confidence in him.

September came. Warm weather was at an end and I could not hope that ninety degrees of heat would recur. It was impossible to restrain my curiosity until

mid-winter. I engaged a room in a boarding-house adjoining the Bryant exchange. The cables came along Sixth Avenue through conduits and were carried up the side of the house to the roof in a covered box. There the strands were separated and strung upon a rack that occupied the entire roof ; thence they were conducted to the operating room below. The discovery that all wires brought into that station were conduit wires complicated matters. The line I wanted was strung aloft at some point of its length ; but *where*, and how could I recognize it ?

I now did what I ought to have done long before—secured the services of George Reilly. When the whole subject was laid before him, he pronounced unequivocally in favour of starting at the Morningside exchange to trace the wires. A long chase was more likely to be successful in this case than a short one.

Reilly obtained a month's leave of absence from the telegraph corporation that employed him, and went to work with zest. His experienced eye made no difficulty in following the abandoned wire along the poles to Second Avenue, thence down to Eighth Street, where, without apparent reason, it switched to the roofs of the tenements as far as Allen Street, where it returned to the poles.

At the end of the third day, Reilly was in full cry through Madison Street into New Bowery, as far down as Pearl Street, where the wire again climbed to the house-tops. The direction was always southward. At Franklin Square, it made a long jump from the top of a warehouse toward the ground at an angle of

forty-five degrees, and, under the massive approach to Brooklyn Bridge, rested on a glass-spool fixture. Reilly believed he was close upon solution of the mystery.

Out of Ferry Street, atop a District Telegraph pole, emerged a bright copper wire : it crossed closely above the long stretch of iron wire already detected. Reilly saw that the two lines were liable to have contact by the contraction of the long one. The length of the single stretch from atop the warehouse to the fixture was fully a thousand feet, and, in zero weather, its contraction would be two-thirds of an inch. If this were the long-sought route, nothing would be easier than to tie the two wires together and ring up the house of the crime ; but Reilly at first thought that course unwise. Both the man and the woman were on guard. The secret had been kept for eight months.

I was waiting at Morningside the following day, when Reilly called me over a public line and asked me to ring up the dead wire. After a brief delay, someone asked :

' Is that you, John ? When will you be here ? I want you.'

It was a woman's voice—*that of the woman who had begged forgiveness !*

Standing back from the transmitter, I asked, ' Where shall I meet you ? '

' Come right here. I don't——' Buzz ! whir-r-r ! zip !

The contact was broken. I called Reilly, who explained that the wires had become untied. He retied

them, but I could not get my lady's ear again. I asked Reilly what he thought. In his opinion, the woman lived in Brooklyn—recalling Moxley's guess. The wire ran in that direction, and it was highly improbable that any family in the vicinity of Peck Slip had a telephone.

Reilly announced, later in the day, a change of mind. The copper wire was a private one, running from a downtown office to an uptown residence. He had traced it to a building in Wall Street. It did not go to Brooklyn, as he had assumed, although it ran in that direction for several blocks. Telephone wires are often pieced together, he explained, and a lineman will sometimes appropriate an old wire, no matter how much of a detour it entails.

Members of the law firm, in whose office the line ended, were easily ascertained. Reilly hung a coil of wire over his shoulder, next day, and entered one of the many cold-storage legal warehouses along Wall Street. He asked to inspect the telephone and was shown into the private rooms of the various members of the firm—Gasper, Todd and Markham.

At his desk sat John Perry Gasper, counsellor at law, aged fifty and described in the Sunday newspapers as ' the handsomest man at the New York Bar.'

Reilly was not a student of men : he could not read character, as he could a Morse sounder. But ' the wire ' was what he wanted, and now that he had found one end of it, nothing appeared easier than to secure the other. After making a few pretended tests, he departed. But the instant he reached the outside cor-

ridor, his manner changed. He could not wait for the lift, but ran down the stairway and to a bank on the first floor, where he asked for a city directory. There the residence of John Perry Gasper was set down at a number on Madison Avenue that he knew to be in the vicinity of Thirty-seventh Street—one of the aristocratic localities of the metropolis.

Triumphant, Reilly hurried to me and came breathless into my room. In a few words, he revealed his discovery. The Madison Avenue address was not far from the Bryant exchange, where I had wasted so many weeks. It was a long ride in the Elevated road from Morningside, however, and an hour elapsed before we reached the Gasper residence. No difficulty in finding the building. It was a dwelling of splendid proportions, and the name 'Gasper' showed conspicuously upon a silver doorplate.

While my thoughts were busy as to my next move, Reilly's were differently occupied. He surveyed the building from all points, and came to my side very pale.

'What's the matter?' I asked.

'Matter? I'm knocked out!'

'What do you mean? I don't understand.'

'Can't you see there isn't a telephone wire entering that house?'

'Might be from a conduit?' I suggested.

'No; I've examined the street and sidewalks and there isn't a switchbox. Besides, I know there aren't any underground wires nearer than Fifth Avenue.'

'What wire is that?' I asked in dismay, pointing upward.

'That's a district-messenger call: notice, it runs from that pole opposite the stable and is of soft iron. There isn't a telephone in that house. Reference to the telephone directory, which we might have made earlier, confirms that fact.' (In which Reilly was mistaken, because many subscribers keep their names out of the book.)

The more Reilly was mystified, the clearer became the situation to me. The eternal triangle! There was another woman—another family! Nevertheless, the other end of the dead wire and the scene of the murder were as far away as ever. One point could be settled, however, by calling Gasper on the 'phone.

Going to the nearest pay-station, I called up Gasper, Todd & Markham, 49 Wall Street, and asked to speak with Mr. Gasper. I hadn't decided what to say, when a voice answered:

'Gasper speaking: what is wanted?'

'When did you have the telephone taken out of your house?' I stammered.

'Never had one there,' was the curt retort. After a moment's hesitation, he added savagely, 'And I don't want one.'

His was the voice; and Gasper's name was John.

Reilly again went to the law office and re-examined the telephone booth. He discovered a wire leading through its back into a wardrobe that stood at its side. The wardrobe was locked, but two wires left the sealed clothes-press by different windows. Evidently they

came from the switch inside—a switch by which a private wire could be ' cut in ' or ' cut out.' The line over which I had called Gasper at his office was a different one from that leading into the apartment where the shooting had occurred. This was a real discovery—I speak of it as a discovery although, as yet, it was merely an assumption. But Reilly was as sure a switch existed in that wardrobe as if he had seen it. As he evolved his theory, I remembered that the law office had not responded when the wires were tied together. The bell hadn't rung because the private wire had been ' switched out.'

' One bold stroke,' I thought, ' and we shall have this great news-story ! '

Armed with a letter from Inspector Byrnes, I called upon John Perry Gasper at his office, sent in my card bearing an editorial title, was admitted and presented the Byrnes letter. A tremor appeared about his mouth as the lawyer opened the big blue envelope, bearing the arms of the Police Department. Otherwise, Gasper was stolid, his face immobile. The dull grey eyes slowly withdrew themselves inside the deep cavities in which they were set and the eyelids closed to a squint.

Reilly was waiting in the hall ; the moment had come.

' Will you permit an expert to examine the closet behind your telephone booth ? '

' There isn't a closet behind it,' was the quick retort.

' Yes, there is—behind that door, against which the 'phone-booth stands.'

My voice trembled. I was very pale, but my nerve did not fail me. Gasper took up the letter and read

it through again, more carefully than before. Then he looked me squarely in the face and hissed :

'Go—to—hell!'

'Not until I find the other end of the private wire leading from the next room,' I retorted. 'I have an expert here to make an examination. If you refuse, I shall return with a search warrant and "tear out" the place. You'll be charged with defrauding the Bell Telephone Company, but the real charge——'

'Ah! Ah?'

'——will be the murder of Henry Stanáge, on the night of December 20!'

Gasper met the crisis in a remarkable manner.

'That's your game, is it?' His voice rang with exultation.

'Exactly.'

'See here!' shouted the famous lawyer, springing to his feet. 'You're hunting a big news-story. You can't get it from me; but I stake my life on proving to any jury that that scoundrel deserved to die. The man who killed him was both physician and judge—of his own honour. Denounce his murderer, if you know him. Arrest him, get him indicted—you cannot convict him. I shall defend him, whoever he be, to the last extremity and with every technicality known to the law.'

'But you know the man?'

'I am not employed to make a case for the district attorney,' he sneered. 'Tell him so, with my compliments.'

Gasper was invulnerable : Judge Bungay had already advised me that evidence heard over a telephone wire

is not admissible in a court of law. Nevertheless, I know to this hour who shot Henry Stanáge.

'MANIA A POTU'

Not since that day in 1901, when we rambled together over the Isle of Philæ in Upper Egypt, had I heard from Blake until I received this summons to come to him at once. The 'tube' and a taxi carried me to his apartment in the West End of London, where the man-nurse who received me said in a cold-blooded manner that my friend had only a few hours to live; that he was conscious but irrational.

'I shall be all right again in a few days, old man,' Blake began as soon as I saw him, turning his emaciated face toward me and speaking as if we had only been separated a few hours. Ill as he was, he had all the old charm. 'Nobody understands my case. Doctors and nurses think I am in pain: on the contrary, I'm having a glorious time. But *that is my secret.* Although I've missed you, *howadji*, I've had my father's old friends with me. Don't understand? Of course not. My gov'nor was a surgeon in the British East Indian service; he brought back to our home a large collection of the snakes of Hindostan. His library was a serpent-paradise. Great pythons, stuffed, surmounted the picture moulding, under the frieze. You see now?

'My dear snakes have been here with me since my first week's illness. Wherever I looked, I saw a speckled beauty climbing the back of a chair, or sunning

himself at a window, or joyously tying himself into a bow-knot. I gave names to the playfellows I liked best —calling my pets after my best friends, especially my women acquaintances. I am as fond of women as— snakes! How delightful to feel these jolly comrades chasing one another across my bed, to have their supple moist bodies nestling against my feverish flesh!

'How they came here is a mystery I haven't tried to solve. Certainly, I can describe them. There's only one cobra. My father never liked cobras and I inherited his hatred of them. I fancy the goitre with which the cobra is afflicted rendered it offensive. Well, I gave the cobra that came with the other East Indian ophidians to understand how distasteful his presence was; and the chap took it in good part, don't you know. Although he continued to look in to see how I was coming on, he never obtruded. He'd coil up on a chair, regard me sympathetically, and then glide away.

'The viper family was well represented, numbering twenty acquaintances of almost as many hues. There's nothing so deceptive about an ophidian as the colour. A novice can tell by an examination of the head when a snake is poisonous; a glance at the side bones of the face shows whether or not a scale exists in front of the eye in opposition to that other scale behind which the nostril is located. If it does, you have the sign of a deadly species. But colour is a supreme test of a man's knowledge of snakes: it shows the true characteristics. You've heard of the deadly white adder of Ceylon? It is most vicious and unscrupulous, and a foe to friendship. It doesn't yield to kind words, and

it nurses a revenge with the memory of an elephant. My father had warned me to have nothing to do with a member of that family; and I said so to the white adder, frankly, as I had to the good-natured cobra de capello. The white adder absented himself, instantly; I have told you how the cobra tenderly lingered.

'My special pet was a pink coral snake that rarely left me. Whenever a nurse awakened me to give me medicine, I'd see it twined round the bar at the foot of my cot, like the painted streak on a stick of candy. As I grew stronger, I'd reach over the side of the bed and gather up a handful of the playful reptiles from the floor. Up and down the covering of my cot, they would mischievously chase one another. Sometimes, in passing my face, their soft tails would whisk my cheek. Always in good humour, they lived their gay, thoughtless lives as if I were one of their number. A Hamadryad, quite ten feet long, grew so fond of me that he waited upon me at dead of night, when the nurse had gone. The attention was all that a one-armed friend could render. I shall reward him, amply.

'Ah, what a splendid country is India! It is true Snakeland. Even its rivers swarm with serpents. . . . Put your head closer. Can you hear me? Confidentially, I am distressed at the disappearance of these familiars. Don't tell the nurse, but all of them vanished last night. I awoke to find myself deserted.—Chambers, do you see a little white adder anywhere around? I thought I saw it a moment ago, slowly c-r-a-w-l-i-n-g up the counterpane—hiding in the folds of the cotton cloth. This instant, I felt a sharp, burn-

ing sensation on my neck, over the carotid artery, that makes me anxious. That's where a white adder always strikes. Take my hand ; I am shivering. Something has happened to my legs. *Look out* for the white adder——'

I shouted for help. Blake's staring eyes had the horrible fascination of a serpent's charm !

His physician, and the nurse, came to the cot. Electricity was applied : a powerful hypodermic stimulant to heart action was administered. The nurse vigorously rubbed the patient's legs and arms.

At a signal from the physician, the nurse desisted, and with a shuddering glance at the leaden-hued face upon the cot, departed from the room. Physician and I were alone.

'Dead ?' I asked, in a whisper.

'Of fright !' was the reply.

I had seen death from *mania a potu*.

XXX

HIS LAST DAY IN COURT

The prisoner on trial for her life in the Court of General Sessions was a young woman who had killed a lover, after he had deserted her. George Bungay, in defending her, had made the most powerful appeal to the jury for mercy ever heard in an American court; and yet grave anxiety was visible upon his face as the twelve men filed into the room.

'Prisoner, rise and look upon the jury!' bawled the clerk of the court.

The tall, frail-framed girl stood up—she recalled to my mind the fine picture of Miss Campaneau before her accusers.

'Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed upon your verdict?' demanded the clerk.

'We have,' answered the foreman. 'We find the prisoner guilty of murder in the first degree—with a recommendation to mercy!'

The hush of death lasted while the panel was polled, man by man.

After Bungay had made the customary motion for a new trial, he offered consolation and hope to the convicted murderess. Then he turned to me, seated near him, and whispered:

'I knew it! The cursed dog got up and went out!'

Completely mystified, I looked into his face. He appeared dazed; but before I could gather up my notes or ask an explanation, he had hurried away. In hope of overtaking him, I started for the door; but just as I reached it, a cry was heard from the corridor outside.

At the foot of the iron stairway in the old Tweed courthouse, gasping for breath and fighting off, with his hands, an imaginary assailant, lay my poor friend, the famous advocate. He had stumbled at the top of the stairs and plunged headlong to the bottom. When I reached his side, the pallor of deadly fear was on his cheeks; his eyes stared into vacancy—at an invisible object. Clutching my hand, the dying man cried:

'He was crouching upon the stairs and threw me down!' Then, shielding his face with both arms, he begged frantically, 'Keep him off!'

Those were the last words. Thus—so pitifully!—died George Bungay.

The catastrophe was next day's sensation in the metropolis. The funeral was attended by most of the judges and all the prominent members of the city Bar. But the mystery of the horrible death scene, of the words I alone had heard, remained unexplained. In vain I tried to reconcile the language with the apparent circumstances, the inconsequence of the agony of death. He had spoken to me of a dog in the court-room; in his last moments, he had referred to something 'crouching upon the stairs.'

A month after the funeral, Bungay's executor sent me a sealed packet bearing my name, which had been

found among the effects of the deceased lawyer. On breaking open the large grey envelope, I saw that the first date was ten years old. The final page, however, had been added on the last morning of Bungay's life! Around the manuscript was a single sheet of paper, upon which was scrawled:

'*Warn my son of the black dog!*'

The first and last parts of the long document take this form:

'March 15, 1895.—A mysterious spell has hung over me for twenty years. So largely has it influenced my career that I feel in duty bound to set down the facts, not knowing what future misery may be in store for me. This statement will explain certain strange incidents that have perplexed members of my family. It may serve likewise to clear up any tragedy in my life or death that may require investigation or defence. I am sure my son has observed a change in my conduct: he invents excuses to accompany me to court.

'This blighting misfortune came to me thus: I was elected to the New York Assembly on the tidal wave of reform that swept Tilden into the governorship. The session was an eventful one. I was asked to introduce a bill to authorize the killing of vagrant dogs in counties north of the Harlem River. The measure was framed solely in the interest of the wool-growing farmers, none of whom were my constituents. I should not have undertaken the matter. When the bill came up for final passage, Horace Bunning, of Poughkeepsie, denounced the measure in a scathing but highly pathetic speech. It was nothing more nor less than a

bald plagiarism of Senator Vest's famous defence of the dog, with which I was familiar; but every word was a reproach and humiliation to me, because I had always been a lover of dogs. The fellow placed me in a false light; but he put me on my mettle and I made such a strenuous fight for the bill that it passed by a narrow majority—a success of which I was not proud.

'A few nights thereafter, when I returned to my apartment at the Delavan House, I saw a large black hound stretched upon the white rug before my fire. The animal raised his head; the big brown eyes stared into mine. The dog was there to reproach me with ingratitude to his race! In boyhood, my dearest companion had been a dog.

'I ordered the brute to leave, but he did not move. His eyes followed me when I opened the door for his departure. Infuriated, I returned and kicked at him. My foot did not strike anything; the animal lay still, unaffected by my attack. I had kicked a spectral dog! While I stared, in speechless wonderment, the clearly defined form of the glossy black animal became part of the air in the room. Dizzy and choking, I fell insensible. (I often wonder what sort of mental attack it could have been?)

'Next morning I saw that dog again. And I've had him with me every day during the years that have intervened. Other people do not detect his presence, but the animal has become a part of my existence. He accompanies me upon the street. I have ceased carrying a cane because the dog is constantly crowding between it and my leg.

'In time, an affection developed for my spectral associate. He seemed to grow fond of me. Companionship is natural to man, but it is life itself to the canine race. For many years, our days passed happily together. We led the same regular lives. I generally walked to my office; when the weather was bad, I chose the best route out of consideration for my four-footed companion. His care became my enthusiasm.

'I resumed my law practice: the dog accompanied me into court and curled up under my table when I was conducting a case. If the verdict were to be adverse to my client, the animal always left the room before the jury returned. This conduct evidenced a tender regard for my feelings—a desire not to witness my chagrin at defeat. But, as this thought developed, I frequently detected myself making my speech to the dog instead of to the jury! I watched his eyes more closely than those of any man in the box. I expected to read therein a sure indication of the verdict: but the animal always maintained an attentive attitude and gave no sign, unless he left the room. Then, he awaited me outside the door, affectionately licked my hand and accompanied me back to my office or my home.

'As my criminal practice grew, I studied the conduct of the phantom dog more closely. His judgment as to the verdict was infallible: he never erred. He appeared to understand law,—the technicalities, rather than the equities, of a case. Ah, what a judge he would make—that dog!

'Yet the appalling feature of the delusion is that it has changed my whole life. I was happily married before this misfortune overtook me; but I have become estranged in my home. I now lead a solitary life; have given up my clubs, my friends (except Benjamin North) and all my social habits. I am in constant fear that somebody will discover I am followed by a black dog—that I am cursed with a demon!

'I'd kill myself, but I am afraid of death.'

I will not quote the portions of Bungay's statement that follow the extract just given. They are too dreadful. There are pages of agonizing, pitiful narrative, in which the suffering man lays bare his daily life, with its terrible mental depression and its hysterical ebullitions of joyful hope, when the curse seemed to have passed away. It would be profanation to the dead to make public what is therein set down.

References to 'the dog' are constant. On the final page, inscribed before leaving his office for the court-room on the last morning, I find this:

'Since the King murder case has been on, I notice a change in the dog's demeanour. Formerly sympathetic, he has grown hostile. There's a treacherous leer in his big brown eyes. I have twice caught him in the act of tripping me! Gliding stealthily in front of me, he crouches in my path. I have escaped on both occasions, almost by a miracle. His temper has altered. He sulks, snarls and snaps. He hasn't injured me yet, but I am beginning to fear him—it is more than fear, it is mortal dread. . . . But I hope for a verdict to-day. Then I shall rest. A trip to Europe, or some-

where over the sea ; the beast can't swim the ocean ——' The sentence was unfinished.

The awful import of Bungay's last words was clear to me :

' Crouching upon the stairs, he threw me down ! '

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